



E. H. H. -



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



P
LE
A

THE

ATHENEUM;

OR,

SPIRIT OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.

MORAL STORIES.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE
ARTS AND SCIENCES,

DRAMATIC NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL
REMARKS.

REVIEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.

TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. X.

483858

11. 1. 49

OCTOBER 1821, TO APRIL 1822.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS, No. 4, CORNHILL,

Corner of Water-Street.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED ALSO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:---A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK; HENRY WHIPPLE, NEWBURY-PORIT; WILLIAM HILLIARD, CAMBRIDGE; J. W. FOSTER, PORTSMOUTH; SAMUEL JOHNSON, PORTLAND; G. A. TRUMBULL, WORCESTER; GOODALE, GLAZIER & CO HALLOWELL; T. DICKMAN, SPRINGFIELD; GEORGE DANA, PROVIDENCE; JOSEPH C. SHAW, NEWPORT; GOODWIN & SONS, HARTFORD; HOWE & SPALDING, NEW-HAVEN; E. F. BACKUS, ALBANY; E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA; EDWARD J. COALE & CO. BALTIMORE; J. R. SCHENCK, CHARLESTON, S. C.; JOSEPH TARDIF, QUEBEC; AND W. T. WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Price \$2.50 stitched; or \$3 bound.

 THE ATHENEUM, or Spirit of the English Magazines, is published in Boston, on the 1st and 15th of every month. Each number contains 40 pages large octavo, forming 2 vols. of 500 pages each in a year, at the low price of Five Dollars per annum. The work is regularly forwarded by mail to subscribers at a distance. Its appearance twice a month renders it more convenient to transport and with less delay, than monthly publications, whilst by this mode of publication it is enabled to anticipate whatever is novel or entertaining in the literary, scientific, and fashionable world.

The publishers receive by every arrival from England the Magazines printed in London, and the selections are made with the most scrupulous regard to the tastes of those who read for relaxation, amusement, or instruction.

The work commenced in April, 1817; and the volumes are dated from April and October in each year.

A few complete sets may be had, either bound at \$3, or in yellow paper at \$2, 50 per volume.

GENERAL INDEX

TO VOL. X.

A DVENTURE in the N. W. Territory	218	Bull-fights in Spain	209
Accomplished shoplifter	246	Burdett, Sir Francis	191
Addison's wife	435	Buried alive, a tale	362
Aerial gardens	197	Burke and Dalrymple	283
Aerostation	205	Burns, the poet	483
Aerolite	326	Busby, Dr.	447
Africa, an expedition intended to, under Mr. Beechy	286		
African sympathy	367	Cachemire goats	128
Aikin's King James I.	286	Cæsar's celebrated letter	244
Alexander of Russia	466	Campbell's apology	437
Antimony, origia of its name	124	Cant	155
Ant-hills	164	Capitulation of Omar ; tr. by Sir Sidney Smith	336
Ants, natural history	88	Card left with the queen	445
Alexander of Russia	408	Carew's Poems	113
Apology for abuses	279	Carville colliery	483
Apology to the American public	437	Cavalier, a Romance	116, 128
Arctic Winter	409	Census of Great Britain, 1821	328
Arago, M. singular adventures	432	Chalmers, Alexander	446
Astronomy	486	Charity Sermon	123
Author of Waverley, his great profits	286	Chemistry	487
Author of Waverley	379	Chinese fishing birds	125
		Childish recollections	295
		Church, its name discarded during the commonwealth	244
Bailey, Samuel, biography	366	Citizen of the World	122
Baker, the Spital-fields manufacturer	446	Clare, John, his poems, 294, 295, 312, 319,	336, 345
Ballantyne's Novelists' Library	14	Classic Poas	125
Baths	196	Cobbet in the ministerial interest	281
Battle incident	122	Columbian printing press	566
Benevoleat Gamesters	365	Convent of Ursuline nuns	480
Berdmore, Dr.	446	Convent of La Trappe	459
Bibliographical Dictionary	127	Cook's Oracle, a new cookery book	253
Bond, Sarah, biography	351	Cork Tree, natural history	88
Bon-Mots	125, 160	Coronation of George IV.	41, 70, 202, 264
Bonaparte's animosity against madame de Stael	457	Cowper's residence	327
Bonaparte, Joseph	458	Crocodiles of South America	313
Botany	485	Cromwell described in the Cavalier	116
Browne, Sir Thomas	13	Cromwell's Memoirs	127
Boyse the poet	261	Crow's Court, natural history	124
Buchan, Dr.	445	Cruelty to animals	278
Buckingham, J. S. notice	208	Cruelty to shell-fish	127
----- his biography	320	Crystallizations on glass	488
-----'s travels in Palestine	322, 333, 369, 416	Cupola, its origin	243

Curious fact in natural history	367	Frightening the gout	162
Cyder-harvest	12	Fry, Mrs. the benevolent quaker	265
Dancing ass	207		
Dead sea, mistakes concerning it	244	Garrick, anecdote of	122
Deaths of English princes	355	Gascoigne's princely pleasures	168
December, natural history in	169	Generous bequest	123
Delicate generosity	122	Gentleman's Magazine, notice of its origin	261
De Stael's ten years' exile	457	George IV. anecdotes of	120, 364
-----Banishment	457	Geology	484
Devils of London, a tale	378	Ghost with the golden casket	449
Dictionary of ancient geography	128	Gibbon and Fox	191
Different Religions in England	65	Good-Friday in Italy	20
Dirt-eaters of South America	198	Gower, Dr.	446
Discovery of the N. W. magnetic pole	78	Grace before meat	289
Diseases of the chest	127	Gravel, cure for	279
Diseases of the liver	127	Grecian statistics	366
Dog and goose, love between	367	Greeks and Hebrews	244
Domestic manners of the Dutch	395	Greek religion described	462
Domestic slavery	198	Greenwich Hospital	380
Duelling	200	Gutta Serena, by Stevenson	127
Duellist, a novel	208		
Duke of Northumberland	364	Haggart, the highwayman	105
Dutch and French	197	Hamilton, lady, her origin	197
Dying confessions of Judas Iscariot	128	Happiness	129
		Harp, a tale	72
Ear-rings	197	Hats, essay on	282
Easter-Sunday in Italy	21	Haunted ships, a tale	337
Economical charity	408	Headache cured	162
Education in France	197	Highland anecdote	327
Education	488	Hill of Petersberg	425
Edgeworth, miss	488	History of Brazil, by Henderson	127
Eggs preserved 300 years	126	History of the French Nation, by Sis- mondi	168
Electric eel	245	Holy Thursday in Italy	18
Electricity	486	Howe, lord	447
Elephant rope-dancing	207	Howison's Upper Canada	127
English eating	145	Humboldt's travels in South America, 132, 198, 313	
English gloom	280	Hume the historian, his unpublished let- ters	314, 346, 405, 442
English princes, their deaths	355	Hydrogen explosion	366
Epitaphs of an original kind	477		
Ethics	487		
Eyelids of the Moorish ladies	243		
Farinelli, the singer	122		
Fatal Repast	30	Illustrations of Kenilworth	88
February, natural history in	329	Importance of doing quickly	407
Female Trappist	458	Imperial family of Russia	466
Ferralia, a Roman festival	330	Indian festivals	133
Festival of Mora, a romance	127	Indian poisons	133
Festival of the vine-dressers	12	India, sketch of, by a British officer	82
Fish-market in Edinburgh	228	Influence of liberty	196
Fitzgibbon and Curran	244	Italy, by Lady Morgan	17
Flights of fancy	167		
Floating Beacon, a tale	300		
Flogging in schools	67		
Florida Pirate, a tale	173	James, the Quaker Bard	97
Follies of the wise	244	January, 1822, natural history	249
Fordyce, Dr. George	446	John, duke of Bedford	447
Forgers, a tale	273	Johnson, Dr. Samuel, anecdotes of	192, 261
Fountain, singular	483	Jonathan Kentucky's Journal	65, 264
Four sons at a birth	244	Jones, Rev. W.	488
Franklin's morning prayer	245		
Franklin and his son	279, 280		
Frederick, prince of Wales	191		
French police	196	Kean's reappearance in England	48

Keats the poet, his death	440	Newberry, Mrs. biography	367
Kenilworth, illustrations of	88	New method of refreshment	160
King in Ireland	232	New theatric spectacle	124
Know in Russia described	460	New-Year's Address	287
Kit-Cat club	434	Norman, Robert, discoverer of the dip of the needle	123
Kremlin, the citadel of Moscow	464	November, natural history	89
Lameness	163		
Lamps supplied by oil of tar	127	October, the finest month	9
Lapland Calendar	332	Optics	486
Lapland, its climate	331	Optical properties of Leucite	168
Last Secret of Cabalism	49	Oriental customs, new edition	448
Lectures on operative mechanics	286	Origin of evil not yet discovered	244
Lee, General Charles, anecdote	192	Origin of music and the lyre	448
Legion of honour	197		
Letter from Batavia, by Mrs. Phillips	136	Palembang and Banca	261
Life of David Haggart	105	Parry's voyages to the N. pole	409
Lightning, remarkable effects	248	Paul Jones, anecdotes of	278
Literary discovery	365	Pekin the largest city in the world	244
Lobsters in England	445	Percy's, an anecdote of	365
Lord Gormanston	366	Physicians, quacks, &c.	161
Lupercalia, or festival of Pan	330	Phlebotomy	163
		Piano-Fortes, with harmonic swell	284
Magnetic masses	168	Pig, a wonderful one	192
Magnetic Pole, discovery of	78, 85	Pigeon-Flying	48
Magnetism	486	Pious liberties	85
Man in the bell, a tale	419	Pitt, William	280
Manuscript Pentateuch	328	Plays licensed in 1737	434
Martin cat	250	Pleasants, Thomas, the benevolent	350
Massacre at Manilla	139	Plymouth breakwater	407
Maxims from Voltaire	279	Poems divine and moral	168
Mechanics	486	Poems for youth, by a family circle	167
Mendicant, a beggar	124	Poland described	460
Mental Pa-time, or Russian anecdotes	397	Pope's sayings at his death	243
Metaphysics	487	Popular retrospect of philosophy and science	484
Meteorology	486	Porter's Travels in Persia, &c.	62
Michael Angelo Buonarroti	158	Porson's opinion of Madoc	245
Migratory birds, notice of a few	10	Practical economy, a useful book	126
Military regimen	196	Prescription for a nervous lady	198
Mind, Godfrey, the cat painter	352	Preservation of woollens from moths	127
Mineralogy	485	Pretender, Charles Edward	281
Miracle	365	Price of admission to the Roman theatre	244
Miracles in 1821	205	Prince George	280
Mists, their formation	247	Pugilism in England	266
Modern Witchcraft	161		
Modes of expression	41	Raid of Cillechrist, a highland anecdote	251
Money, origin of the name	124	Recreative Magazine, notice	165
Monks of St. Bernard	394	Reindeer, brought to England	206
Morning in Newgate	265	Rennie, John, the civil engineer, biog- raphy	422
Moses striking the rock, a painting	208	Rights of Englishmen	279
Moscow and the Kremlin	463	Rings, their origin, and superstitions	93, 243
Mother Carey's Chickens, a story	24	Rivers in Russia, their purity	461
Mount Etna at day-light	157	Robinson, king of the booksellers	446
Mungo Park	226	Roman bridge	168
Murray's travels in Asia	167	Roman bridge in Holland	48
Murray, the Scotch clergyman	445	Rosario, a tale	208
		Rose, George	197
Napoleon's court	197	Rousseau, anecdotes of	442
Napoleon's Life and Death	36	Russian people described	462
Natural Barometer	357	Russian nobility	465
Nelson to lady Hamilton	192		

Sardanapalus, a tragedy	428	Travellers in Africa	208
Saunders, lord chief justice	195	Travels in Persia, by Porter	62
Scenes in Canada	402	Travels in the north of Germany	168
Self-denial	281	Trinity, the term when first used	243
Shower of snails	284	Tripoli, origin of its name	243
Singular adventure of M. Arago	432	Turbot Fishery	280
Sketches of manners	41, 65	Two Foscari	428
Sleep described by Browne	13	Typographia, a new book	368
Smollet's Novels, prefaced by Scott	14		
Smollet, Dr.	197		
Specimen of a prospective Newspaper	74	Universal Panacea	164
Spikenard of the ancients	284	Universal Traveller, notice	328
Spirit of despotism, Dr. Knox	286		
Stackpole, capt. of the Statira	200		
Steele, Sir Richard	435		
Stephensiana, No. I. 191---II. 277---III. 445			
Sterne's Maria, origin of	121	Vampyre of Guiana	245
St. Jerome, Erasmus's opinion of	244	Visit to Bedlam	268
St. Paul's church in London	65	Visit to John Clare, the peasant poet	293
St. Petersburg and its inhabitants	465	Voyages in the Northern Pacific 54, 99,	
Straw, a conductor for lightning	203	148, 240, 318,	359
Study of medicine, by Dr. Good	286	Voltaire and Rousseau	244
Supernatural warning	246		
Systematic education	448		
		Walker, the rhetorician	446
		Walpole, Sir Robert	434
Tacita, Muta, or Lala, festival of silence	331	Washington's father and Mr. Jefferson	277
Telemachus in Latin	168	Waverley Novels, the author	379
Ternick of Antwerp	407	Wesley's wife	243
Theodore and Bertha, a dramatic sketch	467	West and his pictures	244
The Tyrol wanderer	31	Wet-paper club	445
Thomson the poet, original letter	193	Wilton, its antiquities	197
Thomsoniana, letter relative to	196	Wittinagemot of the Chapter	445
Three perils of man, notice	408	Wolstonecraft, her letter	198
Tighe, Mrs.	201	Woodfall, the printer of Junius	445
Tillotson	283	Worms, their utility in manuring soil	250
Timbucto and Mungo Park	226	Writing on linen	243
Tooth-ache	283		
Tooke, John Horne	195		
Towers, Dr.	446	Zoology	485

POETRY.

Address to the Mummy	81	Dirge for Mungo Park	270
Address to the orange tree	349	Dying Infant	35
Advice to maidens	400		
Ancient conjuring rhyme	401	Each scene of youth to me	295
		Epithalamium	80
Bells	216	Erlkœnig, by Goethe	154
Cain on the seashore	292	Farewell, thou poor rag of a muse	281
Chime bells of Meriden	444	Fathoms deep beneath the wave	456
Childish recollections	295	From thy couch of orient pearl	80
Come, melancholy moralizer, come	251		
Cot in the Glen	69	Greece.---Is it but the hollow wind	441

How sweet on the breeze of the evening swells	216	Parting	276
		Pilgrims and the Priest	97
		Pirate, poetical beauties from the	400
I gathered these roses, my love, in July	171	Retrospect, written by James	99
I'll be a fairy, and drink the dew	167		
I love to mark the flow'ret's eye	172	Sea-Ditty	400
I love thee, sweet Mary	296	Sea-storm, a poem	391
Ivy and painted window	98	See at length indulgent gales	80
		Serenade, from the Pirate	400
		Sleep, little baby, sleep	35
Last of March	294	Song of Harold Harfager	479
Lines on a dying ash	191	Song, by Thomas Campbell	217
Lines on the bust of John Horne Tooke	279	Song of the Mermaids	456
Lines suggested by the sight of some late Autumn flowers	23	Song, from the old French	321
Lines under Beau Nash's picture	244	Song of the tempest	427
Lodestone's challenge	123	Sonnets to my children sleeping	479
Love in a mist	189	Spring's sweets they are fled	296
		Stanzas to the duchess of Gordon	195
		Sweet gem of infant flowers	345
		Sybil's song	401
Maid where are the violets sweet	321		
Midnight Embrace	189	The sun is rising dimly red	479
Mountain-King, from a Swedish legend	187	The mighty sun is just gone down	22
Music, lines on	92	There was a time when love's	318
		Those few pale autumn flowers	23
Napoleon's death, an ode	22		
Native melody, by a exile	368	When France with civil war was torn	349
Norwegian	332	When whispering streams do softly steal	92
Norwegian fishing song	401	Who rides so late through tempest wild	154
		Wintry day	170
Ode to the nightingale	441	Winter, thou daughter of the storm	249
Of all the days in memory's list	312	Winter's gone, the summer breezes	296
Old Whig to his buff waistcoat	281	Woodman	170
Once more, oh turn and touch the lyre	368		
O sing that sweet and soothing strain again	276	Yon fleecy cloud that veils the gentle moon	276

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1821.

[NO. I.

(London Time's Telescope, for October 1821.)

October.

When is the aspect which Nature wears
The loveliest and dearest ? Say, is it in Spring ?
When its blossoms the apple-tree beauteously bears,
And birds on each spray are beginning to sing ?
Or is it in Summer's fervid pride ?
When the foliage is leafy on every side,
And tempts us at noon in the green-wood to bide,
And list to the wild bird's warbling ?

Lovely is Nature in seasons like these ;
But lovelier when *Autumn's* tints are spread
On the landscape round ; and the wind-swept trees
Their shady honours reluctantly shed :
When the bright sun sheds a watery beam
On the changing leaves and the glistening stream ;
Like smiles on a sorrowing cheek, that gleam
When its woes and cares for a moment are fled.

B. Barton.

OCTOBER is generally accounted the finest and most settled month in the year. The mornings and evenings are cool, but possess a delightful freshness, while the middle of the day is pleasantly warm and open. October also frequently partakes of the character of its precursor. A 'morning's walk' at this season is replete with gratifica-

tion to the admirer of Nature's beauties. What a magnificent phenomenon is every day exhibited in the rising of the Sun ! yet how common is the observation, that indolence and the love of sleep prevent a great part of mankind from contemplating this beauteous wonder of the creation !

But see ! the flushed horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion streamed
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries ; these with silvery beams
Fringed lovely ; splendid those in liquid gold,
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold !
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life !
The King of Glory ! Round his head divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow ;
As o'er the Indian wave, up-rising fair,
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

Mallet.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that many birds which seek their food by day, and repose during the night, in the season of their progress from region to region, disregard this habit of repose, and travel on during the night : that such is the fact is certain by the arrival of many of our spring visitors unseen. How do our soft-billed birds, the wren, willow-wren, &c. &c., steal unperceived into our hedges, and lie there secreted till 'some call of love' or pleasure betrays their presence.

The fruit or seed of the ash tree, called keys, will be found worthy the attention of those who are fond of the curiosities of Nature. The pod of the fruit is in shape like a bird's tongue, having only one cell that contains a seed of the same shape. By opening the pod carefully with a penknife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper end of the fruit where it enters to convey the nourishment to the germ, which (on opening it from the reverse end) will discover the future tree, so formed, both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. No other kernel affords so distinct a resemblance of its parent.

Rural scenery is now much enlivened by the variety of colours, some lively and beautiful, which are assumed, towards the end of the month, by the fading leaves of trees and shrubs. These appearances are very striking even in our own fine forests, but cannot be compared with the magnificent scenes presented to the eye of the enraptured traveller in the primeval woods which shade the equinoctial regions of Africa and America.

In dappled livery Nature now is clad,
Like bonny Scot, in many-coloured plaid.

The groves lose their leafy honours ; but before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour, superior to the verdure of spring or the luxuriance of summer.

Of the brightness and beauty of Summer and Spring
There is little left, but the roses that b'ow
By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling,
And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow :
But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,
And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,
Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlorn,
Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

Poor wind-tost tremblers ! some months gone by,
You were fanned by breezes gentler than these ;
When you stretched out your leaves to a summersky,
And opened your buds to the hum of bees :
But soon will the winter be past, and you,
When his winds are gone to the north, shall renew
Your graceful apparel of glossy hue,
And wave your blossoms in Summer's breeze.

It is this which gives Autumn its magic charm
Of pensive delight to the thoughtful maid ;
Its shadowy splendours excite no alarm,
Though we know that Winter lingers behind :
We rejoice that Spring will again restore
Every grace that enchanted the eye before ;
And we feel that, when Nature's first bloom is o'er,
Her dearest and loveliest we find.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen,
The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy ;
The bright round drops of dew, which glisten
On the grass at morn ; and the sunshine coy,
Which comes and goes like a smile when woo'd ;
The autumn mead, and the foamy flood,
Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,
Give birth to sensations superior to joy.

The starling (*sturnus vulgaris*) sings. Stares are most social birds, and are rarely seen alone ; even when in small parties they are continually calling for companions with a fine clear note that may be heard at a great distance : they delight in the bright autumnal mornings to sit basking and pruning themselves in the sun on some high tree, chattering in concert in a low song like note. Whence the prodigious flights come from that appear in the fenny districts in winter. It is not easy to conjecture, unless they migrate to England from other countries. In these progresses they probably travel alone, or journey with our only migrating corvus, the Royston crow, as they associate but little with other birds than rooks and daws. There is something singularly curious and mysterious in the conduct of these birds, previously to the nightly retirement to their reedy roost ; the variety and intricacy of their evolutions in the air, and the precision with which each performs his part of the figure, are more like parade movements, than the promiscuous flight

of birds : as the breeding season advances, these vast flights break into little parties, and finally subdivide into pairs. Travellers acquaint us that starlings abound in Persia, and in the regions of Caucasus ; we see a few pairs about a church, a ruin of some ancient fabric, and here and there about the rocks on the sea-shore, but the vast body of them probably leave the kingdom. This faculty, by which they and our migratorial tribes direct their flight from regions the most remote to some destined land, with other habits equally extraordinary, we suppose must still be called ‘instinct ;’ under which word we include some of the strongest and most important actions of animal life, and cover our entire ignor-

ance of the workings of Supreme Intelligence*. The auk or puffin (*alca arctica*) visits for the purposes of incubation some of the rocky isles of Britain, in amazing numbers ; they arrive and leave their breeding haunts annually, with an exactitude (almost to a day) that is most remarkable ; nor are they seen again in any of the surrounding seas until the succeeding summer restores them : the winter haunts of these birds were until recently only conjectured ; our late arctic voyagers found them in prodigious swarms in the open waters of the polar seas, feeding on the insects with which those regions abound, and furnishing in their turns a grateful meal to our adventurous navigators.

To the CURLEW.

Soothed by the murmurs of the sea-beat shore,
His dun grey plumage floating to the gale,
The *Curlew* bends his melancholy wail
With those hoarse sounds the rushing waters pour.
Like thee, congenial bird, my steps explore
The bleak lone sea-beach, or the rocky dale,
And shun the orange bower, the myrtle vale,
Whose gay luxuriance suits my soul no more !

I love the Ocean's broad expanse, when drest
In limpid clearness, or when tempests blow ;
When the smooth currents on its placid breast
Flow calm, as my past moments used to flow ;
Or, when its troubled waves refuse to rest,
And seem the symbol of my present woe !

The hedges are ornamented with the wreaths and festoons of the scarlet berries of the black briony ; and

now and then, that last ‘pale promise of the waning year,’ the wild rose, meets the eye.

As wandering, I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One *rose of the wilderness* left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been ;
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace ;
For the nightweed and thorn overshadowed the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart ;
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion my fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

CAMPBELL.

* Large flights of *red-wings* and *field-fares* arrive in England about the end of October, or beginning of November, and they generally give notice of their progress by the repeated calls or signals of the leading birds to prevent the wandering of the flocks : the clamour of the whole is not heard at once, but now and then a shrill call or distant notice to their followers ; these pipings, in a calm and mild evening, add greatly to the solemnity and interest of the hour.

The principal harvest of apples is about the beginning of this month. Apples are sometimes very much spotted, and in this we have a strong example of the unceasing tendency of nature to produce ; and perhaps no animal or vegetable substance exists, but what becomes at some period a soil fitted for her operations ; the hoof of a horse (furnishing lycopendon equinum), or the rind of an apple, are equally appropriated for her performances ; not a general and promiscuous vegetation, but possessing individual and characteristic distinction. These apple-spots appear to be an æcidium, and we may, at times, find this plant fully matured, the central part occupied with fine powdery capsules bursting through their epidermis, which hangs in fragments round the margin. The æcidium evidently derives nutriment from the apple, as round the verge of the spot the skin becomes wrinkled, occasioned probably by that part of the fruit being drawn away for the supply of the plant on the surface. Fungi in general (at least such as become attached to matter not having vegetable life), particularly the species of *sphaeria*, *trichia*, and *peziza*, appear as one of the general agents of nature to effect decomposition previously to reorganization ; as we almost universally find them on animal or vegetable substances, in a certain state of or approximation to decay. Whether putrescence of sap, generation of or ligneous acid, or whatever may be the primal cause, is yet mysterious, but the dissolution rapidly proceeds when they appear : at one time, by the penetration of their radicles ; at others, by modes we cannot detect, but which seem to loosen the fibrous adherence, or muscle of the substance, destroying all cohesion of the parts : the effectual manner in which these apparently feeble agents accomplish their destination is perfectly wonderful ! What can look more harmless than the fine cotton of *byssus septica*, or some species of *mucor* ? what more beautiful than *stemonitis nuda*, or *auricularia cærulea* ? yet what rapid destruction ensues from their agency !

and thousands more unknown
To us, appropriately fitted each,
Undeviating act by will divine
In separate vocations here.

October is the great month for brewing beer, whence the name applied to very strong beer of ' Old October.' In New-England, North-America, the same name is applied to cider, which is principally made this month.

The vintage or harvest of grapes, almost as important to foreigners as the corn harvest is to us, takes place in October, and the vineyards of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, &c. &c. now resound with the cheerful songs of the peasantry, at the conclusion of their labours. In many parts of France, particularly in Champagne, the men and women, each with a basket on their arm, assemble at the foot of the hill ; there stopping they arrange themselves in a circle. The chief of this band tunes up a joyous song, whose burthen is chorused : then they ascend, and, dispersed in the vineyard, they work without interrupting their tasks, while new couplets often resound from some of the vine-dressers, sometimes intermixed with a sudden jest at a traveller. In the evening, their supper scarcely over, their joy recommences ; they dance in a circle, and sing some of those songs of free gaiety, which the moment excuses, known by the name of ' vineyard songs.' The gaiety becomes general ; masters, guests, friends, servants, all dance together ; and in this manner a day of labour terminates, which one might mistake for a day of diversion.

The ' festival of the vine-dressers,' celebrated once in five years, is thus described as it took place at Vevay, in Switzerland, on the 24th and 25th of August 1819. The concourse of spectators was extraordinary. It consisted of a kind of scenic representation, analogous to the occupation of those who offered it ; a motley mixture of Bible personages, with the deities of antient mythology. Noah, for instance, was associated with Bacchus, and each had his squad of attendant Bacchantes : Ceres and Pallas also found their places, and figured in cars worthy of such

goddesses, amidst a joyous crowd of vine-dressers crowned with festoons of vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, in the characters of dancing satyrs and exhilarated fauns. The dresses were rich, diversified, picturesque, and characteristic: the various actions were executed with gaiety and grace, at least, equal to their precision; and those who were not too well read in the classics might easily fancy themselves transported a couple of thousand of years backwards into the days of antiquity, when the deities really did appear on Mount Olympus, and when the shepherds of Arcadia were really those charming and simple and joyous swains, of whom we read so much, but know, alas! so little.

On the 7th of October, 1644 the Gallies in France visited, &c. &c.—Among the benefits derived from the French Revolution may be named the abolition of the cruel punishment of the gallies and of the infliction of torture; although we find that breaking alive on the wheel has again been revived in Holland! Evelyn's description of his visit to the gallies on the above day will serve to show our readers what a dreadful slavery this punishment was, more than a century and a half since; it is also a true picture of the state of the gallies to the period of their abolition, about the year 1790. "We went to visite the gallys, being about 25: the Capitaine of the Gally Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabine, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft musiq very rarely. Then he shew'd us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close and having onely high red bonnets, a payre of course canvas drawers, their whole backs and leggs naked, doubly chayn'd about their middle and leggs, in couples, and made fast to their seates, and all commanded in a trise by an imperious and cruell seaman. One Turke he much favor'd who waited on him in his cabin but with no other dress than the rest, and a chayne lock'd about his

leggs but not coupled. This gally was richly carv'd and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautifull. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us musiq at dinner were we lodged. I was amaz'd to contemplate how these miserable catyfs lie in their gally crowded together, yet there was hardly one but had some occupation by which, as leisure and calmes permitted, they gat some little mouye, insomuch as some of them have, after many yeares of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. Their rising forward and falling back at their oare is a miserable spectacle, and the noyse of their chaines with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearfull to one unaccustom'd to it. They are rul'd and chastiz'd by strokes on their backs and soles of their feete on the least disorder and without the least humanity; yet are they chereful and full of knavery."

Sir Thomas Browne died, October 19th 1682.—Author of 'Vulgar Errors,' 'Religio Medici,' 'Urn-Burial,' &c. The works of Browne are a never-failing treasury; to which the divine may resort for passages of fervent piety, the philosopher for deep inquiry into nature, and the poet flights of sublimity and grandeur. Browne's first work was his 'Religio Medici,' a work written in the full vigour of his faculties, when his fancy was at the highest, which, rendered still more eccentric by his original way of thinking, imbrowned by learning, and deepened by enthusiasm, communicated to every subject which it touched upon, all the attractions of paradoxical subtlety, and fantastic and often highly impressive sublimity. From this work we select the following beautiful passage on 'Sleep:—

"We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis, indeed, a part of life that best expresseth death, for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself: Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath

invented (I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it). It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily ; a death which Adam died before his mortality, a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewel in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away ;
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples centry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Det no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest :

While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death ! O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die ;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with thee ;
And, thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsie days, in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever !

' This is the dormitive I take to bedward ; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep, after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.'

(London Magazines, August, 1821.)

BALLANTYNE'S NOVELLIST'S LIBRARY.*

THE prefatory memoir to these volumes by Sir Walter Scott, to which we mean to confine ourselves, consists of forty-two pages. The account of Smollett is principally selected from the biographies of Drs. Moore and Anderson ; but as the most prominent facts are generally known, we shall not follow the thread of the relation, but rather quote such passages as are interesting from displaying the opinions of the writer on literary topics on which he is so high an authority. The following remarks on the publication of *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751, are of this order.

" The splendid merit of the work itself was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt '*Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*,' a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in

this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than *Roderick Random* : but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendor of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature ; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are true and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence, it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the

* Volumes II. and III. Smollett. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Count Fathom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, and the Translation of *Don Quixotte*. Edinburgh. 1821.

reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of its predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in *Roderick Random*, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author."

The subjoined strong and admirable observations on Count Fathom, are applicable to too large a portion both of the prose and poetry of our day, to be perused without a good result.

"To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villainy has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others in similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villainy which are embodied in such narratives as those of *Zeluco*, or *Count Fathom*,"

—————[or *Byron*, or *Shelly*, or the minor apostles of depraved description.]

On Smollett's continental tour after the loss of his daughter, Sir Walter observes, "Nature had either denied Smollett the taste necessary to understand and feel the beauties of art, or else his embittered state of mind had, for the time, entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying them. The harsh censures which he passes on the *Venus de Medicis*, and upon the *Pantheon*; and the sarcasm with which his criticisms are answered by *Sterne*, are both well known. Yet, be it said without offence to the memory of that witty and elegant writer, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own *Matthew Bramble*, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. *Sterne's* writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was,

"———like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

From the concluding remarks we think the subjoined selections will be read with gratification:—

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from *Roderick Random* downward, possess a haughty, fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in *Matthew Bramble*. The sports in which they most

delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others ; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others ; bold, upright, and independent in his own character ; stooping to no patron, [he] sued for no favour, but honestly and honorably maintained himself on his literary labours ; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father and an affectionate husband ; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, shewed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgment and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand. * * * *

"Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labor, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

"Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics ; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was was-

ted under the sufferings of their disease ; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

"If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival ; more elegance of composition and expression ; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes ; a great deal more address of felicity in the conduct of his story ; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character than Smollett was able to present."

"Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him ; his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential ; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction."

"He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of *Salvator Rosa*, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect."

"Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace ; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception ; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other ; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours ; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand

and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every groupe he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place

both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition."

Having read this memoir, we are of opinion that another course of Smollett's novels may be taken with an augmented relish.

ITALY.*

IT is justly observed by Lady Morgan, that "the character of feeling with which each great city in Italy is sought, must depend on the taste, the pursuit, or the views, of the traveller who visits them. To one whose historical associations belong to the middle ages, Florence becomes all that Rome is to the classic tourist, or Loretto to the devout pilgrim!" It is owing to her own mind having been early imbued with a fondness for the illustrious names that mark the Florentine annals, that Lady Morgan's account of the city of Florence, of its society, and literature, is not only one of the most interesting, but likewise the most important parts of her work. The state of society in Florence is far more intellectual, more animated, and more refined than that of Rome; nor are we surprised at Lady Morgan's leaving somewhat reluctantly the lovely vale of Arno, for the banks of the Tiber; for not all the classical recollections and philosophical reveries which the eternal city may be calculated to inspire in the heart of an enthusiast, who makes the scenes before him subservient only to his idea of the past, can to a sober and feeling mind atone for the degrading effects which an arbitrary government, and a church reviving all the superstitions and deceptions of the darkest ages, produce upon the character of those very people, whose only boast is that they are descended from a race of whose valour, patriotism, and independence, they exhibit the lowest reverse that can fall to the lot of a civilized nation. Lost in sloth and indifference, the modern Romans are too passive to give any employment to the

spies who surround them on every side; and they submit, without effort for relief, to all the most arbitrary measures of the Papal government, though few can plead their belief in the infallibility of its head, as an excuse for their slavish obedience. The revival of miracles, and processions, and pilgrimages, under the influence of the House of Austria, seems, indeed, to carry with it few attractions, except for those who hope, by means of such instruments, to plunge the people once more into that ignorance, which in the dark ages rendered them alike blind to the crimes of the church, and subservient to the tyranny of their rulers. But surely, in the present day, it must excite the laugh of undisguised contempt, were it not repressed by indignation at the knavery of the thing, to see the King of Sardinia replacing on the shrine of San Lorenzo in Genoa, with the most solemn ceremonies, the "Sagra Catina," or emerald dish, upon which, according to the convenient tradition of ages, was served the last supper of our Saviour. This emerald dish, unfortunately, was proved by the sacrilegious touch of the French Institute to be only green glass; it was nevertheless most religiously restored, and still serves to swear by, as the *veritable* emerald dish, which Queen Sheba originally offered to King Solomon, from whose temple it found its way, by some miracle not explained, into the house of the Jewish Publican, whither our Saviour went with his Apostles to celebrate their last meal together. With the same regard to truth and rational belief, is exhibited at the Holy House at Loret-

* Italy. By Lady Morgan. 1821.

to, to which so many crowned heads, and brainless heads of both sexes, have made pilgrimages within the last five or six years, the little earthen porringer, out of which, as the priest unblushingly informs the devout listener, the Mother of God used to feed the infant Jesus: the porringer, itself happening to be of the modern delf of Faenza, may be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the belief in its antiquity calls for an additional exertion of the saving virtue of faith, from this circumstance. But we still pass over these, and a hundred other such disgusting and impious cheats, including that of the Holy Chair of St. Peter itself, with its Arabic inscription, signifying that "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and attend to the effect of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," of the Catholic ceremonies, as they attract the eyes of our sight-loving countrymen and countrywomen, whose restless curiosity, and *besoin* of excitement, carry them wherever they have a chance of seeing a crowd as idle, and yet as restless as themselves.

"On Holy Thursday, the whole foreign population of Rome rolls on, in endless succession, to the Vatican. The portico, colonnades, vestibules, both of the church and palace, assume the air of the court of a military despot. Every epoch in the military costume is there gaudily exhibited. Halberdiers in coats of mail, and slate-coloured pantaloons, which pass upon the faithful for polished steel armour; the Swiss in their antique dresses of buff and scarlet, and lamberkeens; the regular troops in their modern uniforms; the *guardia nobile*, the Pope's *voltigeurs*, all feathers and feebleness, gold and glitter; generals of the British army, colonels and subalterns of every possible yeomanry, with captains and admirals of the navy, with an host of non-descripts, laymen, and protestant clergyman, who 'for the nonce' take shelter under any thing resembling an uniform, that may serve as a *pass-partout*, where none are courteously received but such as wear the livery of church or state militant—all move towards the portals of the

Sistine Chapel, which, with their double guards, resemble the mouth of a military pass, dangerous to approach, and difficult to storm. The ladies, (and the English ladies ever foremost) press with an imprudent impetuosity upon the guards, who with bayonets fixed and elbows squared, repress them with a resistance, such as none but female assailants would dare to encounter a second time. Thousands of tickets of admission are shewn aloft by upraised hands, and seconded by high-raised voices; while the officer of the guard, who can read and tear but one at a time, leaves the task of repulsion to the Swiss, who manfully second their '*allez vous en*' with a physical force, that in one or two instances incapacitated the eager candidates for further application. A few English favoured by the minister, and all the princes and diplomatists resident at Rome, pioneered by their guards of honour, and attended by crowds of servile, crouching, crawling creatures, who in their long black robes, and short white rochets, look like the outcasts of either sex, make their way without let or molestation. One side of the space, separated from the choir by a screen, is fitted up for them apart. The other is for the whole female congregation, who are crushed in, like sheep in a fold. The men, if in uniform or full court dresses, are admitted to a tribune within the choir; while the inferior crowd, left to shift for themselves, rush in with an impetuosity none can restrain; for though none are admitted at all to the chapel without tickets, yet the number of applicants (almost exclusively foreign) is much too great for the limited capacity of the place. A scene of indescribable confusion ensues. The guards get mingled with the multitude. English peers are overturned by Roman canons. Irish friars batter the old armour of the mailed halberdiers with fists more formidable than the iron they attack. Indian priests tumble over tight-laced dandies; and the '*Via via*' of the Roman guard, and the '*Fous ne restez pas issi*' of the Swiss, mingle with screams, supplications, reproofs, and the English

‘God-dam,’ long after the solemn service of the church has begun. The Vicegerent of God on earth in vain represents, the cross of peace in vain shines above the high altar: tranquillity is only restored when suffocation begins.

“The rites which all come to witness, but to which none attend, are at last finished. The procession of the sacrament to the Paoline Chapel succeeds; and then comes ‘the tug of war.’ Some rush forward, to get in time to the adjoining chapel; others stay to witness the procession (*d’ailleurs*, the same as that already described at the Quirinal.) The Swiss sweep all before them to clear the passages for the ceremony, without consulting the wishes of any. Then the long file of priests, carrying lighted torches, moves forward, followed by the cardinals, with their hands meekly folded on breasts dazzling with gold, while their wondering and inquiring eyes seem so say, ‘is it only to see us that you are all here?’ The Pope, supported by prelates, his meek head imperially canopied, his gorgeous train proudly borne, totters slowly after them, chaunting from time to time some tremulous feeble notes, to which the rest respond in deep-toned chorus, until the whole procession passes into that immense vestibule, which serves as an anti-room to both chapels. The gates of the Paoline are thrown open, and its dusky walls appear illuminated with thousands of tapers, twinkling in the rays of the noon-day sun, through an atmosphere of smoke. Few are able to enter the illuminated chapel, or to behold the deposition of the sacrament; and many who are informed of the program of the day, by endeavouring to catch at all the ceremonies, scarcely attain to any.

“The desire of seeing the Pope wash the pilgrims’ feet, with the cardinals waiting on them at dinner, and of beholding the Pope give the benediction from the balcony, divide the attention and impede the efforts of the distracted sight-seer. A prelate in pontificalibus ascends a flight of stairs, guarded by soldiers: the whole tide of spectators flows after him; they are

repulsed by the sentinels; and, in proportion as they are beaten back, the crowd from below increases. Some one hints that an opposite door leads to the foot-tubs, or to the scaffolding erected for seeing the Benediction. Instantly the torrent directs its course in that channel, and is met by another crowd returning disappointed from the same direction, where cross doors have been shut in their faces, and guards have driven them back likewise. Then the efforts to get up, and get down, to get in, and get out, produce consequences the most unsuitable to the solemnity of the season, and of the place, Shoes are lost, veils are torn, ankles are strained, shoulders dislocated, and ribs bruised; and those who escape uninjured to the silent solitary nave of St. Peter’s, and neither see the Pope wash feet, now the cardinals serve maccaroni to hungry beggars, are by far the best off. Here gradually assemble, and patiently wait, in tedious suspense for the arrival of carriages, or in fretful anxiety for more venturesome friends, three-fourths of the multitude, who come so far to see so much, and who return having very literally seen nothing, consoling themselves with the reflection that though the pageantry of Holy Thursday is lost, Good Friday and Easter Sunday are yet to come. The first anxiety on this occasion is to *get in*, the next to *get out*; and, during the whole day, the congregation are so occupied in taking care of their bodies, that, in spite of masses and processions, no one ever gives one thought to the care of his soul.

“On Good-Friday the turmoil is something less, because there are fewer sights to see. This day of gloom and sacrifice, of fasting and mortification, begins at the Vatican by a superb and sumptuous dinner, given to the conclave and the corps diplomatique, &c.

“Thus prepared for the celebration of the Miserere, which follows the desert, as a sort of *chasse caffè*, the guests proceed to their places in the Sistine Chapel. The cardinals move processionally from the table to the altar, to ‘mark, learn, and inwardly digest;’ and with lips still moist with lacrymæ

Christi, chaunt the responses to the seven penitential psalms. When the last light is extinguished, and the last strain of the Miserere dies away, every one gropes as he can from the Sistine, on his way to St. Peter's. The brilliant lightning of the colonnades, porticos, and staircases, the guards, the crowds of pretty women and well-dressed men, give to the splendid avenues the air of a court theatre, and imitate on a more magnificent scale, the Palace of the Tuilleries.

"The Illuminated Cross of St. Peter's, and the adoration of the Pope and cardinals, are the attractions of the evening. On this occasion, thousands of all ranks and countries pour into the church, where no tickets of admission are required; yet the mighty temple, made for the universe, still seems half empty. Many of the dim aisles afford safe asylum for retiring piety, or clandestine love; and the vastness of the whole, contemplated through a well-managed obscurity, seems to extend beyond its usual limits, and to be lost in immeasurable distance. The hundred lamps, which in their bright brazen sockets burn day and night round the sepulchre of St. Peter's are this day extinguished. A cross of flame suspended from the cupola, before the baldachin of the high altar, alone lights the immediate space over which it hangs, and leaves all else in the majesty of darkness, here and there faintly dispersed by a twinkling lamp. That illuminated spot seemed like a magic circle. It is hermetically closed by three files of armed men, and the beams shed from the cross fall only on spears and bayonets. This space is kept clear, and untouched by vulgar and unblest feet, that pontiffs, princes, and cardinals may, unmolested by plebeian penitence, offer up the 'sacrifices of their contrite hearts.' At last, these 'powers and principalities' appear, accompanied by a guard, who clear a passage through the gathering multitude. The troops that await them open their files, and close again upon their precious charge. The Pope falls prostrate before the Cross, on cushions of down and velvet. The princes and princesses, with their little

courts of little courtiers, (and less than these never crawled upon the robes of royalty) take their station on the right; on his left kneel the cardinals.

"During this singular prostration the most profound silence reigned. The Pope seemed unfeignedly absorbed in holy abstraction; and as the light fell upon his venerable head and faded face, and tinged his flowing robes, there was something mystic and ideal in his appearance; and to a faith which fancy had warmed, or fanaticism deranged, his translation from a mortal coil at that moment might have appeared possible.

"In the centre of the church crowded the *beau monde* of London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, laughing, flirting, chattering, and love-making, through all the philological varieties which might be supposed to make a *conversazione* in the tower of Babel. There vows were received that did not all belong to heaven, and oaths were taken at the statue of St. Peter, at which Jove laughs, if Peter does not.

"There, too, Roman beauties, who disdained the flaunting rites of noon-day ceremonial, moved in their long black veils, to meet at the appointed shrine some male devotee; and there, in true sincerity of heart and faith, knelt within view of that cross, to which alone her eyes are directed, one alike 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' Whole families of the middle classes were seated on the steps of altars, or at the feet of monuments, gazing on the varied spectacle; and bands of peasantry breathing garlic and *aves*, strutted every where about, piously amused, and adding much to the strangeness of the scene. whose grotesque groupings they aptly filled up.

"As 'night thickens,' and St. Peter's thins, the slow return of the varied multitude, and above all of the pilgrim bands and confraternities, afford a picturesque and curious addition to the Good-Friday sights. These pilgrims are wretched ragged creatures, led on by some Roman lady of condition, who, with the cross of her Redeemer in one hand and her French ridicule in the other, gives out the pen-

intential stave as she moves along, and is answered by the yell of her followers. As their dark bands sweep along the banks of the Tiber, and their red torches flash on the walls of the castle of St. Angelo, they raise the deep-toned, and, when softened by distance, occasionally melodious psalmody, that with exquisite skill they suffer to die away along those waters over which Pagan priests have raised their 'Io Pæans,' or chaunted the funeral obsequies to the death of Adonis.

"Saturday, unmarked by any imposing ceremony, is passed in silence and gloom. It images the descent of Christ into hell. But the eve of Easter Sunday portends, by various festive exhibitions, the joys and the triumphs of the following day, and the termination of that long penance and privation which precede it. The shops of Rome are then gaily lighted; and the *pizzicaroli*, the faithful allies of the church, now offer 'food for meditation' to the hungry devotees, whose long fasts are about to be recompensed by repletion. In one shop we saw St. Paul irradiated by a glory of sausages; and in another the ill-boding bird of St. Peter, hung up with the apostle it had warned in vain; Madonnas curiously carved in butter, and Bambinos in lard, warmed the devotion of the inward man; and every eatable of plastic consistence, or of malleable form, was pressed into the service of architectural decoration and symbolic piety.

"On Easter Sunday the service is performed at St. Peter's, and it is then that the church exhibits all its splendour, and exhibits its forces on a site worthy their display. The spacious Piazza of St. Peter, its porticos and colonnades, its beautiful fountains, its stupendous façade, glittering in the noon-day sun, become the scene of action. Above its marble walls rise fantastic awnings, for the accommodation of the spectators, who at an early hour crowd their elevated seats. The space below is lined with infantry. The light horse, with their showy dresses, form a line within. The Roman military standards, once the banners of universal conquest, now only serve to

deck the pageant and to flaunt above the gaudy little colours of the Swiss corps.

"In the centre of all, forming the inner circle, and crowding the steps of the church, are a multitude of common people. The *loggie* above the portico are filled with the cardinals: and in the centre, raised upon men's shoulders high above all, like some dimly-seen deity, and reduced almost to a speck by his elevation, appears the Pontiff. He is said to pray, but prays unheard; and when he rises to give the benediction, the act, scarce visible, is lawfully announced by the tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's, and the firing of the cannon of St. Angelo. The military ground their arms, and drop on their knees; the cardinals fling down the church's indulgences among the people, who scarcely stooped to pick them up, though each was the remission of years of frailty. Drums beat, trumpets sound, the music plays, the troops file off, and the ceremony finishes at night with the illumination of the Vatican.

"On Easter Monday a general rout ensues: 'Give me a horse, my kingdom for a horse,' is the cry. Post-horses and *vetturino*-stands are on that day all that the Vatican and St. Peter's were the day before. Some fly for amusement to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, others to the abyss of Herculaneum; rendezvous are given among the ruins of Palmyra, and parties are arranged among the cedars of Mount Lebanon; some return to seek hearts left at Florence or Genoa; and others who, amidst the affectation of virtue, and pretended admiration of a climate with which few are not disappointed, pant for the comforts of a British fire side, turn their heads homewards, delighted to have seen Italy, and delighted to leave it. The Roman matron is left to prepare her 'pizza de pasqua' undisturbed by her restless lodgers; and the Roman existence resumes its monotony, its indolence, and its quietude; with nothing to look to but the *mal-aria*, until 'le passage des hirondelles' shall again bring a bevy of foreign visitants to the Porta del Popolo."

It is pictures like these which 'give the very body of the times their form and pressure,' that distinguish the observations of intellectual and gifted persons from those of the common herd of travellers. Formerly the English thought they shewed their loyalty, whenever they went abroad, by insulting the host, at the hazard of finishing their days in a prison, ridiculing the miracles pretended to be worked by favourite saints or relics, and keeping their hats as firmly on their heads, and their knees as stiff, on all occasions, where the customs of the country they might be in required them to kneel or be uncovered, as any of the staunchest adherents of quakerism could do in the days of Charles II.; and this contempt was richly repaid by the hatred of the Catholics, who looked upon their most solemn ceremonies to be polluted by the presence of these island heretics, and rejoiced in all the fervour of pious zeal when they had an opportunity of shewing their Christian regard for the good of their souls by purifying their bodies in this world with the holy fires which were typical of what they were supposed to deserve in the next. Now the case is altered: the best places, the most imposing ceremonies are reserved for the English, who gaze with complacent civility upon the mummeries which have long ceased to interest the enlightened, who profess the faith of which they form the excrescences. Lady Morgan remarks, that so few Italians of condition attended the ceremonies described in these extracts, that it awakened the muse of Pasquin. When asked by Marforio "where he was going in his court-dress, he replies, "To the Vatican"—"But!"

says Marforio, "you will get no admittance." "Pardon me," he rejoins, "I have lately turned heretick."

The eagerness with which the Italians begin to imitate our social institutions, and to study our literature, is a more pleasing subject of reflection. In Naples our language is studied almost as much as that of France; our newspapers find their way into its most enlightened circles, and the Marchese Berio, distinguished still more by his literary acquirements than by his rank and opulence, has addressed Lord Byron in an ode so replete with beauty and enthusiasm, as sufficiently proves how competent a judge he is of the merits of the noble bard whom he thus apostrophizes in a strain of poetry little inferior to his own. The sight of these stanzas, which have not before been submitted to any other eyes than those of the author's private friends, is one of the benefits which Lady Morgan's introduction into the literary circles of Italy has enabled her to confer on her readers; and assuredly it is only doing her justice to say, that she has given us more information on the actual state of society in that country at the present moment, the alternate influence of France and Austria on its manners and feelings, and the probable effects of the Holy Alliance and the revived order of things, that can be found in any of the numerous publications which have made their appearance since peace has smoothed the way for idleness and folly to lead their countless votaries over the continent, to enrich foreigners with the property which they grudge proportioning any share of to the benefit of their own country.—*New Mon.*

NAPOLEON.

THE mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep;
The ocean birds had upward flown,
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad red sea,
And motionless beside the door
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,

Partook the universal calm,
When Euonaparte died.

An ancient man, a stately man,
Came forth beneath the spreading tree,
His silent thoughts I could not scan,
His tears I needs must see.

A trembling hand had partly cover'd
The old man's weeping countenance,
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd
That spake of War and France;

Something that spake of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, perchance this faded hand,
When Life beat high, and Hope was
young,
By Lodi's wave—on Syria's sand—
The bolt of death hath flung.

Young Buonaparte's battle cry
Perchance hath kindled this old cheek ;
It is no shame that he should sigh,—
His heart is like to break.

He hath been with him, young and old ;
He climb'd with him the Alpine Snow ;
He heard the cannon when they roll'd
Along the silver Po.

His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustom'd leader's word ;
I love to see the old man weep,—
He knew no other lord.

As if it were but yesternight,
This man remembers dark Eylau,—
His dreams are of the Eagle's flight,
Victorious long ago.

The memories of worser time
Are all as shadows unto him ;
Fresh stands the picture of his prime,—
The later trace is dim.

I enter'd, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber, all alone,

I drew near very solemnly
To dead Napoleon.

He was not shrouded in a shroud,
He lay not like the vulgar dead,
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud
From his pale brow was fled.

He had put harness on to die,
The eagle-star shone on his breast,
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
The sword he liked the best.

But calm—most calm was all his face,
A solemn smile was on his lips,
His eyes were clos'd in pensive grace—
A most serene eclipse !

Ye would have said some sainted sprite
Had left its passionless abode,—
Some man, whose prayer at morn and night
Had duly risen to God.

What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast
(For calm he died) cannot be known ;
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—
Farewell, Napoleon !

No sculptured pile our hands shall rear ;
Thy simple sod the stream shall lave,
The native Holly's leaf severe
Shall grace and guard thy grave.

The Eagle stooping from the sky
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
And sunwards gaze with glowing eye
From Buonaparte's Bier.

Blackwood's Ed. Mag.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the last !
The last ! the last ! the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd ;
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
Ye're types of precious things ;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends)

Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, e'er the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

Oh, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those ;
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows ;
Tell me of change and death

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE FATAL REPAST.

WE had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by a rautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds and smooth seas had hitherto been our constant attendants, and every thing on board conspired to render the confinement and monotony of a long voyage less annoying than they usually are. The cabin passengers consisted of Major and Mrs. L——, a new-married couple; Miss P——, sister to the latter; Mr. D——, a young Irishman, and myself. Our captain was a man of pleasing manners and liberal ideas, and formed an important acquisition to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them. Much of our time was spent in conversation, and in walking on deck; and when the dews of evening obliged us to descend to the cabin, the captain would often entertain us with a relation of the various dangers which he and other persons had encountered at sea, or detail, with great gravity, some of the prevailing superstitions of sailors.

Although he possessed more general information than usually falls to the lot of sea-faring persons, his mind was tinged with some of their weaknesses and prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and wished to obtain specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea-birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing from it; however, he always declined doing so, but never gave any satisfactory reason for his unwillingness to oblige them in this respect. At last, Mr. D—— killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them. The captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on the waves—"Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr. D——. "Yes, sir," replied he, "if

you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel—Here is a serious business—Be assured we have not seen the end of it." He then walked away without offering to give any orders about lowering the boat; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

Though we saw no land, every thing proved that we were in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more dazzling aspect, and long ranges of conical shaped clouds floated along the horizon. Land birds, with beautiful plumage, often hovered round the vessel, and we sometimes fancied we could discover a vegetable fragrance in the breezes that swelled our sails.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphin appeared astern. As the weather was very moderate, the captain proposed that we should fish for them; and a great many hooks were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner-hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that every thing should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style, and the steward had done full justice to his directions. We made the wines, which were exquisite and abundant, circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety and good humour, while the influence of our mirth rendered the ladies additionally amusing and animated. The captain remarked, that as there were two clarionet-players among the crew, we ought to have a dance upon the quarter-deck at sunset. This proposal was received with much delight,

particularly by the females of our party; and the captain had just told the servant in waiting to bid the musicians prepare themselves, when the mate entered the cabin, and said, that the man at the helm had dropped down almost senseless, and that another of the crew was so ill that he could scarcely speak.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last, he started from his chair, and hurried up the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment, though none of us appeared to know why; but the minds of all were evidently occupied by what they had just heard, and Major L—— remarked, with a faltering voice, that seamen were very liable to be taken suddenly ill in hot climates.

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely said these words, when Mrs. L—— gave a shriek, and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the Major and Mr. D. trembled so much, that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her stateroom.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L—— returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation.—“This is a dreadful business,” said he. “The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have ate—One of the crew died a few minutes since, and five others are dangerously ill.”

“Poisoned! my God! Do you say so? Must we all die?” exclaimed Mrs. L——, dropping on her knees. “What is to be done?” cried the Major distractedly; “are there no means of counteracting it?”—“None that I know of,” returned the Captain. “All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagi-

nation?” He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon the floor, had not I assisted him. Mrs. L——, notwithstanding his apparent insensibility, clung to his arm, crying out, in a tone of despair, “Is there no help—no pity—no one to save us?” and then fainted away on her husband's bosom, who, turning to me, said, with quivering lips, “You are a happy man; you have nothing to embitter your last moments—Oh, Providence! was I permitted to escape so many dangers, merely that I might suffer this misery?”

Mrs. L—— soon regained her senses, and I endeavoured to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions were not so easily affected by it as others. “Is there then a little hope?” she exclaimed. “Oh! God grant it may be so! How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean, far from friends and home, and then to be thrown into the deep!”—“There is one thing,” said the captain, faintly, “I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy.”—“Speak on,” cried the Major, in breathless suspense. “It may have a chance of saving you,” continued the former; “you must immediately”——He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. “Oh, this is the worst of all!” cried Mrs. L—— in agony; “he was on the point of telling us how to counteract the effects of the poison—Was it heavenly mercy that deprived him of the power of speech? Can it be called mercy?”—“Hush, hush! you rave,” returned her husband. “We have only to be resigned *now*—Let us at least die together.”

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did. Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D—— became delirious; the Major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity

of brandy. Mrs. L—— watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

I was comparatively but little affected, and therefore employed myself in assisting others until they seemed to be past all relief, and then sat down, anticipating the horrid consequences which would result from the death of the whole ship's company.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, "Taken all aback here." A voice, which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, "Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases." I soon perceived, by the rushing of the water, that there was a great increase in the velocity of the ship's progress, and went upon deck to ascertain the cause.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer, nor see the compass, and would therefore fix the rudder in such a manner, as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible. On going forward to the bows, I found the crew lying motionless, in every direction. They were either insensible of the dangerous situation in which our vessel was, or totally indifferent to it; and all my representations on this head failed to draw forth an intelligible remark from any of them. Our ship carried a deal of canvass, the lower studding sails being up, for we had enjoyed a gentle breeze directly astern, before the wind headed us in the way already mentioned.

About an hour after sunset, almost every person on board seemed to have become worse. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour. The night looked dreary and turbulent. The sky was covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The sea began to run high, and

the masts shewed, by their incessant creaking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck, but the dashing of the surges, and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board were to me the same as dead; and I was tossed about, in the vast expanse of waters, without a companion or fellow-sufferer. I knew not what might be my fate, or where I should be carried. The vessel, as it careered along the raging deep, uncontrolled by human hands, seemed under the guidance of a relentless demon, to whose caprices its ill-fated crew had been mysteriously assigned by some superior power.

I was filled with dread lest we should strike upon rocks, or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last, I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck, and face death, or to wait for it below. I soon discovered a ship a little way ahead—I instinctively ran to the helm, and loosed the rope that tied the tiller, which at once bounded back, and knocked me over. A horrible crashing, and loud cries, now broke upon my ear, and I saw that we had got entangled with another vessel.—But the velocity with which we swept along, rendered our extrication instantaneous; and, on looking back, I saw a ship, without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage, and a tumult of voices. But, after a little time, nothing was distinguishable by the eye or by the ear. My situation appeared doubly horrible, when I reflected that I had just been within call of human creatures, who might have saved and assisted all on board, had not an evil destiny hurried us along, and made us the means of injuring those who alone were capable of affording us relief.

About midnight, our fore-top-mast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to la-

hour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her successively.

I had just resolved to descend the gang-way for shelter, when a white figure rushed past me with a wild shriek, and sprang overboard. I saw it struggling among the billows, and tossing about its arms distractedly, but had no means of affording it any assistance. I watched it for some time, and observed its convulsive motions gradually grow more feeble; but its form soon became undistinguishable amidst the foam of the bursting waves. The darkness prevented me from discovering who had thus committed himself to the deep, in a moment of madness, and I felt a strong repugnance at attempting to ascertain it, and rather wished that it might have been some spectre, or the offspring of my perturbed imagination, than a human being.

As the sea continued to break over the vessel, I went down to the cabin, after having closely shut the gang-way doors and companion. Total darkness prevailed below. I addressed the captain and all my fellow-passengers by name, but received no reply from any of them, though I sometimes fancied I heard moans and quick breathing, when the tumult of waters without happened to subside a little. But I thought that it was perhaps imagination, and that they were probably all dead. I began to catch for breath, and felt as if I had been immured in a large coffin along with a number of corpses, and was doomed to linger out life beside them. The sea beat against the vessel with a noise like that of artillery, and the crashing of the bulwarks, driven in by its violence, gave startling proof of the danger that threatened us. Having several times been dashed against the cabin walls by the violent pitching of the ship, I groped for my bed, and lay down in it, and, notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, gradually dropped asleep.

When I awaked, I perceived, by the sun-beams that shone through the skylight, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of winds and waves had altogether ceased. I got up

hastily, and almost dreaded to look round, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

I immediately discovered the captain lying on one side of the cabin quite dead. Opposite him was Major L—, stretched along the floor, and grasping firmly the handle of the door of his wife's apartment. He had, I suppose, in a moment of agony, wished to take farewell of the partner of his heart, but had been unable to get beyond the spot where he now lay. He looked like a dying man, and Mrs. L—, who sat beside him, seemed to be exhausted with grief and terror. She tried to speak several times, and at last succeeded in informing me that her sister was better. I could not discover Mr. D— any where, and therefore concluded that he was the person who had leaped overboard the preceding night.

On going upon deck, I found that every thing wore a new aspect. The sky was dazzling and cloudless, and not the faintest breath of wind could be felt. The sea had a beautiful bright green colour, and was calm as a small lake, except when an occasional swell rolled from that quarter in which the wind had been the preceding night; and the water was so clear, that I saw to the bottom, and even distinguished little fishes sporting around the keel of our vessel.

Four of the seamen were dead, but the mate and the remaining three had so far recovered, as to be able to walk across the deck. The ship was almost in a disabled state. Part of the wreck of the fore-top-mast lay upon her bows, and the rigging and sails of the main-mast had suffered much injury. The mate told me, that the soundings, and almost every thing else, proved we were on the Bahama banks, though he had not yet ascertained on what part of them we lay, and consequently could not say whether we had much chance of falling in with any vessel.

The day passed gloomily. We regarded every cloud that rose upon the horizon as the fore-runner of a breeze, which we above all things feared to en-

counter. Much of our time was employed in preparing for the painful but necessary duty of interring the dead. The carpenter soon got ready a sufficient number of boards, to each of which we bound one of the corpses, and also weights enough to make it sink to the bottom.

About ten at night, we began to commit the bodies to the deep. A dead calm had prevailed the whole day, and not a cloud obscured the sky. The sea reflected the stars so distinctly, that it seemed as if we were consigning our departed companions to a heaven as resplendent as that above us. There was an awful solemnity, alike in the scene and in our situation. I read the funeral service, and then we dropped the corpses overboard, one after another. The sea sparkled around each, as its sullen plunge announced that the waters were closing over it, and they all slowly and successively descended to the bottom, enveloped in a ghastly glimmering brightness, which enabled us to trace their progress through the motionless deep. When these last offices of respect were performed, we retired in silence to different parts of the ship.

About midnight, the mate ordered the men to put down our anchor, which, till then, they had not been able to accomplish. They likewise managed to furl most of the sails, and we went to bed, under the consoling idea, that though a breeze did spring up, our moorings would enable us to weather it without any risk.

I was roused early next morning by a confused noise upon deck. When I got there, I found the men gazing intently over the side of the ship, and inquired if our anchor held fast?—"Ay, ay," returned one of them, "rather faster than we want it." On approaching the bulwarks, and looking down, I perceived, to my horror and astonishment, all the corpses lying at the bottom of the sea, as if they had just been dropt into it. We could even distinguish their features glimmering confusedly through the superincumbent mass of ocean. A large block happened to fall overboard, and the agitation which it occasioned in the sea produced an

apparent augmentation of their number, and a horrible distortion of their limbs and countenances. A hundred corpses seemed to start up and struggle wildly together, and then gradually to vanish among the eddying waters, as they subsided into a state of calmness.

We were now exempted from the ravages and actual presence of death, but his form haunted us without intermission. We hardly dared to look over the ship's side, lest our eyes should encounter the ghastly features of some one who had formerly been a companion, and at whose funeral rites we had recently assisted. The seamen began to murmur among themselves, saying that we should never be able to leave the spot where we then were, and that our vessel would rot away as fast as the dead bodies that lay beneath it.

In the evening a strong breeze sprung up, and filled us with hopes that some vessel would soon come in sight, and afford us relief. At sunset, when the mate was giving directions about the watch, one of the seamen cried out, "Thanked be God, there they are." And the other ran up to him, saying, "Where, where?" He pointed to a flock of Mother Carey's chickens that had just appeared astern, and began to count how many there were of them. I inquired what was the matter, and the mate replied, "Why only that we've seen the worst, that's all, master. I've a notion we'll fall in with a sail before twenty-four hours are past."—"Have you any particular reason for thinking so?" said I. "To be sure I have," returned he; "aren't them there birds the spirits of those brave fellows we threw overboard last night? I knew we never should be able to quit this place till they made their appearance above water. However, I'm not quite sure how it may go with us yet," continued he, looking anxiously astern; "they stay rather long about our ship."—"I have always understood," said I, "that these birds indicate bad weather, or some unfortunate event, and this appears to me to be true."—"Ay, ay," replied he, "they say experience teaches fools, and I have found it so; there was a time when I did not believe that these creatures were any thing but com-

mon birds, but now I know another story—Oh I've witnessed such strange things!—Isn't it reasonable to suppose, that these little creatures, having once been such as we are, should feel a sort of friendliness towards a ship's crew, and wish to give warning when bad weather or bad fortune is ahead, that every man may be prepared for the worst?"—"Do you conceive," said I, "that any people but seamen are ever changed into the birds we have been talking of?"—"No, for certain not," answered the mate; "and none but the sailors that are drowned, or thrown overboard after death. While in the form of Carey's chickens, they undergo a sort of purgatory, and are punished for their sins. They fly about the wide ocean, far out of sight of land, and never find a place whereon they can rest the soles of their feet, till it pleases the Lord Almighty to release them from their bondage and take them to himself."

Next morning I was awakened by the joyful intelligence that a schooner was in sight, and that she had hoisted her flag in answer to our signals. She bore down upon us with a good wind, and in about an hour hove to, and spoke us. When we had informed them of our unhappy situation, the captain ordered the boat to be lowered, and came on board of our vessel, with three of his crew. He was a thick, short, dark-complexioned man, and his language and accent discovered him to be a native of the southern States of America. The mate immediately proceeded to detail minutely all that happened to us, but our visitor paid very little attention to the narrative, and soon interrupted it, by asking of what our cargo consisted. Having been satisfied on this point, he said, "Seeing as how things stand, I conclude you'll be keen for getting into some port."—"Yes, that of course is our earnest wish," replied the mate, "and we hope to be able by your assistance to accomplish it."—"Ay, we must all assist one another," returned the captain—"Well, I was just calculating, that your plan would be to run into New Providence—I'm bound for St. Thomas's, and you can't expect that I should turn

about, and go right back with you—neither that I should let you have any of my seamen, for I'll not be able to make a good trade unless I get *slick* into port. Now I have three *niger* slaves on board of me,—curse them, they don't know much about sea-matters, and are as lazy as hell, but keep flogging them *nister*.—keep flogging them I say,—by which means, you will make them serve your ends. Well, as I was saying, I will let you have them blacks to help you, if you'll buy them of me at a fair price, and pay it down in hard cash."—"This proposal," said the mate, "sounds strange enough to a British seaman;—and how much do you ask for your slaves?"—"I can't let them go under three hundred dollars each," replied the captain; "I guess they would fetch more in St. Thomas's, for they're prime I swear."—"Why, there isn't that sum of money on board this vessel, that I know of," answered the mate; "and though I could pay it myself, I'm sure the owners never would agree to indemnify me. I thought you would have afforded us every assistance without asking any thing in return,—a British sailor would have done so at least."—"Well, I vow you are a strange man," said the captain. "Isn't it fair that I should get something for my *nigers*, and for the chance I'll run of spoiling my trade at St. Thomas's, by making myself short of men? But we shan't split about a small matter, and I'll lessen the price by twenty dollars a-head."—"It is out of the question, sir," cried the mate, "I have no money."—"Oh there's no harm done," returned the captain, "we can't trade, that's all. Get ready the boat, boys—I guess your men will soon get smart again, and then, if the weather holds moderate, you'll reach port with the greatest of ease."—"You surely do not mean to leave us in this barbarous way?" cried I; "the owners of this vessel would, I am confident, pay any sum rather than that we should perish through your inhumanity."—"Well, *mister*, I've got owners too," replied he, "and my business is to make a good voyage for them. Markets are pretty changeable just now, and it won't do to spend time talking

about humanity—money's the word with me."

Having said this, he leaped into the boat, and ordered his men to row towards his own vessel. When they got on board, they squared their top-sail, and bore away, and were soon out of the reach of our voices. We looked at one another for a little time with an expression of quiet despair, and then the seamen began to pour forth a torrent of invectives, and abuse, against the heartless and avaricious shipmaster who had inhumanly deserted us. Major L—— and his wife, being in the cabin below, heard all that passed. When the captain first came on board, they were filled with rapture, thinking that we would certainly be delivered from the perils and difficulties that environed us; but as the conversation proceeded, their hopes gradually diminished, and the conclusion of it, made Mrs. L—— give way to a flood of tears, in which I found her indulging when I went below.

The mate now endeavoured to encourage the seamen to exertion. They cleared away the wreck of the fore top-mast, which had hitherto encumbered the deck, and put up a sort of jury-mast in its stead, on which they rigged two sails. When these things were accomplished, we got up our moorings, and laid our course for New Providence. The mate had fortunately been upon the Bahama seas before, and was aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter in navigating them. The weather continued moderate, and after two days of agitating suspense, we made Exuma Island, and cast anchor near its shore.

The arrival of our vessel, and all the circumstances connected with this event, were soon made known upon the Island; and a gentleman who resided on his plantation, sent to request our company at his house. We gladly accepted his hospitable offers, and immediately went ashore.

Those only who have been at sea, can conceive the delight which the appearance of trees and verdurous fields—the odours of fruits and flowers—

and the sensations of security and freedom that arise from treading on the earth, produce in the mind, at the termination of a long voyage. Every step we took, seemed to infuse additional vigour into our limbs. Our host met us at the door of his mansion, and immediately introduced us to his wife and family, and likewise to several persons who were visitors at the time. We were ushered into an airy hall; the window-curtains of which had just been sprinkled with water and the juice of limes. The odour of the fruit, and the coolness produced by the evaporation of the fluid, exerted a most tranquillizing influence upon the mind, and made the distressing scenes I had recently witnessed pass from my remembrance like a dream. We were soon conducted into another apartment, where an elegant banquet, and a tasteful variety of the most exquisite wines, awaited us. Here we continued till evening, and then returned to the hall. From its windows, we beheld the setting sun, curtained by volumes of gloriously-coloured clouds, and shedding a dazzling radiance upon the sea, which stretched in stillness to the horizon. Our vessel lay at a little distance; and when a small wave happened to break upon her side, she seemed, for a moment, to be encircled with gems. The dews had just begun to fall, and that composing stillness, which, in tropical climates, pervades all nature at such a time, was undisturbed by the slightest murmur of any kind. Two young ladies sat down to a harp and piano, and a gentleman accompanied them upon the flute. The harmony was perfected by the rich gushing voice of one of the females of our party: and the flushed cheeks, and trembling eyelids of the charming Bahamians, shewed that the music affected their hearts, as much as it delighted their ears.

When the night was advanced, we retired to sleep—lulled by the pleasing consciousness of being secure from those misfortunes and dangers, to the invasions of which we had of late been so cruelly exposed.

THE TYROL WANDERER.

(London Magazine, Aug.)

I HAVE been in the habit of travelling a great deal over the world, and though not an author by profession, and never intending to become one, I have yet made it my practice to note down in an album, whatever I have seen or heard, which struck me as extraordinary. Happening the other day to turn over some of its pages, I fell upon the following history, related to me by the man himself, a few years since, in Washington, in North America, in which city he then resided, and I believe, still lives. He had received a grant from the national legislature of that country, in consequence of services rendered by him to the American general, Eaton, during his incursion upon Tripoli. His story is a singular example of what human ingenuity can do, when operated on by the stimulus of necessity.

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects, he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a *Benedict*, instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a *surveyor of land*. Shortly afterwards, however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under Laudon, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army, to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had been involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassanda, but

growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of John Eugena Leitensdorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewellery, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel, which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Cairo, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time, our forces landed, and after the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased, he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee-house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a sum of money which his enterprising spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman. On the departure of the English he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria, and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and practised their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which, with his usual alacrity, he availed himself and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of want, having wandered about the city for three days and

three nights without food or shelter. At length, meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition he continued to make his way back to Constantinople, and endeavoured in vain to procure from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a *dervise*. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine with their sacerdotal duties the offices of *physician* and *conjurer*. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers, for the wrongs and injuries they had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisonde, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisonde he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill, and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however, he refused to

do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to inquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan towards Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisonde, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organised and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purposes of plunder, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise, who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisonde. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisonde, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with

donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance. But Murat availing himself, partly of his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fete to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on enquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an *engineer*! Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While thus employed news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Caramelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which

took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting to the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Caramelli was, poor and dependent, but respected. It must be remembered that Egypt was divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch upon the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-Bashaw, that one night Caramelli went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derne, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Bashaw in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them, thus stopped in their mad-career, did

só; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled and exasperated despot. Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of enquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having fortunately recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American, was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV. and the English could make. On this, Lietensdorfer became alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Mas-

sachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or office keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and dervise, with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about *thirty different characters*! In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the

Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Mufti. To complete this "strange, eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill, bestowing on him a half section of land, (320 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 15th of December, 1804, to

the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong, and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to add many more pages to a biography, which, perhaps, has few parallels, except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Baron Trenck.

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby! sleep!

Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be,
Oh! many a weary night,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labours with short'ning breath—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

Thine up-turn'd eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
The soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves) there
Thy soul were sluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit! haste, depart—
And is this death!—Dread Thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face:
So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An Angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
He was thy first-born Son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard with him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, waken'd with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till mem'ry on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.—

Thou'lt say—"My first-born blessing!
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet, for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And, oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To my departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest,—

Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now (like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone)
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

NAPOLÉON.

NAPOLÉON has at length terminated his Prometheus-like existence. The culture that preyed upon his vitals has done its work, and nothing remains of him but an empty sound in the mouths of men. We are told that he died in his military garb, his field marshal's uniform, and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution. There is something melancholy in these details, which, even when considered apart from so great a man, irresistibly attracts our sympathy. We dwell with intense curiosity on all that relates to our passage from this state of being to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns:" it is a subject that intimately and awfully concerns each one of us, and therefore every circumstance that can indicate the state of feeling at the terrible parting is carefully noted and preserved, and becomes perhaps the most interesting portion of the history of man.

In the present instance, the interest is increased tenfold, on beholding a man, who had been so uplifted above his fellows, that we might almost have imagined him beyond the shafts of fate, bowed down to that humiliating condition to which human nature is subjected in its process of re-union with mother earth. With what painful delight we contemplate the last flutterings of such a spirit, and watch the expiring efforts of poor mortality, still clinging to earth, still labouring for the breath of posterity, and exhausting itself in efforts to fall with "gracefulness at last." This attempt to brave the horrors of

death is not quite in the spirit of Christianity which puts on the armour of faith; it is not in the meekness of resignation, but reminds us rather of the Roman part, and is, upon the whole, in unison with the life and character of this extraordinary individual. Knowing the importance that is attached to this last hour of existence, the fondness with which we dwell upon all the minutiae connected with this event, it is not to be wondered at that men who have lived for fame should study so to comport themselves at this crisis as to ensure the plaudits of posterity.

Augustus Cæsar chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for that occasion; and Seward Earl of Northumberland, when on the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast." A more remarkable instance is that of Maria Louisa of Austria, who, a short time before she breathed her last, having fallen into a sort of insensibility, and her eyes being closed, one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," said she, "I could sleep, if I would indulge repose, but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet my dissolution awake." The extinguishment of that spirit, whose "sound went forth into all lands," must, no doubt, be considered as one of the most important and interesting events of the day. But it is mortifying to human vanity to reflect with

what indifference this intelligence has been received. The truth is, the few last years have teemed with events of appalling magnitude—with giant births—unheard-of monsters and prodigies. Revolutions, with all their sanguinary train of consequences, have succeeded each other with fearful rapidity; and the caprices of jugglery, which fortune delights to play in private life, have been exhibited on the grand theatre of Europe. We have been glutting our eyes with the bloody business of the Circus, and the tale of individual misery can no longer work upon our sensibilities.

We are, perhaps, less impressed with the importance of this event, because Napoleon may be said to have terminated his political existence when he abdicated the throne: but he was still the lion in the toils, whose destruction is only completed when the death-blast has sounded. It will be more-over contended by his admirers, that the years of his imprisonment, though replete with suffering, and though flowing in darkness and sorrow, will be more honourable to him when history shall have taken her pen, and meted out his measure of praise, than his days of sunshine, when he trod, like a winged Mercury, and waved the rod of the enchanter. To suffer well is the highest praise that man can earn: to accommodate the fiery and restless spirit to the uncontrollable changes of fate, not notching his days of misery in passive helplessness, but wearing his manhood undauntedly about him, is the true test of greatness of soul, which shows most brilliant in surrounding darkness. It is said that

“The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

It is well if it be so: the good has carried with it its reward; and the evil may perchance remain a useful warning to mankind. But, in truth, neither are remembered when their immediate effects cease to be felt. Military renown is of all others, and very deservedly so, the most brilliant and the most fading; it is a splendid meteor, which blazes and expires. Wolfe and Abercrombie are no longer remembered as

the benefactors of their country, and the name of Nelson is already strange in our ears. It is not, as some of our old writers apprehended, that we have fallen upon the latter days of the world, and that there is not as yet time for the enjoyment of fame, or that we are not still alive to the tale of conquests (though the effect of this, as of every other twice-told tale, must lose somewhat of its charm as the world advances in years, but really because nothing has been done that contributes in any shape to the present happiness or well-being of mankind. We are about as sensible of the beneficial effects produced by the victories of a Howe, as of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.—And, in general, our knowledge of these things is as circumscribed as that of Mr. Southey's narrator of the battle of Blenheim, who could only say that “’twas a glorious victory.”

We are told that the dissolution of this great man is an instructive lesson to the world, as affording a striking instance of the punishment that awaits upon perverted talents, and ill-directed ambition. But, after all, the world is little benefited by such lessons, and grows nothing wiser from the experience of the past. Whatever may be said of the progressive improvement of which the nature of man is capable, that glorious prerogative which is said to distinguish him from the brute creation, society seems to be marked every where with the same follies, and the same vices. The same passions lead to the commission of the same crimes. Revolution and bloodshed, havoc and ruin, have been ever abroad, and war has never furled its flag. For when did example, or the cold maxims of experience, ever repress the wing of young ambition, or quench the ardours of a restless spirit? The disasters and unhappiness consequent upon the intemperance of youth, seem to be useful monitors, only when indulgence has blunted the edge of passion, or satiety has incapacitated us for enjoyment. So true it is (as Lord Bacon has remarked) that “Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.” But, in point of fact, the fate of Napoleon seems no very salutary warning to

those whose talents, combined with fitting time and opportunity, may induce them to tread in his footsteps.

Like the end of every other great man, it will serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale;" but it is nothing more than the old lesson that has been read to us from King Solomon downwards. We shall find, upon investigation, that he was a more fortunate usurper than Cromwell. His triumphs were as brilliant, and his reign of longer duration than Julius Cæsar's; his country was not ungrateful to him as Scipio's; his seclusion and banishment were as sacred and dignified as Dioclesian's; he encountered the approaches of dissolution with the calmness and philosophic resolution, if not with the Christian spirit of Charles the Fifth; and if he did not, like Samson, crush his enemies in his fall, he died, at least, in the full strength and vigour of a spirit that still awed the world. Probably no triumph was more complete, or more calculated to swell the heart of man, than the return of Napoleon from Elba. He came alone, unarmed, a wanderer. The very elements seemed to aid him at his approach: armies rose up and flocked round him, like the bones before the prophet; and his entry into the capital was not in the car of triumph, and with the sound of trumpets, but in the hearts of a mighty people, and borne upon the universal shout of France. If Turenne was right, that the only pleasures of an ambitious man are the gaining a prize at school, and the winning a battle, surely years were too little to purchase such a moment of exultation, and life too short to efface its intoxicating sweets. The "*Veni, vidi, vici*" belongs more properly to him than to Cæsar.

Of the events which immediately preceded his downfall, and which are supposed to have tarnished his military reputation, it is hardly possible to speak with precision or justice. It is a subject upon which it is safer "to say nothing that is false, than all that is true, as we tread upon fires that are not extinguished." And yet we may venture to affirm, that when party and faction shall die away, and the impartial voice of truth be heard, there will be

found many features of the memorable campaigns of 1814 and 1815, that, in their display of military genius, would not have disgraced the brightest days in the annals of Napoleon.

We have a lively and ingenious portrait of this great man from the hand of Madame de Stael, who knew him in the full lustre of his power, which, though probably somewhat distorted in the outline, and heightened in the colouring, carries with it, upon the whole, that genuine air of truth that makes us pronounce it to be a likeness, without a personal knowledge of the original. "I could not find words to reply to him," she observes, in relating her first interview, "when he came to me to say that he had sought my father at Coppet, and that he regretted having passed into Switzerland without having seen him. But when I was a little recovered from the confusion of admiration, a strongly-marked sentiment of fear succeeded. Bonaparte at that time had no power; he was even believed to be not a little threatened by the capacious suspicions of the Directory: so that the fear which he caused was inspired only by the singular effect of his person on all who approached him. I had seen men highly worthy of esteem; I had likewise seen monsters of ferocity: there was nothing in the effect which Bonaparte produced on me, that could bring back to my recollection either the one or the other. I soon perceived in the different opportunities I had of meeting him during his stay at Paris, that his character could not be defined by the words which we commonly use: he was neither good, nor violent, nor gentle, nor cruel, after the manner of individuals of whom we have any knowledge. Such a being had no fellow, and, therefore, could neither feel nor excite sympathy; he was more or less than a man. His cast of character, his understanding, his language, were stamped with the impress of an unknown nature. I examined the figure of Bonaparte (she goes on to observe) with attention; but whenever he discovered that my looks were fixed upon him, he had the art of taking away all expression from his eyes, as if they had been turned into marble.

His countenance was then immovable, except a vague smile, which his lips assumed at random, to mislead any one who might wish to observe the external signs of what was passing within."

Mr. Ellis, who afterwards saw him at St. Helena, says that "his elocution was rapid, but clear and forcible, and that both his manner and language surpassed his expectations. The character of his countenance was rather intellectual than commanding, and the chief peculiarity is in the mouth, the upper lip apparently changing in expression with the variety and succession of ideas. I was most struck, he observes, with the unsubdued ease of his behaviour: he could not have been freer from embarrassment and depression in the zenith of his power at the Tuileries."

Some allowance must be made for all this. On viewing the stupendous effects produced by high talents, aided by a fortuitous combination of circumstances, the judgment becomes lost in wonder and admiration. The mortal assumes the God—the most trivial actions are pregnant with fatality—the sports of childhood, and the freaks of youth, are found to have contained the latent seeds of future greatness: and biography becomes enveloped in fable and romance. The same may be said of the external man—the outward mould-work of Nature: the tenement of clay is found to have been stamped with the sure marks of the profound mind that has displayed itself. We fancy we could have discovered the great Napoleon in the lieutenant of engineers. It is probable, that in all ages, a certain conformation of face and person, has been considered as the indication of intellectual superiority. We naturally yield at first to some such impression, though it may be afterwards altered, or even altogether effaced. But in the present age of scientific research we go much farther. We do not leave unattempted those mysteries of Nature which seem denied to human investigation; we would enter the temple where she works in secret, trace the unrevealed sympathies between soul and matter, and unravel the whole machinery of man. Idle and unprofitable as these researches may be, they are, at all

events, not uninteresting or incurious; and it is perhaps consoling, in our utter hopelessness of arriving at any thing like a knowledge of the internal fabric of our species, to have observed something of a conformity of appearance in all great men, and hence to have gone some way towards establishing certain external indications of the most prominent features of the mind. The conclusions of physiologists upon this subject, if not to be received with perfect confidence, are at least too respectable to be treated with levity; and, judging of Napoleon Bonaparte according to the imaginary standard that has been laid down, he certainly appears to have been cast in the mould of a hero.

He was of the stamp of Cæsar, of Alexander, of Mahomet, of Cromwell. The beautiful head, the ample forehead, the muscular form, the bilious temperament—all indicated strength and loftiness of mind, daring ambition, and inflexibility of purpose; and of him it may be said, in the words of Livy, as applied to Cato Major, "*In illo viro tantum robur et corporis et animi fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturum videretur.*"

Heroes, from first to last, seem to have been compounded of nearly the same ingredients. The grand requisite, the main-spring of action, appears to be a consciousness of a superiority over other men, and a vehement desire to display that superiority. This display must be variously modified by time and opportunity, and in proportion as it is seconded by good fortune or opposed by difficulties; but under similar circumstances it is probable that it would produce nearly similar effects. Cæsar's expression, "that he would rather be the first man in a village, than the second man in Rome," is in effect but an echo of the sentiment that is uttered by Milton's Satan, when he exclaims: "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." So that the same spirit seems necessary to a Cæsar or a Satan—the monarch of the Tuileries, or the demon of Pandemonium.

It is the peculiar misfortune of society that we admire those exploits which are rather dazzling than useful, and that a nation should aim at being great

and splendid rather than being happy. Creatures of education, we imbibe in early youth the spirit of romance and chivalry : that which is in fact a necessary evil, is presented under the imposing form of "glorious circumstance;" Homer does more than philosophy and Christianity can undo; and in fine we roam about like mortals in the enchanted abode of the fairies, with unappointed eyes, mistaking for solid gold, for delicious dainties, that which, in reality, is but tinsel, and frippery, and dirt.

These conclusions are obvious in our closets, but they come too late to counteract the effects of education; we seldom reduce them to practice, but move along through life in this, as in many other respects, with our conduct one way and our argument the other. Virgil's trumpeter never wants a successor who is equally fortunate in his trade—"Ore ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu,"—of rousing fools and making slaughter.

The writers of the day have been loud in their invectives against Napoleon, for the selfishness and the utter disregard of life which he manifested in common with all lovers of war. Without seeking to extenuate his faults or enlogize his merits, we may observe, that he perhaps endeavoured to elevate himself above the rest of mankind by stifling all feelings which he partook in common with them. He affected to be a man apart from his fellow-creatures, turning the passions of men to the completion of his own purposes, but himself beyond their control. Accordingly we do not hear that he wept at the bloody field of Borodino, or that he sympathised with the sufferers at Moscow. He looked upon these events with the cold eye of a political calculator, to whom the loss of an army was as an error in his arithmetical process. It would have been in better taste, no doubt, to have deplored the extinction of 300,000 fellow-beings in the horrible campaign in Russia, than to have exclaimed, while rubbing his hands over the fire on his way homewards, "this is pleasanter than Moscow." But Xerxes wept when, viewing his

immense army, he reflected that not one of such a multitude would survive a hundred years. . And yet we do not find that Xerxes desisted from his idle attempts to enslave Greece. In fact, the kindlier feelings of humanity seem incompatible with such a calling. Where blood is to be poured out as water, and human life is as grass before the sickle, the edge of sensibility must be blunted, and the best feelings of our nature are upturn.

In turning over the pages of history, it will be difficult to assign any place to Napoleon amongst those who are gone, or to say to what class he properly belongs. Though very dissimilar in many respects, some strong features of resemblance may be traced between him and our own Cromwell. Both were of extreme vigour and reach of capacity; of the same bold and enterprising disposition which enabled them to take advantage of the commotions and political disturbances of the times. Both had the "*animus vastus*," an ambition which knew no bounds—both grasped at that which fortune seemed to have placed far beyond their reach, and both were successful. In Napoleon we discover something of the insolence of prosperity, the intoxication of success which led to the commission of political errors; while Cromwell maintained, throughout his public life, a greater equability of mind, a steadiness of purpose that was not to be diverted either by difficulties, or the security of triumph. If the former was immoderate in prosperity, the latter was less able to withstand the glooms of despondency. The one displayed a greater versatility of genius: he lived in times when the arts flourished, and he reigned over a lively and ingenious people, who were as interested in the success of an opera as of a campaign;—while Cromwell's was the iron age of England, he was nurtured in fanaticism, and lived amid strife and bloodshed. Their understanding of "the religious" was certainly different, but both availed themselves of the prevailing spirit of the times; it is probable that Napoleon would have whined his way into popularity in the days of Charles the

First, and that Cromwell would have been a *Philosopher* in the days of Louis the Sixteenth. Neither of these extraordinary personages exhibited in very early youth any signs of those high endowments which have given them to “everlasting fame* ;” nor did the genius of either seem fitted for the elegant occupations of literature, though Cromwell occasionally indulged himself in barbarous verses, and Napoleon was a reader of Ossian. They might have said with Themistocles, the Athenian, who, being desired to play upon a lute, replied, “that he could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city.” The arts of address and conciliation, which were used with such success by Bonaparte, were not known to Cromwell. Hume says of him, that “he knew how to find out and engage in his interests every man possessed of those talents which any particular employment demanded; that the general behaviour and deportment of this man, who had been raised from a very private station, was such as might befit the greatest monarch; that he maintained a dignity without either affectation or ostentation; and supported with all strangers that high idea with which his great exploits and prodigious fortune had impressed them.” In both these men is discoverable that mixture of great and little, that spice of human frailty, with which Nature counterbalances her choicest gifts, and which

happily serves to counteract the evils which might otherwise result to mankind from the perversion of superior talents—from the wantonness of ambition, and the freaks of power. In fine, what Lord Clarendon had said of Cromwell may be justly applied to the individual who has been the subject of these remarks. “He was one of those men—quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them, who, from a private and obscure birth (though of good family) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a consistency, that contributed to his designs and their destruction; while himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant they had projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may be justly said of him—ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse quæ a nullo nisi fortissimo perfici possent—he attempted those things which no man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.” B.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

EXTRACTED FROM “JONATHAN KENTUCKY’S JOURNAL.”

June 1, 1821.

AT last I have seen the humours of a levee, which is certainly worth seeing for once, as presenting so remarkable a contrast to the plain simplicity of our own chief magistrate, who stands forth only as a man among men; “who walks forth without attendants, lives

without state, greets his fellow citizens with open hand as his companions and equals; seeks his relaxation from the labours of the cabinet at the domestic hearth; snatches a moment from the hurry of public affairs to superintend the business of his farm, and defrays all the expences of his high office with

* Cromwell’s military talents were not displayed until he was forty-four years old. Bonaparte, before he was twenty-seven, besides shewing his skill at the siege of Toulon, had beaten the Parisian troops, and fought the battles of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Lodi, Lonate, and Castiglione, with an army in want of every necessary, and against experienced enemies.

a stipend of 6000*l.* a year!" How different is the scene at Carlton Palace, with all its pomp and parade of military attendance, and all the glare and frippery of its court costume. I went under the protection of our worthy minister, and it was about two o'clock when we found ourselves in the large anteroom of the palace, which was soon thronged with bishops and judges, generals and admirals, doctors and surgeons, lawyers and authors,—all anxious to bask for a moment in the rays of royalty, and catch a smile of condescension from the great man. The mob at a levee is much like other mobs, though perhaps less good-humoured and entertaining. After waiting about an hour on the tiptoe of expectation, the folding-doors were at length thrown open, and the mass began to move. Inch by inch we fought our way, till at last I got near enough to command a view of the King. He stood, as it were, in a doorway, with the whole of his cabinet ministers drawn up in regular array opposite to him: and the intervening narrow lane, through which two persons could scarcely have passed abreast, just sufficient to let the crowd off. I can compare the scene to nothing so well, as to the getting into the pit of the theatre, on a full night. The lord in waiting who receives your card, and the King your bow,—if one may venture on so homely a comparison,—answered to the check and money takers; the cry of "get your card ready," would have been as appropriate on one occasion, as "get your money ready," on the other: and the press from behind scarcely allowed time for a moment's pause in the royal presence. The business of presentation was begun and concluded in a moment: the King smiled graciously, saying, "How d'ye-do, Mr. Kentucky, I am very glad to see you here,"—and I found myself in the next room before I was well aware that the ceremony had commenced. It was then that a friend who had witnessed the scene, congratulated me upon the gracious reception I had experienced,—a fact of which, but for his information, I might have remained in ignorance.

The next difficulty was how to get

away; for, having no carriage, and having been separated from my ministerial mentor, I scarcely knew what to do. At last, fiercely cocking my hat on one side, like my namesake Jonathan of *wild* memory in his boat-scene, I sallied boldly out at the great gates, and making my way through the crowd,—who contented themselves with a few good-humoured jokes at the awkwardness with which I wore my court habiliments—I gained the stand of coaches in Cockspur-street, into one of which I vanished from their gaze.

The next day Mr. R—— asked me how I was satisfied with my reception, to which I made a suitable reply of acknowledgment. "Why yes, indeed," said he. "I think you have reason to be satisfied, for I did not think his Majesty said so much to any one else." I find there is a graduated scale of great exactness by which these things are measured with the most minute accuracy. "How d'ye do," is a gracious reception; but "How d'ye do; I am very glad to see you here," is the very acme of condescension and affability.

To an American, who feels that he belongs to a country, the government of which is founded in truth and reason alone, such a scene as the levee presents cannot be very inviting. And yet it cannot be denied that the establishment of a court, which its train of attendant nobles, if they are, as they ought to be, the *cream* of the people, not only uppermost in point of situation, but worthiest in point of quality, is not without its use. It is desirable that there should be a permanent school of manners, such perhaps as a court only can supply, to preserve the standard of politeness and good-breeding from sinking into incivility and rudeness. As long, too, as rank is revered by fools, it will be an object with men of sense; and, much as I admire the simple institutions of my own country, I doubt whether Washington was not right, when he said that the founders of our constitution "proceeded on too favourable a view of human nature." When a nation emerges from infancy, there must be prizes for talents, and distinctions for wealth; and whether these consist of the laurel wreaths of

the ancient fashion, or the garters and ribands of modern times, is of little importance. But it is indeed important to those who by the practice of England are allowed to *inherit* honours, to justify the expedience of such a law by endeavouring to deserve them. For if they neglect this, the times are soon approaching, when the people in all countries will "trample coronets under their feet that no longer sparkle with the gems of virtue, and wipe off the armorial bearings from coach-doors, which have nothing to authorise them but the venal nonsense of the Herald's office."

June 20.—Excursion in the steam-boat to Richmond. This is a delightful trip; and I enjoyed it the more, as it reminded me of the favourite mode of travelling in my own country. It is, indeed, to Mr. Fulton, of New-York, that the world is indebted for the first practical application of the steam-engine to the purpose of navigation; and the nations of Europe are now generally adopting this summary and expeditious mode of surmounting the opposition of currents, and wind, and tide. The Richmond boat, though sufficiently commodious, is as inferior to our American vessels, as the Thames is to the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. For some miles the banks are low and flat, and the scenery tame, though not uninteresting. The villas which meet your eye at every turn, give a variety to the prospect, and present pleasing pictures of the progress of civilization to the highest point of luxurious refinement. There is the same kind of difference between the banks of the Delaware and the Thames, that Johnson has pointed out between the poetry of Dryden and Pope. "The one is a natural field, diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation,—the other, a velvet lawn, shaven with the scythe and levelled with the roller." The best points of the river are Sion House and Kew; after which you arrive at Richmond. The view of the hill from the river is very beautiful; but the view from the hill is still more rich and magnificent. And yet it was of this very scene that the Frenchman disparagingly observed—" *Ventrebleu! Otez le bois et la rivière, et c'est peu de chose.*"

July 1.—One topic at present engages all thoughts, and all hands, and all tongues,—for nothing is talked of but the Coronation. All other subjects seem to have lost their interest, and even the funeral knell of the modern Attila has scarcely been heard amidst the clink of hammers, and the clattering of preparation for this splendid pageant. In looking on at this costly magnificence, an American is disposed to console himself, for the absence of such things in his own country, by recollecting the observation of Paine—"the trappings of a monarchy would defray the whole expense of a republic." Still far be from me that wholesale spirit of censure, which so often induces travellers, upon a slight and superficial survey, to condemn customs and institutions, which have a deep foundation in the character of a people. Indeed it is impossible not to grant, that in government, as in religion, some ceremonial observations are necessary, and it is the duty of those who regulate the respective rituals of each, so to order their form and fashion, that they may really produce their intended effect, in impressing the minds of the spectators with a higher sense of veneration for the substantial part of those institutions to which such forms are appended.

Thus, in considering the Coronation, though opinions may differ as to the proper mode and manner of conducting it, yet it is impossible not to allow that in a monarchical country some such ceremony is necessary upon the occasion of a new king. In England, particularly, it is a solemn recognition of the compact between king and people, which was entered into at the æra of the Revolution; by virtue of which the house of Hanover succeeded to the throne of the Stuarts. I am no disciple of that frigid philosophy that would teach us to look unmoved at a spectacle like this, which has something at once gratifying and ennobling in the associations it awakens. The solemn repetition of the same rites, which have been performed in the same place, by so many departed generations, connects the present times with the past, and by its appeal to the imagination, embellishes the realities of life with much of the

charm of romance. I have no patience with those who say they can see the Coronation at Covent Garden theatre. It is true, they may do so as far as the eye is concerned; but it is Westminster Abbey, and the King, and the Nobles, and the hundred thousand spectators, in the verity of real existence, that constitute the glory of the scene, and give it all its power over the feelings. If the Coronation do not appeal more to the mind than to the eye, it is not worth seeing at all; and it is a sad degradation of the ceremony, to consider it as a mere theatrical exhibition to gratify the sense of sight. All, indeed, that the mimic representation of the theatre can give, is precisely that part which had much better be omitted in the real ceremony, for the taste of the times is no longer what it was; mankind have grown out of their admiration of diamond crowns, and gilded sceptres; and the age of humbug is passed and gone.

Again: what can be more absurd than the retention of the Champion's part in the pageant? In the chivalrous days of our Henrys and Edwards, in the civil wars of York and Lancaster, when the red rose became white with the blood it had lost, and the white rose became red with the blood it had shed, there was a meaning in the Champion's defiance which gave importance to his character;—for every body felt that he was in earnest. Now, however, it is equally notorious that the whole scene is a sham; and that the pretended Champion of England is a harmless young gentleman, mounted upon a piebald horse, belonging to the stud of a strolling theatre. How much too is one surprised, to see the nobles of England, at this time of day, condescending to put in their claims to perform the most menial offices, for the sake of the cast-off clothes, and plate, and furniture, which are allowed as the perquisites of such service; while the mob, by the same custom, have their share of the spoil, in being admitted to scramble for the fragments of the feast! How small is the difference on this occasion between the Nobility and the Mobility! Among the numerous demands, almost too ridiculous for discussion, was one

prescribing for a right to hold the King's head when he was sick,—which was, however, I believe, disallowed, as a *spurious* claim. But to come to the really grand and affecting part of the ceremonial—the Coronation itself. The chair in which so many kings have been crowned, with the famous stone of Scotland, which was brought by Edward the First from Scone, incorporated within its seat, is placed on an elevated platform, in the centre of the great nave of the Abbey; and there, surrounded by the mighty dead of so many generations, the living King promises, before God and man, to make the laws the rules of his conduct, and to administer justice and mercy. Surely there is something more in this than an empty pageant! Here, however, again we regret that the venerable antiquity of this consecrated chair should be hidden under a covering of cloth of gold,—the common-place indication of grandeur which any four pieces of timber would suffice to support. There was an awful majesty in the worm-eaten relics of the old regal chair, full of poetical inspiration, and better worth than all the cloth of gold in the world. A king must be made of different materials from ordinary men, if he can pass through such a ceremony without deriving benefit from the lessons it is so well calculated to convey. At the moment of his inauguration, in the very scene of his glory, he is reminded, by the tombs of his ancestors, that there is but a step between him and death, when there will no longer be any distinction of rank, but such as are founded on superiority of virtue. For life is like a game of chess; so long as the game is playing, all the men stand in their order, and are respected according to their places; one is a king, another a queen, another a bishop, another a knight, and another a pawn; but as soon as the game is ended, and they are shuffled together into one bag in the grave, they are all alike; and whether the king or the pawn be finally uppermost, must be left to the decision of that Great Being, who, as we are taught from the highest authority, is no respecter of persons.

Reminiscencia.

(London Magazines.)

MODES OF EXPRESSION.

AUTHORS are sometimes extremely careless in expressing themselves; others pique themselves on a quaintness or an oddity, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. However, we do not pretend to carp or cavil in the following article; our office being merely to exhibit the extremely odd way in which some people think and write, (and great ones too among them,) but who, perhaps, have been caught napping. Let us view some of these eccentricities, not with the green magnifying glasses of criticism, but with those of a student, who goes to the theatre by way of relaxation, determined to be pleased. The display might have been increased from our common-place book; for the present, however, these will serve to mark a great variety in modes of expression.

It is scarcely credible, that the tasteful *Addison* should use the word *authenticness* for authenticity.

In the Aix la Chapelle Guide is a verbose description of the several paintings, among which is the "*natural looks of poor souls in purgatory.*"

The Rev. *John Boraston*, condoling with Sir N. Herbert on the loss of his father, says, "The blessedness of our dear deceased relations *is handkerchief enough to dry our eyes.*"

Anne Boleyn's mode of expressing herself was truly astonishing. When on the scaffold she was pleased to say, "I pray God save the king, (Henry VIII.) and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler, nor a more merciful, prince was there never, and to me he was ever a good, a gentle, and sovereign lord." This is a tolerable good character of a king, who in his power spared no man, and in his lust spared no woman, and from the lips of one who was then on the scaffold, probably dying innocent, because that Blue-Beard wanted to marry another, Jane Seymour, which he did the next day.

Dr. Clarke, in his *Travels*, has this very suspicious metaphor: he says,

"Jerusalem now occupies one eminence alone, viz. that of Moriah, where the temple stood of old, and where, like a phoenix that hath arisen from the ashes of its parent, the famous mosque of Omar is now situated." Does not this sound a little unorthodox?—that a Mahometan mosque could arise out of the ruins of the temple of Jehovah, as a phoenix is fancied to arise out of the ashes of its parent?

Urban Chevreau, a French historian, tells us, "When I was young, I remember attending a sermon, preached by a prelate, who was celebrated at court for the greatness of his talents. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The bishop having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed that her tears had opened to her the way to heaven; and that *she had travelled by water* to a place, where few other persons had gone *by land.*"

Calvin's (the reformer) mode of expression was rather coarse. Luther had, in one of his writings, called him a declaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, breaks out—"Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?"

Dryden, the great poet, was once caught napping; for, in his play of the "*Conquest of Grenada*," he makes Almanzor say to Boabdalin, king of Grenada,

"Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be:
But know that I alone am king of me."

This mode of expression was well retorted upon him by Col. Heylen, the nephew of Dr. Heylen, the cosmographer. Not long after the publication of his book, the doctor had the misfortune to lose his way upon a large common, which created an innocent laugh against him, as a minute geographer. Mr. Dryden, falling into the colonel's company at a coffee-house, rallied him upon the

circumstance which had happened to his uncle, and asked where it was that he lost himself? "Sir, (said the colonel, who did not relish the question from such a cynick,) I cannot answer you exactly; but I recollect that it was somewhere in the kingdom of Me!" Mr. Dryden, whose irritability of temper is well known, took his hat and walked off.

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living and Dying*, p. 73, says, "Virgins must contend for a singular modesty; whose first part must be, an ignorance in the distinction of sexes."

Mr. Evelyn wrote a book, called "Fumifugium," and in it inveighs against our using coal instead of wood for fuel, deforming our noblest buildings, and bringing on consumptions. His mode of expression is remarkable:—"The City of London (says he) resembles rather the face of Mount Etna, the court of Vulcan, Stromboli, or the *suburbs of hell*, than an assembly of rational creatures, and the imperial seat of our incomparable monarch."

The Rev. Mr. Fawkes, in the year 1739, being at that time curate of Doncaster, thought fit to preach a sermon on the erection of an organ in the church. After having wound up his imagination to the highest pitch in praise of church-music, he adds, addressing himself to the organ, "But, O what!—O what!—what shall I call thee by? thou divine box of sounds!"

HAWKE (Admiral), who, in 1747, gained a victory over the French, taking seven ships out of eight, in his dispatch to the Admiralty Board, informed the lords-commissioners, "that the French ships, *being large, took a great deal of drubbing*."

It is surprising, what ridiculous associations are made by those who attempt to speak in a language they do not, but pretend to, understand. We might mention a thousand instances, but one must suffice for our pages. Sir Wm. Hamilton, conversing with an Italian lady, who would persuade herself she had perfectly learned English, asked her how many children she had?—"I have done seven," said the lady.

In the south aisle of the church at Tuxford, beneath a flowery arch, is a very rude relief of St. Lawrence placed on the gridiron. By him is a fellow with a bellows, blowing the fire; and the executioner going to turn him. The zealous Fox, in his *Martyrology*, has this very thought, and makes the martyr say, in the midst of his sufferings, *This side is now roasted; turn me, O tyrant great!*

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol 86 p. 596, is the following extraordinary piece of information: "By the Jewish law as to adultery, the woman was put to death as well as the man, so that the parties could neither of them marry again."

Dr. Jortin, speaking of those sectarians who rely too much upon the efficacy of works of supererogation; and of the other side, who go to a contrary extreme, consider good works as a bugbear, and hate the very sound of the words; punningly adds, "Some writers of this sort contracted such a superstitious dread of relying on good works, that they would not even make a good book, or employ the carnal weapon of human reason."

Dr. Johnson, in his pamphlet, 'Taxation no tyranny,' had a passage no way soothing to the Americans; it was this; 'That the colonists could with no solidity argue, from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed: *We do not put a calf into the plough; we wait till he is an ox.*' Being a ministerial pamphlet, however, one of the state secretaries put his pen across this passage.

The same author, in his *Dictionary*, gave us this definition of net-work:—"any thing reticulated, or decussated, with *interstices* at equal distances between the *intersections*."

KILLED OFF! was an expression once unhappily made use of in the British senate, by some cold-blooded metaphysician; but to shew how easily military men are reconciled to the thing itself, Mr. Labaume has given us an anecdote of the campaign against Russia by Buonaparte. It appears that, towards the extreme right, the Russians

had a redoubt, which, by its destructive fire, spread consternation through the French line. After a sanguinary combat of about an hour, this redoubt was carried, with the loss of twelve hundred men, who remained dead in the entrenchments : and, next day, when Napoleon was reviewing the sixty-first regiment, which had suffered the greatest loss, he asked the colonel what had become of one of his batallions ?—"Sire ! (replied he,) *It is in the redoubt !*"

Newton, (Bishop of Bristol,) speaking of his marriage, said, *it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life*, and that she was the most proper wife for him in the world ; indeed, (he adds,) *She more than answered his warmest wishes.*

Counsellor Phillips, in his Recollections of Curran, says, "There is attached to it, (Dublin College,) amongst other advantages, a most magnificent library, of which the regulations were so rigid, and the public hours so few, that it had become, to the externs particularly, almost entirely useless."

Dr. Donne, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says, "Sentences in Scripture, like *hairs in horses' tails*, concur in one root of beauty and strength ; but, being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares."

Dr. Harrington wrote a song, beginning—"Ah ! how Sophia ?" which unquestionably sounds exactly like—a house a fire.

We often hear this expression—"High words passed between them ;" but the parties using them being of the most vulgar and illiterate description, they must have been low words in a high tone.

Nothing can exceed the strange mode of expression adopted by the Quakers, though a sect ever to be admired. They call churches, steeple-houses, tho' they are presumed to know what they are ; coaches are leathern conveniences ; they clip and disfigure the king's English into most ungrammatical postures, *theeing* and *thouing* us with all the stiffness of unyielding buckram. Still this quaintness of expression used by the Quakers was not always so quiet, peaceable, and orderly, as now. One of this class, a primitive enthusiast, whose

name was Fisher, indulged himself in the succeeding flow of vituperation at Dr. Owen. The doctor was thus addressed by friend Fisher ;—"Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter ; thou hedge-hog and grinning dog ; thou bastard, that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish hawd ; thou mole ; thou tinker ; thou lizard ; thou bell of no metal, but the tone of a kettle ; thou wheel-barrow ; thou whirlpool ; thou whirligig : O thou firebrand ; thou adder and scorpion ; thou louse ; thou cow-dung ; thou moon-calf ; thou ragged tatterdemalion ; thou Judas : thou livest in philosophy and logic ; which are of the devil !"

Count Rumford gives us, in the following extract, the useful hint of eating a hot hasty-pudding by gradual advances, circumventing the outwork, and storming the parapet. These are his words—"The hasty pudding being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it with a spoon, into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c. ; the butter, being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar, and forms a sauce, which, being confined in the excavation, occupies the middle of the plate." Thus far for the array :—Now for the battle. "Dip each spoonful in the same, before it is carried to the mouth, care being had, in taking it up, to begin on the outside, and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation, which forms the reservoir of the sauce." This, gentle reader, is the philosophy of hasty-pudding, or rather of eating it.

Dr. Sharp, of Hart-Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words *I say*. An under-graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him, to give him a jobation, which he thus began : "I say—they say—you say—I say—I say ;"—when, finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding the young satirist be gone to his room.

Sylvester, describing the Lord's coming to judgment, expresses it thus :

Mercy and justice, marching *cheek by joule*,
Shall his divine triumphant chariot roll.

Mr. Southey says, "Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the *connection* between wens and mountains." The same writer demonstrates the stupidity of mankind.—"Every body (says he) now believes in the merit of Paradise Lost, as they believe in their creed ; and, in ninety and nine instances out of a hundred, with as little comprehension of the mysteries of the one as of the other !"

Sir John Sinclair, in his Code of Health, thus expresses himself about pork :—"Pork is a savoury food ; and, as this animal is of no use to man when alive, it is therefore properly designed for food ; and besides, from its loathsome appearance, it is killed without reluctance." The same author is so kind as to make an apology for the unsightliness of the human stomach. "The stomach (says he) is far from recommending itself by any elegance of appearance ; on the contrary, it is gen-

erally considered an unsightly membranous pouch ; but the delicacy of its texture, the consideration of its extraordinary powers, and the importance of its functions to the health and existence of the human frame, must create a salutary reluctance to hazard any practice by which it can be injured."

The gentle Doctor South could, in argumentative allusion, use such a term as, "bell and damnation proof ;" which is going as far as a point could be urged.

Honest old *angling-loving* Isaac Walton must not be forgotten. He thus instructs his piscatory pupils to handle a frog :—"Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained—none but He, whose name is Wonderful, knows how. I say, put your hook through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stick, to the arming-wire of your hook ; and, in so doing, use him as *though you loved him*."

Miscellanea.

DRURY LANE, JULY 28.

On Monday Mr. Kean, whose squabbles with American managers have been as much protruded on the public as if they afforded grounds for another American war, re-appeared at Drury-lane as Richard III. The house was crowded, and his reception was as tumultuary as "i' the olden times." His performance was also in the known style—Unintelligible drawls, great effects, electrifying passages, and, as a whole, wanting truth and consistency. After the play there was a speech of pure egotism, Mr. Kean seeming to fancy himself not only the greatest actor that ever "fretted his hour upon the stage," but as having having some connection with Garrick and Shakspeare, and being a sort of representative of England to the United States. All this is inconceivably ridiculous ; but when the tragedy is done, the million look for a farce.

THE ROMAN BRIDGE IN HOLLAND.

Croningen.—The Roman bridge, which was discovered in Holland, in 1818, is now wholly cleared from the turf with which it was surrounded. It is three miles long, and 12 feet broad. It was laid by the fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marshes, in

which deep beds of turf have ever since been formed, and, in all probability, gradually sunk into the marsh by its own weight. The resinous particles which are in the marshy soil, have probably contributed to preserve the bridge, which is entirely of wood. Every six feet there were posts to support the railing, as may be judged by the holes in which they were fixed. This great work, which consists of a judicious number of beams, appears to have been wrought with very large axes ; the workmanship is admirable.

PIGEON-FLYING.

Antwerp, July.—Some pigeon fanciers of this city, have sent this year, thirty-two pigeons to Orleans, where, according to a *process verbal*, drawn up in due form, they were let loose on the 1st of July, at 25 minutes past seven in the morning. Orleans is 122 post leagues from Antwerp, and the pigeon which arrived the first, had performed the journey in seven hours and a half ; five others arrived the same day, almost immediately after the first ; four returned the next day ; one on the third ; many more would undoubtedly have returned, had not the weather been very bad. Considerable wagers were laid on the issue.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1821.

[NO. 2.

(European Magazine.)

THE LAST SECRET OF CABALISM.

THERE appeared at Spa, in the year 1720, a young gentleman, whose fine figure and good equipage created what is now called a great sensation. He had all the wit and learning of that day; talked to the ladies of the plurality of worlds in the style of a junior Fontenelle, and quoted Montesquieu to the gentlemen. He dropped one day from his pocket an extract from Voiture's correspondence which furnished half the *petit-maitres* of Spa with pretty billets during the season. Then he affected great knowledge of state-mysteries: shook his head when Prince Eugene was named; hinted at Queen Anne's love for her brother, and said something strange about the French lady whose accouchment took place in King James's palace, and was foster-mother to his heir-apparent. As there is remarkable sympathy between similar characters, the Chevalier Valamour, as he chose to call himself, became very intimate with an obscure watch-maker in the suburbs of Aix-la-Chapelle. If this recluse had been the Emperor Charles V. in his watch-making frolic, he could not have known more of men and manners. He had also a surprising familiarity with the names of learned physicians, and now and then dropped mystic phrases of cabalistical import. He had a daughter whom he secreted in a corner of his miserable house, and guarded with the most anxious care. Our Cheva-

lier was duly fascinated with her beauty, and took all the pains required in the beginning of the eighteenth century to recommend himself. Not that he fully understood his own meaning, for he had a most religious horror of a woman's tongue, especially a wife's. Linnaeus himself, whom he partly resembled in genius, was not more unfortunate in a shrewish mother than he had been. His father's lady had compelled him to sweep his own room, prepare his own breakfast, and perhaps to hem his cambric ruffles. Certainly this woman's violence of power had contributed to excite and fix his imagination on the idea of a placid beauty as the most perfect. And as he probably did not find one exactly realized in the common world; he read romances, and especially the "Count de Gabalis," till he conceived something of the kind might be found elsewhere. Ariette was more like the charming creature detained in the palace of silence by the King of the Fishes than any human female he had ever seen. She seemed to have chosen Madame Dacier's motto, "Silence is the ornament of women;" if indeed she had a choice, which certain mysterious motions of the father's head rendered doubtful. One thing was remarkable:—he could never prevail on her to shew herself by moonlight, nor to lift her veil when he had spoken to her half an hour. At the expiration of that time she always

dropped the light and elegant screen of black silk net which was constantly attached to her fine hair. This, and the marble paleness of Ariette's countenance, gave something of poetic sanctity to her character, which her profound modesty and secluded mode of life completed. He was often tempted to propose himself to the ancient watch-maker as a son-in-law, but his reverence for him as a man of science was not quite enough to subdue the pride of birth, and some hereditary fears of a wife's dominion. At length fear and pride gave ground, and the chevalier made a suitable speech in the artist's study. To his great surprise, the offer was rejected, but with an air more in sorrow than in anger. He repeated it, and was promised a month's consideration. Before the end of that time, he was informed the watch-maker had suffered an apoplectic stroke, and lay at the point of death. He ran to him—the old man was expiring, and had only strength to put a small ring on his finger before he breathed his last. The room was silent—there was no spectator but himself, and a crowd of alembics, phials, and chemical preparations, lay in one corner. The suspicion he had always entertained that the deceased artist studied alchymy, and had probably discovered the long-sought secret of creating gold, induced our chevalier to search into the heap under which rested a little iron box. He soon perceived that the ring put on his finger by the dying man was contrived to act as a key, and it readily unlocked the coffer. There were in it only a few mysterious calculations, and one on which a horoscope was constructed. Underneath it, in Romaic characters, he decyphered words to this import.

“My art informs me you will find this parchment on which your nativity is accurately traced. Ariette is not of my nature, nor have I power to bestow her. What her veil conceals I never knew, nor can I recollect any change in her aspect, though she has dwelt here many years; but I am at no loss to guess her purpose. Sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, are incapable of enjoying eternity, unless by marriage with a Christian. They have

then the power of sharing earthly happiness, and their partners, if they chuse, may share with them that intellectual soul which is the spirit of eternal life. Or if they so please, these husbands may content themselves with their society during the short period which the order of their nature permits them to exist in human shape—Ariette is, as I humbly guess, a sylph or spirit of the purest element. For she has no interest in the world's wealth, no delight in its tumults, no capacity for ardent, jealous, or hostile feelings. She thinks, she acts, and she speaks, by the rule of reason;—but——”

The manuscript broke off, as if a sudden sickness had arrested the writer's hand. To whom this could be addressed, unless to him, was not to be conjectured, and Valamour went home in great agitation. The very few neighbours who had seen Ariette, celebrated her domestic virtues, her charities, and unimpeachable prudence, during her residence of ten years' length among them. He could judge for himself of her grace and beauty: what could he risque by marrying her? If the Romaic manuscript was a fable, it could no way harm him—if it stated truths, it increased his chance of happiness. Valamour's heart was better than his head;—it prevailed, and he married Ariette.

On his marriage-day, the bride's conduct gave some countenance to the dead cabalist's assertion. For instead of the grateful tenderness which might have been expected to touch an orphan raised from poverty to a noble rank, Ariette shewed a reserved, calm, and gentle demeanour, which expressed more good sense than sensibility. Valamour, however, was delighted with his prospect of escaping all the turmoils caused by an impatient spirit, and enjoying perpetual serenity with a wife altogether *reasonable*. On the third day after their nuptials, the Chevalier conducted her to a carriage without saying a word of its destination, which she never enquired, and the next morning brought them to a charming villa in the midst of a rich Provençal valley. It was late in spring, but few flowers had made their appearance, except in

a little recess near the Garonne, where a perfect bower of roses was spread. "i these," said he, "are all the offspring of a sprig planted by my mother, who won in her youth the Crown of Roses given as a trophy of merit by the owner of the Chateau de Salency. You must have heard of that affecting ceremony, and I hold these rose-trees as the best part of my patrimony."—"There is no *reason* for it," she answered coldly :—"these roses are no way conscious of their origin, nor a part of your mother's merit—if they were, you have no right to it—If, indeed, they had been reared and nursed for you by your grateful peasants, like the roses of M. de Malesherbes, you would have *reason* to be pleased with them."—Valamour was piqued at this reply, and obliquely reproached her with a want of that feeling which in such cases is more delightful than reason,—“It is not my fault,” she returned with the same coldness—“it would be as wise to quarrel with these flowers because they have not the waving branches of the willow, as to be angry with me because I cannot feel like you. And if you are angry, that is no reason why I should be displeased with you, because you do not feel that you are unreasonable.”—Valamour was highly displeased ; but after recollecting himself awhile, he began to consider that his anger was useless, and might be absurd. If her supposed father's words were true, Ariette had no power to understand his feelings unless he could infuse into her that human and tender spirit which her nature had denied her. There was something pleasant to his vanity in believing that this fair creature depended on him, as the cabalist said, for the gift of a soul, and for the length of her existence. He returned into her presence, determined to excuse the defects of her imperfect frame, and to remedy them if he could by kindness.

These defects were by no means so easy to endure as he had expected. The eternal level on which an ill-natured fairy condemned her victim to walk for thirty years under an unchanging blue sky, was an Eden compared to the dead calm of Ariette's

temper. And the most provoking part of this calmness was, that it shewed itself most when he was in a rage. If he hunted and returned in all the glee of a successful sportsman, she wanted to know the *reason* of his delight. If his friends or vassals fêted, or congratulated him, she analyzed their compliments, and could not find them reasonable. If he brought her a bouquet, or a gallant madrigal on her beauty, she laid the one aside as useless, and burned the other when she had read it, “because,” said she, “that is all that can be done with it.” What a mortification for a poet ! Valamour actually looked again into the cabalist's fragment, to read the words which hinted she could not live for ever.

It would have been well for Valamour, however, if all his wit had been as little regarded. But certain persons at Aix-la-Chapelle had paid more attention to his *jeux d'esprit*, and some rumours of the sagacious guesses he had made on political matters found their way to Versailles. The consequence was, a domiciliary visit to search for treasonous papers : seals of office were put on the doors of his villa, and a mandate was presented to him, requiring his attendance at the Secretary of State's bureau under an Ex-empt's escort. He never doubted the willing attendance of his wife, and was confounded at her refusal. “There can be no use in my stay with you in prison,” she said, “therefore you ought not to be so unreasonable as to require it.”—“What, madam ! you feel no necessity to prove your duty and attachment to me ?”—“None at all, monsieur, unless you can prove that I have failed in either. I should only add to your distresses in Paris, and you to mine—I may be as well employed here, and shall stay where I am.”—“There wanted only this to convince me the cabalist spoke truth,” said the angry husband, and departed alone, satisfied that she neither had a soul, nor ever could have one : and he comforted himself again by remembering her term was short.

Our Chevalier was accused of having asserted, that the celebrated prisoner in the Iron Mask was the last-born

twin-brother of Louis XIV. and his impertinent conjecture was punished by a confiscation of his estate and a decree of banishment. Permission, however, was granted him to sell the furniture and heir-looms of his patrimonial villa, and to visit it for ten days without official superintendence. He returned to the Provençal valley in extreme ill humour; and much as he had been chagrined by his wife's coldness, he was glad to find some one forced to listen to his tale of grievances. She heard the sentence of exile and deprivation with admirable fortitude, but her husband would have been more pleased if she had raved at his enemies and deplored her ill-fortune. He wanted a pretext to scold and lament, and was angry that she seemed wiser than himself. He walked out to his favourite recess in the valley, and found the sacred rosebushes torn up by the roots, the gates of his gardens broken, and all the outrages of petty and vulgar malice committed by the peasantry, now no longer his vassals.—“And why,” said Ariette, who walked by his side, “are you heart-struck by this?—Of what use to you were these men's acts of false servility, and what harm is there in their open hatred? Let them shew it as often as they will by such acts—they are only ills because you think them such—Feel them no longer, and you disappoint your enemies.—They have had more trouble in pulling up these paltry thickets of roses than you had reason to value them.”—“But my mother!—was it nothing to see a memorial of her goodness?—I need it, madam, I assure you, to prevent me from growing ferocious.”—“Very well, chevalier! and if you had no better reason for your goodness than the sight of a few rosebuds growing where your mother's died twenty years ago, your ferocity will be more honest and more natural.”

Valamour's fury rose beyond his power of self-command, and he uttered all the bitter upbraidings his wit could devise: for anger and despair are oftener more witty than love. They lasted half an hour without provoking a single retort from Ariette; but as her watch, on which she looked with vexa-

tious calmness, indicated the thirtieth minute, she dropped her veil, and turned to leave him. This act recalled to his mind the custom she had religiously observed before her marriage—he had never held her in passionate discourse so long after, and it cooled his emotion by reminding him of the strange circumstances connected with her character. While he hesitated and thought of snatching off the mysterious veil, she retired in silence, sighing deeply.—“How intolerable is all this meekness!” said poor Valamour to himself.—“If she would be angry sometimes, I could be angry myself at my ease.”

At the supper-hour he found her sitting alone near a table, dressed with the graceful order of happier times. They were to depart to-morrow: and this parlour—this hearth which his childhood had endeared to him, the portrait of his father, the grave of both his parents seen in the soft moonlight, recalled all that was kind and good in Valamour's temper. Ariette lifted up her veil, and seated herself at the head of the table, lighted only by the beams of the summer-moon. It touched her countenance with singular beauty, not rendered less affecting to her husband's eye by novelty, for this was the first time she had ever permitted herself to be seen by him in the moon's light.—“To-night,” she began, breaking a long silence, “is the anniversary of our marriage, and the seventeenth since—but it is not yet time to speak of that.—You were displeased with me for paying but little attention to the rose-trees you respected—I planted another during your absence at Paris, and these are its first productions—perhaps they will not displease you, for *they must die to-night*.” And smiling sorrowfully, but with great sweetness, she placed on the centre of the table a basket of white roses and retired.—Valamour was surprised and touched by her last words, and still more when, by drawing out a branch of the flowers, he discovered a large quantity of gold coin and several jewels beneath them. A leaf of ivory in a corner of the basket offered itself next to his notice, but the words pencilled on it made him forget every other part of the gift.

"You have often asked me why I refused before our marriage to be seen by you in the moon's light. A follower of the Cabalist's Red Cross would tell you that souls are aptest to be communicated in her presence, therefore I declined the hazard *then*—and since our marriage you have not seemed disposed to give me any part of your's—A veil must cover the remainder of my few days, for you have not wished to prolong them: but though I cannot give you life, I leave you the means of living nobly till your term is ended."

Valamour made but one step to his wife's apartment, and found it vacant. He was, as all perplexed men are, extremely angry that he had not foreseen this event. Then he wondered at his own ill-temper and impatience; and though he had almost begun to hate his wife, was heartily chagrined at her sudden and final departure; for with all her provoking calmness, she had been a convenient and patient subject of complaints and murmurs, when it suited him, as it sometimes suits every man, to find a passage for his spleen. In a few hours, all that was beautiful and uncommon in Ariette came thronging on his fancy: the last words of her letter began to alarm him, and he looked at his horoscope once more. By long and anxious references to the astrological books of her reputed father, he had discovered signs and combinations which informed him that his line of life was threatened on the day that deprived him of his wife. Our chevalier became dull, dejected, and sickened as if he had eaten of the Obi-poison. In two or three months he was pronounced in a confirmed decline, and the best physicians attended him in vain. One of great eminence at Aix-la-Chapelle offered his services, and came with due ceremony into the sick man's room. When alone with him, he said, "If you were a common hypochondriac, Valamour, I would force you to laugh by compounding certain medicines in your presence, and inducing those grave men, your other physicians, to taste them. But I shall try plain truth. Who am I?"

"Erasmus Haller, a most learned

and benevolent practitioner—the friend of sick and dying men."

"I am also, or I was, the friend of your dead father-in-law, and have some interest in the French court, which I have used to obtain a revocation of your sentence. This is my first medicine—my next is to translate your horoscope truly. He who drew it was a sufficient cabalist, for he knew human nature wants no help from other elements. He saw you had been made afraid of ordinary women by a fierce step-mother, and tempted to look for extraordinary ones by old romances. So he devised this scheme of your nativity to ensure a good husband for his daughter. He told you, *if* she was a sylph or spirit, she had but a short term of certain life, and he thought,—how true and beautiful was that thought!—that you could not fail to treat her gently while you remembered she might die in another moment. Who could be harsh or unjust to another, if that remembrance was always present, as it ought, to all of us?—He thought her quiet character would suit your's, and perhaps be animated by it, as he chose to hint in a poetic way, which gave you, no doubt, much comfort and encouragement. At least, like a wise father, he ensured your care of her by knitting your line of life with her's. Come, forgive the cabalism, and be content with a mere woman, composed, as all the sex are, of both sylph and salamander. If she refused to go with you to Paris, it was because she could serve you better by coming to beg my help, and by selling her jewels to buy the court's pardon. And now she comes to beg, not to buy, your's."

Ariette came in covered with her veil, and stood at a timid distance, though beckoned forwards.

"Do you not see," said the good physician, "the moon is waning, and this is the moment when a gentle soul may be communicated!"

"I give her mine fully and for ever," said her husband, "if she drops that mysterious and cabalistic veil."

"Ah!" she replied, "be prepared to see me with a different face—I wore it only when I felt my aspect changing

to one which might displease you."— And after a little pause she threw off her veil, and discovered eyes full of laughing brightness, and cheeks which betrayed, notwithstanding the tears that still glistened on them, a few dimples ready to express some merry malice.

"Be a shrew sometimes, but a tender-hearted woman always!" said Valamour, throwing the horoscope into the fire; and Ariette, who never wore the veil again except when his peevishness required her silence, preserved no other secret of cabalism. V.

(Literary Gazette, Aug.)

VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

We announced a few weeks ago our intention of inserting in the Literary Gazette a succession of original papers, being the narrative of Voyages in the Pacific Ocean, and of other circumstances deeply interesting, not only to the curiosity and literature of Great Britain but to its manufactures, commerce, and colonial prosperity. We now redeem our pledge.

Narrative of a Voyage from London to the Columbia River—An account of the first Settlers thereon.

Particulars of several trading Voyages during the years 1813, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, between the North-east Coast of America and China, and a Description of Russian Establishments on the North-west Coast of America.

An Account of the present State of the Sandwich Islands.

And a Narrative of a Cruize in the Service of the Independents of South-America in 1819.

THE author of these pieces, which are written, in our opinion, with great simplicity and force of observation, is Peter Corney, mate of the schooner Columbia of London, which vessel was sold to the King of the Sandwich Islands. He seems to have enjoyed, during the period of years he was in a quarter of the globe but very partially known to Europeans, peculiar opportunities for acquiring information, and to have availed himself of them in a manner worthy of a shrewd and intelligent man. He relates facts in a plain sailor-like style; and we shall be disappointed if his round unvarnished tale does not give as much satisfaction as the most elaborate work of any learned traveller. There is a vocabulary of the language spoken on the north-west coast and Sandwich Islands, which may help to illustrate the labours of Captain Freycinet and the French Savans.

PREFACE.

The only object the author of this work has in making his observations on the trade between the north-west coast of America and the Sandwich Islands and China, is, to point out to the merchants of this country, the vast trade that is carried on between those places by the Americans and the Russians, while an English flag is rarely to be seen.

He would particularly wish to call the attention of the people of this country to the state of the Sandwich Islands, by pointing out their vast importance to the West-India merchants; also the rapid progress the natives are making towards civilization (unaided by missionaries) by improving themselves, and cultivating an intercourse with other countries. The Russians are by no means ignorant of their importance; and have more than once attempted to obtain possession of them. To Russia they would be invaluable, as its colonists could cultivate sugar, tobacco and coffee, and make rum sufficient for the supply of that vast empire. The effect which such a step would have on our West-India trade is too obvious to require any comment. However lightly the people of these islands may be thought of, there is an anxious wish on their part to cultivate intercourse with those who will trade with them, and there exists a desire for improvement beyond the most sanguine hope of those who wish to see the condition of mankind bettered by

social intercourse. Their battery or fort at Wookoa, where guard is mounted and relieved with as much regularity and form as at the Tower of London—the policy of the king in charging foreign vessels pilotage and harbour dues, because a brig that he had purchased from the Europeans and sent to China with sandal wood had been made to pay pilotage and harbour dues, will prove that they are ready to imitate the customs of civilized nations.

The fur trade is now totally in the power of the Americans, as by the treaty of Ghent the establishment on the Columbia was given up to that republic.—For several years past it has been a favourite object of the American government to open an easy communication from their western settlements to the Pacific Ocean. The most western settlements which the Americans have are on the Missouri; and from the mouth of the Columbia on the Pacific Ocean, they are distant about 3000 miles. This immense space of desert territory, inhabited by Indian tribes, some of whom are hostile, presents obstacles of no ordinary kind to this scheme; while, at the same time, it is this very circumstance of the country being a wilderness, over which the Indian and the wild beasts of the forests range undisturbed, that offers such inducement to the American design—not of colonizing the country, though this consequence would undoubtedly follow; but of making an immediate inroad on barbarism by establishing a chain of posts at the distance of 50 or 100 miles along the great rivers as far south as the Pacific Ocean. The fur trade is the great object of attraction, to settlers in this wilderness; and so lucrative is this traffic, that it is well calculated to excite a competition amongst rival states. It can only be prosecuted by such nations as have a ready access to these deserts, where the wild animals which afford this valuable article of trade multiply undisturbed by civilized man; and these nations are at present the British, whose possessions of Canada secures them access to the northern deserts of America—the Americans, who have free access to the wilderness

that lies between their territories and the Pacific Ocean; and the Russians, whose immense empire borders on the north-west coast of America, gives them ample opportunities, which they have duly improved of establishing settlements on its shores,—of cultivating a friendly intercourse with the natives, and of exchanging European articles for the valuable furs which they collect in the course of their hunting excursions. The fur-trade has been prosecuted with amazing enterprize and activity by the British Canadian companies. Every season they despatch into the wilds a numerous body of their servants, clerks, and boatmen, amounting to about 800, who, traveling in canoes across that vast succession of lakes and rivers, which extend north-west nearly 3000 miles into the American continent, and are connected with the great Canadian lakes of Huron, Superior, Ontario, &c. bring back a valuable supply of furs from these remote regions, in exchange for such European articles as are in request among their savage customers. This trade having been prosecuted with success by the British, the Americans seem in like manner resolved to profit by the vast track of similar territory to which they have access. By the journey of captains Lewis and Clark across the rocky mountains to the Pacific Ocean, the whole of that western region is now laid open. Numerous adventurers have since crossed, by better and easier roads, this mountainous barrier, where they found an open champaign country, well wooded and watered, and abounding in game. Captains Lewis and Clark were often astonished at the immense numbers of wild animals which they met with in all directions, consisting of bears, wolves, beavers, hares, foxes, racoons, &c. and various other animals which are keenly pursued on account of their furs.

The plan of the Americans seems therefore to be, to form settlements in the country with a view to a trade in its great staple, namely fur; and by establishing a port which would gradually grow up into a village or a town at the mouth of the Columbia

river on the Pacific Ocean, they could thence transport their cargoes to the great Indian markets, in exchange for the valuable products of the East. Such is the project contemplated, and if it succeed, it would have this important consequence, that it would lay the foundation of an American colony on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The peopling of the American continent is at present going on at a rapid rate ; but by this means the seeds of population would be scattered with a more prodigal hand, and having once taken root, the shores of the Pacific would be quickly overspread with civilized inhabitants, drawing their support from the country in which they were settled, and in this respect independent of the parent state.

CHAPTER I

Arrival of the Ship Tonquin, of Boston, at the Columbia River.—Loss of a Boat, an Officer and six Men, in sounding a passage.—Loss of another Boat and two men.—Miraculous Escape of a Blacksmith, and a Sandwich Islander.—Settlers landed.—The Tonquin trades along the north-west Coast.—Dreadful Catastrophe.—Resolute Conduct of the Blacksmith.—His Fate, and Fate of the Vessel and Crew.

The Ship Tonquin, belonging to John Jacob Aster, left Boston about the year 1811, with settlers, for the purpose of forming an establishment on the Columbia River. On their passage out, they touched at the Sandwich Islands to fill up their water casks and procure a supply of provisions. Captain Thorne encountered considerable difficulties from the disposition which his ship's company evinced to leave the vessel at these islands, and was even obliged to get the settlers to keep watch over them to prevent desertion : the boatswain by some means however eluded the guard, and escaped to the shore. The Tonquin arrived off the mouth of the Columbia in March 1811. Captain Thorne not being acquainted with the harbour, despatched a whale boat, with an officer and six men, to sound the passage over the bar into the river. The ship was then under close-reefed top-sails, and a strong gale blowing

from the north-west, so that the first officer was much averse to going on this service ; and it is rather singular, that previous to his leaving the Tonquin, he observed to Mr. McDougal (who was to be the governor of the establishment) that he was going to lay his bones beside those of his uncle, who had perished in crossing the bar of the Columbia river, a year or two before that time. In a quarter of an hour after they left the ship, they hoisted a signal of distress, and then disappeared—thus seven men found a watery grave ! The Tonquin stood out to sea for that night, and in the morning again stood in, and another boat was ordered off under the command of the second officer (Mr. Moffat who peremptorily refused to go, observing, that he could see a passage better from the mast head. Captain Thorne then ordered a man, who was to have the command of a shallop (of which they had the frame on board) to take the command of the boat, with two Sandwich islanders (several of whom they had on board for the establishment) the ship's blacksmith, and one sailor, Mr. McDougal having refused to let any of the settlers go on that service, which they looked on as little better than an act of insanity. Shortly after the boat had left the ship, she ran by it ; the boat was then so close that the people asked for a rope ; but the vessel herself was in so perilous a situation, that all on board had to attend to their own safety. She struck several times on the bar, and the sea made a fair breach over her ; but they at length got under the north point, into Baker's bay. On the following day they saw a white man on the rocks in the bay. Captain Thorne despatched a boat, which returned with the blacksmith, who had been in the second boat sent to sound the channel. The account he gave of himself was, that shortly after the ship had passed them, the boat swamped ; that the master of the shallop and the sailor were drowned, and that he was saved by the exertions of the Sandwich islanders, who had dived several times to clear him of the head line, which was entangled

round his legs ; as the tide was ebbing strong, the boat drifted clear of the breakers ; the islanders got a bucket and one of the oars ; the blacksmith and one of the islanders took it in turns to scull the boat during the night ; the other islander died in consequence of being benumbed with the cold, so that he could not exert himself as the others did. At day-light, they found themselves drifted to the northward of the river into a small sandy bay ; they run the boat on the beach, and hauled her as high as their strength would allow them, and got their dead companion out. They then crossed the point towards the river, and entered the woods, where the islander lay down by the stump of a tree. The blacksmith left him, crossed the point, and arrived in sight of the river, where to his inexpressible joy, he saw the ship at anchor in the bay.

Capt. Thorne sent a party in search of the islander, whom they found.— They also recovered the boat, and buried the other native. They then landed the settlers about seven miles from the entrance of the river, and on the south side, where they immediately commenced clearing away the woods, building a fort, block-houses, &c. to protect themselves against the Indians. The *Tonquin* next landed part of her cargo, of which Mr. McDougal took charge ; and Mr. McKie accompanied Captain Thorne to trade with the Indians to the northward. For this purpose they sailed from the river, and swept along the coast, communicating with the shore, till they came to Woody Point ; where they ran into a snug harbour, in latitude 50 deg. 6 min. N. and longitude 127 deg. 43 min. W. ; in this place they carried on a brisk trade with the natives, of whom Captain Thorne, however, suffered too many to come on board. Mr. McKie remonstrated, and pointed out the danger to which they subjected themselves, by placing too much confidence in savages. But the Captain was above taking his advice, and permitted still more liberty in visiting the ship. On the morning of the fatal catastrophe taking place, he was awakened by his

brother (whom he had appointed chief mate in the room of the one who was lost, while Mr. Moffat was left at the Columbia river to command the schooner or shallop) coming to inform him, that the natives were crowding on board in very great numbers, and without women, which was a sure sign of their hostile intentions. Upon reaching the deck Capt. Thorne was alarmed, and ordered the ship to be got under way ; four persons went aloft to loose the sails, while the remainder was heaving at the windlass. The Indians had seated themselves round the decks between the guns, apparently without arms ; but while the sailors were in the act of heaving at the windlass, they gave a sudden yell, and drew long knives from their hair, in which they had them concealed, rushed on the men, and butchered every person on deck. Capt. Thorne defended himself for some time, but was at length overpowered, after having killed several of his assailants. The people aloft, terrified by this slaughter, slid down by the stays, and got into the fore-castle, where, by means of the loop-holes, they soon cleared the decks of the savages. They were for some time at a loss how to act, and it was at length resolved that three should take the long boat, and endeavour to reach the Columbia river ; the blacksmith being wounded, preferred staying on board, and endeavour to revenge the death of his ship-mates : the three men accordingly took provision and arms, and left the ship, and pulled directly out to sea.— The blacksmith then waved to the natives to return on board, having previously laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine, and got his musket ready to fire it. The Indians seeing but one man in the vessel, came off in great numbers, and boarded without fear.— He pointed out to them where to find the different articles of trade ; and while they were all busily employed breaking open boxes, loosing bales, &c. he fired the train, and jumped overboard. By this explosion was destroyed nearly the whole village. He was picked up by some of the canoes, and, it is said by the natives, is still among

them, but is never allowed to come near the sea-shore. It may appear strange that he was not put to some violent death; but the savages estimate too highly the value of a blacksmith, who repairs their muskets, makes knives, &c.; in short he is the greatest acquisition they can have. With respect to the three men who escaped the massacre on board, not being able to weather Woody Point, they were driven on shore, and killed by the natives. The boat remains, together with the wreck of the Tonquin, to this day. The former part of this account of the loss of the Tonquin, I had from Mr. M'Dougal, the governor of the fort at Columbia river, and the remainder from the natives, with whom I have had frequent intercourse, and whom I invariably found it to my interest to use well, as they are sensible of the slightest attention, and are prone to revenge the slightest insult.

CHAPTER II.

Continuation of the account of the first settlements on the river Columbia.—A party sent over-land from Boston to form an establishment.—Arrival of the Beaver: Plan of the Natives to take the vessel frustrated by an Indian woman.—Trading voyage of the Beaver to Norfolk Sound: Collects a valuable cargo of Furs: arrival at China.—Loss of the Lark of Boston off the Sandwich Islands.—The North West Company obtain possession of the Settlement.—Voyage, &c. of the Isaac Todd, from London.—Melancholy death of Mr. M'Tavish and four others.—Voyage of the Columbia, in which the author was the chief officer.—Alarming Mutiny: Arrival at the Columbia.

The next attempt to form a settlement on the Columbia was made by John Jacob Astor, who sent a party over-land from Boston,* under the command of Mr. Hunt. They endured many hardships in crossing the Stony Mountains, and lost several of their number: but at length reached their destination, the Columbia, after the destruction of the Tonquin. The next vessel Mr. Astor sent out was the Beaver, a ship commanded by Captain Soule. She arrived safe in the river, and found the establishment in great distress for provisions. On the ensuing night, not being properly secured,

she went adrift, and was nearly wrecked on the Bar; they however got her into the harbour next day, and commenced landing their stores.

After they had unloaded, and received on board such furs as had been collected, they only waited a fair opportunity to cross the bar, to observe which, captain Soule went on shore daily, on Cape Disappointment. The natives meanwhile formed a design for seizing him and his boats' crew while ashore, and at the same time send off canoes to take the ship: the plot was, however, most fortunately frustrated by an Indian woman, who was on board with one of the sailors, and communicated the whole design to her temporary husband. This affair put captain Soule more on his guard: the woman was handsomely rewarded, and is still at Fort George. The Beaver left the Columbia river, and ran along the coast to the northward: She went into Norfolk Sound, where the Russians have an extensive establishment, and there traded with the colonists for seal-skins. They were also induced to visit the islands of St. Paul and St. George, which are situated inside a group of islands, called the Aluthean or Fox Islands. Here the Beaver was nearly lost among the ice; but ultimately, after encountering many difficulties, she arrived safe at Canton, with a valuable cargo of furs, and was laid up on account of the war between the United States and Great Britain.

Mr. Astor next sent out the ship Lark, captain Northope, with instructions to touch at the Sandwich Islands; but when they got into their latitude, and were running down before the wind, it came on to blow very hard, which reduced them to a close-reefed maintop sail and foresail: the sea was mountain high; and the ship being very crank, in the middle watch (which was kept by Mr. Machal, a relation of Mr. Astor) she suddenly broached to, and a sea struck her, which laid her on her beam ends. The people lost no time in cutting away the masts, by which means she righted. Fortunately for them the cargo consisted chiefly of rum for the Russians, and light

goods, which, added to the number of empty water casks on board, made the ship float light. After the gale had abated, they got the spare spars, and rigged a spar for a jury-mast. They also built a sort of stage on the fore-castle, and by means of a Sandwich Islander named Power, whom they brought from America with them, got a top-gallant-sail up from below, and set it on the jury fore-mast. They then cut the anchors from the bows, but afterwards felt the loss of them, managing nevertheless to steer the ship towards the Sandwich Islands. They remained nineteen days on the wreck, subsisting entirely on what the islander could get from the cabin, as he could not go down the main hatchway, on account of the casks drifting about; they also killed several sharks, which were swimming across the vessel. At length on the nineteenth day of their being in that distressing situation, they, to their great joy, discovered land, and were drifted close to Mowee, in a smooth sandy bay. They now experienced the want of their anchors, which might have saved the ship.—Some canoes came off, and some of the people landed, when the wind suddenly shifting, blew strong from the land, and the ship was drifted from Mowee to the Point of Morotoi, where she went on the rocks and was soon knocked to pieces. The captain and remainder of the crew were rescued through the exertions of the islanders, and kindly treated by them. The natives saved too a great deal of the cargo, and the chief of Mowee (Namea Teymotoo) having arrived, took charge of the whole. The news soon reached Owhyhee, and Tameahmeah, the king, despatched orders to Teymotoo to send what goods he had obtained, and also all the white men, to him. The white men were sent, but Teymotoo never quitted the island while the rum lasted, for which he nearly lost his head, which he certainly would have done, had not his sister, named Ta'amano, and who was Tameahmeah's head wife, exerted all her interest successfully in his cause.

The establishment on the Columbia river being so valuable in respect to the

fur trade, it was determined by the North-west Company of Canada to get possession of it. It was therefore arranged to fit out a ship for that purpose, and accordingly the ship Isaac Todd was selected and equipped by Messrs. M^rFavish, Frazer & Co. merchants, commanded by captain Smith. She left England in March, 1813, with a number of settlers on board, the principal of whom was Donald M^rFavish, Esq. There was also a party sent overland from Canada to reach the Columbia about the same time at which it was calculated the ship would arrive. The Isaac Todd called at Rio de Janeiro, and sailed thence under the convoy of his majesty's ships *Phebe*, *Raccoon* and *Cherub*, of which she lost sight off Cape Horn; and after beating off the Cape for sometime, and nearly getting ashore, the captain, settlers, and sailors, continually fighting and quarrelling, at length arrived on the coast of California. Most of the people being laid up with the scurvy, they determined to run into Monterey (the Spanish seat of government on California) to recruit their crew, of which there was scarcely a sufficient number well enough to work the vessel. They anchored in Monterey, in latitude 36 deg. 36 min. N. and longitude 121 d. 34 m. W.; got permission to land the sick, and were well treated by the Spaniards, and recovered fast. When they were about to leave Monterey, an officer came overland from Port St. Francisco, to order the Isaac Todd round to that port, and enable the *Raccoon* to heave down and repair. She had arrived in the Columbia river, and found the establishment in possession of the party that came overland, and the English colours flying on the fort. On the approach of the party they had informed the Americans that some of his majesty's ships were coming to take possession of the place. Upon this, the colony made the best bargain they could, and the English took possession of the fort, with the valuable assortment of furs. A few of the American clerks went on board the American brig *Pedlar*, but the governor, Mr. M^rDougal, and the rest entered into

the service of the English North-west Company. The *Racoon* after having completed her wooding and watering, lay some time in the river; on her crossing the bar she struck, and so much damaged her bottom, that she could scarcely be kept above water till her arrival at Port St. Francisco, a distance not exceeding 500 miles from the *Columbia*. By means of the *Isaac Todd*, his majesty's ship was soon repaired, and sailed towards the Sandwich Islands. Several of the crew of the *Isaac Todd* deserted at Monterey, being afraid they should be pressed into the *Racoon*. She then sailed from Port St. Francisco, and arrived off the *Columbia* river in April, 1814, got over the bar in safety, and anchored in Baker's Bay. The *Isaac Todd* went up the river, and moored opposite the fort above Village Point; and all the entreaties of Mr. M'Tavish could not prevail on captain Smith to bring the ship across: his excuse was, want of water in the channel, where there is three fathoms and a half at high tide. The consequences were fatal; for, on Sunday, the 22d of May, as Mr. M'Tavish was crossing the river in the vessel's long-boat, under the charge of captain Smith's nephew, when they got about mid channel, they were upset by a sudden squall, filled, and sunk immediately. Mr. M'Tavish, Mr. Henry, and four others met a watery grave; and an American carpenter, named Joseph Little, alone saved himself with an oar; he drifted up the river, and got on the stump of a tree, whence he was taken by an Indian canoe to the fort, where he communicated the sad fate of the governor and party. Within a few days two of the bodies were picked up, and buried close to the fort, and shortly after, the body of Mr. M. Tavish was drifted ashore to the northward of Cape Disappointment, and a party was sent to bury him there, as it was not safe at that time to bring him to the fort, where the natives were very troublesome, and all collected from the northward to fish in the river, this being the season.

Having served my time in the West-India trade with captain Stoddard, in

the employ of Messrs. Inglis, Ellice & Co. I arrived in London about August, 1813, from a West-India voyage. The houses of Inglis & Co. and M'Tavish & Co. were then fitting out a vessel for the northwest coast of America and China. A schooner that had formerly belonged to the Americans was purchased for this voyage, and called the *Columbia*. She was a sharp-built vessel, of 185 tons register, and had a crew of 25 men, officers included. She was armed with ten nine-pounders, and had a patent boarding defence all round her bulwark. Her commander was captain Anthony Robson, under whom I served as chief officer. I went on board in August, 1813, and after taking our cargo on board, we dropped down to Gravesend the latter end of September, completed our stores, wood and water, at the Motherbank, and on the 26th of November, 1813, sailed under convoy of his majesty's ship *Laurel*, captain Proby, in company with the *Brazil* fleet. On the 24th January we crossed the equinoctial line in lon. 24 d. W. having much thunder, lightning and rain. A strong current setting to the northward, on the 31st we made the land about Pernambuco on the *Brazil* coast, spoke several catamarans, which are made of four or five logs of wood, trunneled together and well lashed. They are rigged with a large lug-sail, and are used to fish and trade along the *Brazil* coast, manned with four or five negroes. Feb. 9, we saw Cape Frio, in lat. 23 d. 1 m. S. and lon. 41, d. 45 m. W. and on the 10th we came to in Rio de Janeiro harbour. We lost no time in preparing to wood and water the ship, the season for doubling Cape Horn being far advanced; several of our crew deserted, and we had great difficulty in procuring others. On the 19th, having completed our stores, &c. we sailed from Rio, intending to touch at the Falkland islands, and refit previous to doubling the Cape. On the 14th of March we saw the Falkland islands, stood away to the eastward towards Berkeley's Sound, and about 11 o'clock, P. M. got round Cape St. Vincent, and came to between Penguin

and Goat Islands. Next day Captain Robson went on shore to a town which we saw from the ship apparently deserted. In the evening he returned with the boat nearly full of ducks and geese. It appeared the town had been deserted by the Spaniards in 1811: they call the island *Soledad*; we found it well stocked with cattle, horses, ducks, geese, &c. We cleared away the gardens, planted various seeds, and on the 27th, having completed the rigging, and taken in our stores, stood out of the sound, with a S. W. wind.—While we lay at these islands the people had fresh beef and vegetables daily.

Cape St. Vincent and Cape Pembroke form the entrance of this sound; the former in lat. 51 d. 26 m. S. and lon. 57 d. 54 m. W.; the latter, in lat. 51, 56. S. and same longitude.—The sound is about three leagues deep and about three miles wide in the middle. Ships bound into this sound must give Cape Vincent a wide birth, on account of a reef that runs about a mile off the Point: and it is particularly advisable for such as are going round Cape Horn to touch here in preference to calling at Rio de Janeiro.

We encountered very severe weather going round the Cape: our surgeon, John Jameson departed this life 26th May, and was committed to the deep with the usual ceremonies. Nothing of moment occurred until the 22d June, when a young man of the name of Thomas Smoke came ast and divulged a most villainous design, planned by four of the men. Their horrid purpose was to rise in the middle watch, which it happened I was to keep, and throw me overboard; one of the party was then to go to the cabin, and dispatch the captain, and the others were to murder the officers in the half deck. They had asked Smoke if he could navigate the ship to the Spanish Main for them: he answered that he could, and thus frustrated their treachery. Having put us on our guard, we went forward, but not below, and made preparations for the villains in as private a way as possible. I wished to secure them immediately,

but captain Robson declined doing so till the morning, it being then dark.—We armed all the officers in the half deck, and opened a door which led from the cabin to that birth: we then unhinged the doors and put them below. Midnight came, and I succeeded to the watch. I went on deck armed with three pair of pistols. My first care was to look round and see that every thing was right; I then called down the fore-castle, to know if the watch were coming on deck: the answer was 'Ay, ay, sir.' Shortly after, one of them came on deck, and relieved the helm, but none of the others made their appearance. At day-light, we called them one at a time, and secured them in irons. Towards noon one of them requested to be taken out of irons, and to make confession. His deposition was accordingly taken by Capt. Robson.

On the 29th June we made Cape Orford, on the coast of New Albion, and on the 6th July saw Cape Disappointment, the north point of Columbia river. Lat. 46, 19, N. lon. 123, W. We stood close in with the bar, fired a gun, tacked ship in 6 1-2 fathoms dark sand, about half a mile from the breakers. Next day we stood in, and perceived an Indian canoe paddling towards us. She soon came alongside, and we lowered the boat down, and I took one of the Indians with me to sound before the ship. The least water we had was 3 1-2 fathoms on the bar. On sounding Cape Disappointment, an Indian village opened to our view, consisting of about 50 miserable huts. The Indians were all busily employed, launching their canoes, and pushing off towards the ship. At three o'clock, we anchored under Cape Disappointment in Baker's Bay, about a mile from the village, and were visited by about 30 canoes, with men, women, and children, most of whom had flat heads. We put sentries on immediately, and ran our boarding defence out, to the great astonishment of the natives.

(London Magazines, Aug.)

PORTER'S TRAVELS IN PERSIA, BABYLONIA, &c.

IN former notices of this interesting volume, we had accompanied the author from Moscow to Tabreez, and stated that he was about to leave the latter city in the suite of the prince, Abbas Mirza, who was going to Teheran to celebrate the feast of Nowroose, commencing 21st of March. They set out on the 3d in grand cavalcade. As the route is well known, we shall only select such particulars occurring upon it, as seem worthy of observation. On the fourth day of their journey, they arrived at Mianna, which Mandeville describes as “‘lying in the way from Thauriso (Tabreez) towards the East, where no Cristene man may long dwell, but endure with life in that cytee, but dyen within short tyme, and no man knoweth the cause.’” This was written nearly five hundred years ago; but what was mystery then, has been explained in after-ages.”*** “It is at the hazard of a stranger’s life, if the lodgings he is made to occupy be not perfectly fresh and clean; for the town, and its immediately adjacent villages, are infested with a plague, they have found it impossible to eradicate, in the form of a small but poisonous bug. It breeds in myriads in all the old houses, and may be seen creeping over every part of their walls, of the size and shape of the bugs in Europe, only a little flatter, and in colour of a bright red. Its bite is mortal, producing death at the expiration of eight or nine months. Strangers of every sort, not merely foreigners, but persons not usually inhabiting the town and its vicinity, are liable to be thus poisoned; while the people themselves, or the adjacent peasantry, are either never bitten, or, if so, the consequences are not more baneful to them than the sting of the least noxious insect. The fatal effect of this bug, however, upon ‘payneme,’ as well ‘as Cristene men,’ if they are strangers, being known as an absolute fact, every precaution is taken accordingly by native and foreign travellers.”

At Irak the memory of the unfortunate Mr. Browne was still fresh, and the circumstances which attended this catastrophe, five or six years ago, are detailed with greater precision, than we have before met with; and therefore, though the public is acquainted with the general fact, we shall make no excuse for extracting this painfully interesting story.

“This gentleman was a man of indefatigable research, with a persevering industry, in acquiring the means of pursuing his object, equal to the enterprising spirit with which he breasted every difficulty in his way. Previous to his going to Persia, he had stopped some time at Constantinople, to perfect himself in the Turkish language; and before he left that city, he spoke it like a native. From a mistaken idea of facilitating his progress amongst the different Asiatic nations through which he might have occasion to pass, in the route he had laid down for himself, he assumed the Turkish dress. Being thus equipped, he set forward, with an intent to penetrate through Khorasan, and thence visit the unexplored and dangerous regions south of the Caspian, closing his researches in that direction at Astrakhan. During the early part of his Persian journey, he had a conference with his Britannic Majesty’s ambassador, Sir George Ouseley; and at Oujon, was admitted to an audience of the Persian king. So little was danger from attacks of any kind apprehended by the persons best acquainted with the state of the country, that no difficulties whatever were suggested as likely to meet him; and, accordingly, he proceeded in full confidence. Having reached this pass of Irak, he stopped at the caravansary I have just described, to take a little refreshment. That over, he remounted his horse: and leaving his servant to pack up the articles he had been using, and then follow him, he rode gently forward along the mountains. Mr. Browne

had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when suddenly two men on foot came up behind him; one of whom, with a blow from a club, before he was aware, struck him senseless from his horse. Several other villains, at the same instant, sprung from hollows in the hills, and bound him hand and foot. At this moment they offered him no further personal violence; but as soon as he had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the first mode of attack, he looked round, and saw the robbers plundering both his baggage and his servant; the man having come forward on the road, in obedience to the commands of his master. When the depredators found their victim restored to observation, they told him it was their intention to put an end to his life, but that was not the place where the final stroke should be made. Mr. Browne, incapable of resistance, calmly listened to his own sentence, but entreated them to spare his poor servant, and allow him to depart with his papers, which could be of no use to them. All this they granted; and, what may appear still more extraordinary, these ferocious brigands, to whom the acquisition of arms must be as the staff of life, made the man a present of his master's pistols, and double-barrelled-gun: but they were English, and the marks might have betrayed the new possessors. These singular robbers then permitted Mr. Browne to see his servant safe out of sight before they laid further hands on himself; after which they carried him, and the property they had reserved for themselves, into a valley on the opposite side of the Kizzilonzan, and without further parley terminated his existence, it is supposed, by strangulation. They stripped his corpse of every part of its raiment, a prey to wolves and other wild animals. The servant, meanwhile, made the best of his way towards Tabreez, where he related the tale I have just told.

“Abbas Mirza immediately despatched several parties of horsemen; some into the pass of the caravansary, to search its neighborhood, and others towards the spot where the circumstantial details of the man, repeating what he had heard pass between the mur-

derers, made it likely that Mr. Browne was to receive the fatal blow. After diligent search, the body was found in the latter place, in the condition I have described, and by the prince's orders brought carefully to Akhand, and buried with decency. His royal highness made every exertion to discover the perpetrators of this nefarious deed; but to this moment the individuals remain unknown; though hardly a doubt exists, that the people who committed it, were part of some roving and desperate band of Kurds, who could not resist the temptation of an almost solitary traveller.”

We believe that suspicions of another kind have been entertained, but as Sir R. Porter does not seem to countenance them, we shall hope they were unfounded.

The south of Persia (which is most picturesquely painted) and other countries to which he turned his steps from Teheran on the 13th of May, furnish matter of still greater novelty. In the beginning, Sir Robert pursued the old track of Chardin in 1686, and found wondrous changes in the habitations of men; cities having become deserts, though none have sprung up to replace those which have vanished. Ispahan is fortunately reviving under the protecting hand of the king's second minister, who is its governor. Among its other marvels, the following is deserving of notice, as an illustration of oriental taste and splendor:

“The *Chehel Seioon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, was the favourite residence of the latter Sefi kings; and certainly, when we turned into the grand avenue, and the palace broke upon us, I thought description was put to silence. Indeed, words can seldom give any thing like a just idea of very intricate objects of sight; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, curious in comparing the taste of times and countries, I shall attempt some detail of this Persian Versailles. The exhaustless profusion of its splendid materials, reflected, not merely their own golden or crystal lights on each other, but all the variegated colours of the garden; so that the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl,

set with precious stones. In short, as I said before, the scene might well have appeared an Eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an *Arabian night*.

"When we drew near, I found the retired front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards (a Persian yard being forty four inches); hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with arabesque patterns, and foliages, in looking-glass gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. This ceiling was equally iris-hued, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirrors. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capitals springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon; in which all the caprices and labors and cost of Eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets, of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down: there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes: and the doors, and pannels of the room near the floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd

addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shape of bottles, flaggons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable, in those days, at a Persian feast. Very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!

"Six pictures of a very large size, occupy the walls of this banqueting-chamber, from the ceiling, to within eight or ten feet of the floor. Four of these represent royal entertainments, given to different ambassadors during the reigns of Shah Abbas the First, *alias*, the Great; and of Shah Thamas, or Tamasp, as it is sometimes written. The two other pictures are battle-pieces. Every one of these different subjects are portrayed with the most scrupulous exactness, as far as the still life could be copied. The golden vases, and other vessels in the banqueting scenes, with the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of the persons present, are painted with an almost Flemish precision. Wine (the peculiar bane of the Sefi race) appears the great vehicle of enjoyment at these feasts; an air of carouse being in all the figures, and the goblets disposed with the most anacreontic profusion. The guests are also entertained with a variety of dancing girls, whose attitudes and costumes sufficiently show the second vice of the times, and explain the countries whence they come.

"The warlike pictures are defined with equal nicety; the trappings of the horses, the arms of the heroes, and even to the blood-red wounds of the combatants. One of the battles represents the troops of the valiant Shah Tamasp the First the son of Shah Ismail, the beginner of the Sefi dynasty) engaging the troops of Sultan Soliman. The Persian king is depicted in the act of cleaving a grim Janissary 'from head to saddle bow;' and the weapon having nearly reached the last point of its aim, the artist has marked its dreadful journey down the body of the man, with a long red streak, following the royal blade. But, nevertheless,

the indivisible Turk continued to sit bolt upright, firm in his stirrups, and as life-like in visage, as the most conquering hero in the piece.

"Ridiculous as the execution of these pictures may be in some respects, they are invaluable as registers of the manners of the times, of the general aspect of the persons they are designed to commemorate, and of the costumes

of the several nations assembled at the feasts, or engaged in the battles. Large turbans, full mustachios, and smooth-shaven chins, were then the fashion in Persia; which has now given place to the high, narrow, black cap of sheepskin, and the long bushy beard; the latter appendage having been a costume of the empire many years before.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

EXTRACTED FROM "JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL."

July 1, 1821.

NO wonder that the French traveler exclaimed, during his residence in England, "*Quel étrange pays! Vingt religions et que deux sauces!*" I meet with as many different religions here as in America. This is extraordinary! for the circumstances of the two countries are very different. In America there is no established religion. The law, though it compels every man to contribute a certain proportion to the support of some religious teacher, leaves it to the discretion of each individual to appropriate his quota to whatsoever sect may please him best. Where such is the law, it is not surprising that there should be a great variety of doctrine. But in England, where all must pay tithes to the parson, whether they attend his preaching or not, it affords an indubitable mark of the earnestness and sincerity of the religious feeling that distinguishes this country, to see so many sects, for conscience-sake, supporting ministers of their own by additional voluntary contributions. I like the notion of the Quaker lady, who defended the varieties of faith by asking, *why* there might not be as many roads to Heaven as there are mansions in Heaven? So long, at least, as none of them diverge out of the great highway of Christianity, so long as they retain their *Christian* name, we need not trouble ourselves to enquire into the *surname* of their sect. Sir Henry Wotton, who appointed it to be recorded on his tombstone, that he was the author of this sentence,

Disputandi pruritus ecclesiæ scabies—the itch for disputation is the disgrace of the Church—and who was a great enemy to religious disputes, used to put a stop to all such useless wranglings by well-timed repartees, two of which seem particularly deserving of remembrance. To a Protestant bigot, who asked him whether it was possible that a Papist could be saved, he answered, "What is that to thee? *You* may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself." To a Popish bigot, who jeeringly asked him where his religion was to be found before the time of Luther; he immediately replied, "Where yours is not to be found at all—in the written word of God." While there is quite as much schism, there is perhaps more fanaticism in England than in America. The mad-houses teem with unhappy persons belonging to that gloomy school which seems to take a perverse delight in racking the sense of Scripture beyond its true intent; so that, instead of sucking milk, they squeeze blood out of it. I heard at St. Luke's, that, at the period of Joanna Southcott's phrenzy, there were a considerable number of her disciples admitted as patients. Such, however, are the rank weeds that will always spring up, even in the richest soils; and perhaps the cause of real religion has been strengthened by the exertions which have been called into action against them. One of the great wonders of the present day is the establishment of "*The Bible Society*," the ramifications of which extend to all coun-

tries. By their extraordinary efforts the Bible has been translated into sixty-three different languages, and the Apostles—endowed as it were afresh with the gift of tongues—have been circulated through the most distant parts of the world. There is a spirit of inquiry on foot which can no longer be repressed, and the happiness of mankind will depend upon the direction which shall be given to it. However great the good which this society may have achieved, it has not been without a certain alloy of evil, which was suggested as long ago as the time of Charles the First, by a quaint old writer, whose authority on such a subject ought to have great weight. “The design may be good to reduce the price of the Bible to so small a volume, partly to make it the more portable in men’s pockets, and partly to bring down the price, so that the poor may better compass the purchase. But know that *vilis* in the Latin tongue, in the *first sense*, signifieth what is *cheap*; in the *second sense* what is *base*. And thus the small price of the Bible hath caused the small prizing of the Bible.”

* * * * * What a different animal an Englishman is at home and abroad! Abroad, he cannot move a step without abusing every thing and every body, while he sings an everlasting *Io Pæan* in praise of Old England; at home, he rails, with equal violence, at all the customs and institutions of his own country. At home he is a lover of liberty, and an advocate for the equal rights of mankind; abroad, he acts, like the Roman proconsuls in their provinces, as if the greatest part of the human species were brought into the world for no other purpose but to wait upon his pleasure. In lighter matters, too, the distinction is equally striking. Abroad he is an indefatigable sight-seer, and will not pass through the obscurest town without an accurate scrutiny of every thing that a *laquais de place* can point out to his notice;—at home he toses entirely this thirst for information, and I verily believe there are many Englishmen who have lived half their lives in London, and yet know less of its curiosities than they do of Rome, Athens, or Thebes. An Eng-

lish friend, who has visited three quarters of the globe, called on me this morning just as I was sitting out upon my daily pilgrimage, and upon my applying to him to direct me in the selection of the worthiest objects of curiosity, he candidly acknowledged that, excepting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and Exeter Change, which he had been taken to see as a school-boy, he had never devoted a single morning to the examination of London. “Come then,” said I, “you shall accompany me to-day;”—and so off we set. For the first time in his life he saw St. Paul’s; for though he had often looked at it through the fog of Fleet-street, he had never surveyed it in all its details with the attention which so noble a structure deserves. St. Paul’s is only second to St. Peter’s; and in comparing them we must not forget what the English with justice boast of—that while it required 12 architects, 19 popes, and 145 years to complete the building of St. Peter’s, St. Paul’s was began and finished in the short space of 35 years, under one Bishop, Dr. Campton, and by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who laid the first stone in the year 1675, and lived to see the last stone of the lantern placed by the hands of his son, in the year 1710. Wren, the son of the architect, in his “*Parentalia*” relates, that “in the beginning of the new works of St. Paul’s, an incident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen, when Sir Christopher in person had set out, upon the place, the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, (such as should first come to hand) to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this simple word in large capitals—RESURGAM.” This accidental hint suggested to Sir Christopher the idea of the Phoenix, which he placed on the south portico, with the same word inscribed beneath it.

Nothing seems more difficult than to

get at the dimensions of churches accurately ; and indeed the knowledge is not worth the difficulty. Scarcely any two writers agree in their comparative statements of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. Wren's "*Parentalia*" and Pennant's "*London*,"—both works of authority—are directly at issue on almost every point of admeasurement. Where then is a poor traveller to look for the truth ?

If the outside of St. Paul's is inferior to St. Peter's, the inside is more so. As we traversed the dreary dirty aisles,—"every thing about them denoting a careless desolation,"—we thought of the difference of care and culture which the Roman temple receives from its *Catholic* guardians. The monuments are, with a few exceptions, a disgrace to the church ;—mere lumps of masonry, and fit only for the lime-kiln. One of the exceptions is buried in the vaults below,—Dr. Donne in his shroud. A short time before his death he dressed himself in that funeral habit, and shutting his eyes like a departed person, was drawn in that attitude by a skilful painter ; and this drawing served as a pattern for the tomb. The monument might be raised to the light of day at a trifling expense ; but it seems that no part of the revenues of the church are to be expended for its decoration. Here too is buried the flower of chivalry—Sir Philip Sidney ; and here you are shewn the coffin of the great English Admiral Nelson, the glory of their navy ;—but characters like Sidney and Nelson belong to mankind in general ; and no inhabitant of any country can look without some inward stirrings of emotion upon the mortal remains of departed heroism. Here, also, in an obscure corner of the same vaults, beneath a common flagstone, are interred the remains of Sir Christopher Wren ; and on the wall above is an inscription written by his son, concluding with the following words, which, however, have no appropriateness in the dark hole where they are placed :—

Lector, si monumentum requiris,

Circumspecte.

The founder of the fabric surely merited a more conspicuous record of his

name and honours. Why should not the "*after-thought*" which his son has given in the "*Parentalia*," be suitably engraved, and occupy its proper place under the great dome ?

Lector, si tumulum requiris,

Despice.

Ti monumentum,

Circumspecte.

* * * * I have been much interested during my residence in London by visiting different places of education. I have already explored Westminster and the Charter-house, and I hope soon to make excursions to Eaton and Harrow.

The Bell system of instruction is established at the Charter-house ; but however well adapted this plan may be for communicating quickly and generally the first rudiments of knowledge, it seems very ill-calculated for the higher branches of education. I have heard the extraordinary success of the Charter-house scholars at Oxford and Cambridge adduced to prove the advantages of this mode of teaching ; but I am inclined to believe this success has been rather in spite of the system, than in consequence of it, and that it may with justice be attributed to the ability of the present masters, and to their unwearyed exertions to supply, by private lessons these deficiencies which must necessarily be inseparable from a system of mutual instruction amongst the boys themselves. But the peculiar excellence of the Charter-house, in my estimation, consists in its rejection of corporal punishment. Will it be believed, that in the year 1821, the common practice in the public schools of England, is to subject the scholars of all ages, from nine to nineteen, to the daily infliction of a species of chastisement, at which decency revolts, and common sense is shocked. The question of the necessity of corporal punishment has been often agitated. There are many who contend, from the mixture in the composition of our nature, that while there is a portion of *man* to be instructed, there is something also of the *brute* to be chastised. This is surely a wrong view of the subject, for we find the fiercest and most untractable of the brute creation are ta-

med and taught, not by blows and violence but by a patient perseverance in the mild arts of persuasion. I cannot believe that there is any human being so much more untractable than the brutes, as to be governable only by the fear of the lash. But, however this be, it will scarcely be denied by the warmest advocates of the birch, that the rod ought to be confined to that early age, when the child is unable to comprehend a better argument : or, if ever resorted to afterwards, that it should be limited to such offences as may seem to deserve a degrading and disgraceful punishment. Solomon's memorable apothegm, which the child may " rue that is yet unborn," sufficiently defines the *age* marked out for this mode of correction, and it must not be forgotten, that his maxim is addressed to *parents*, whose feelings may fairly be touched to mitigate a too literal interpretation of his meaning. In England, however, it is not to the age of froward infancy, nor to flagrant derelictions of morality, that the infliction of the rod is confined. It is the regular, orthodox, established discipline : and whole schools, from the highest class to the lowest, are daily and hourly stripped, exposed, and flogged, by dozen. So much, indeed, is it taken for granted that no merit can ensure an escape from all share of flagellation, that I am told, *birch* forms a regular item in the yearly charge for the education of every boy who is sent to Eton.

The consequences of persevering in this system of flogging, have been, in some instances, melancholy enough. It is only a short time ago that a scholar of Westminster, belonging to the highest class, cut his throat, out of shame at having been subjected to what he considered so ignominious a humiliation : and though the act of suicide was incomplete, it was quite sufficient to indicate the effect produced by the punishment upon the mind of the sufferer. There has since been a more fatal catastrophe at the same seminary ; though it is not equally certain that this was connected with the same cause. Nothing shews more strongly the difficulty of changing long-estab-

lished customs, than the continuance of such a system of scholastic discipline to the present time. As long as the reign of Charles the Second, the eloquent South, in a sermon composed expressly to be preached before the King at a school-meeting in Westminster-abbey, pours out a torrent of reprehension on this subject, which, if preaching could ever effect any thing, must long since have led to some reformation in this particular. After doubting whether there may not be some natures, in which "*austerity*" must be used, he proceeds :—" But how to do this discreetly, and to the benefit of him who is so unhappy as to need it, requires, in my poor opinion, a greater skill, judgment, and experience, than the world generally imagines, and than, I am sure, most masters of schools can pretend to be masters of—I mean those *Plagosi Orbitii*, those executioners rather than instructors of youth ; persons fitter to lay about them in a coach or a cart, or to discipline boys before a Spartan altar, or rather upon it, than to have any thing to do with a Christian school. I should give those pedagogical Jehus the same advice which the poet says Phœbus gave his son Phaëton—*parcerestimulis*. Stripes and blows are the last and basest remedy, and scarce ever fit to be used but upon such as have their brains in their backs ; and have souls so dull and stupid, as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction.

" Let not the punishment of the body be so managed as to make a wound which shall rankle and fester in the soul ; that is, let not children whom Nature itself would bear up by an innate generous principle of emulation, be exposed to the scorn and contempt of their equals and emulators. For this is, instead of rods, to chastise them with scorpions ; and it is the most direct way to stupefy and besot, and make them utterly regardless of themselves, and all that is praise-worthy, besides that it will leave on their minds such inward regrets as are never to be qualified or worn off."

And yet such is the force of habit, that in a large company, where this subject was lately discussed, I could

scarcely get a single individual to sympathise with the feelings of indignation which I endeavoured to express ;—on the contrary, flogging seemed to be in their eyes a right merry sort of proceeding ; and Ensign Northington, with the *stereotyped* marks of his “*Homo*,” was quoted and cheered by those on the opposite side of the question ; as if a good story were a sufficient answer to a solid argument.

It is really edifying, after witnessing their own practices, to hear the English scoff at the obliquities of other nations, and put themselves forward as the leaders and enlighteners of Christendom. The fact is, there is no country where improvement wins its way with slower progress against the inveterate opposition of ignorance and prejudice. They seem yet to be scarcely convinced, in spite of the example of other nations, that the discipline of an army can be maintained without the constant flogging alive of a certain portion of the soldiers, “*pour encourager les autres*.” It is but the other day that they ventured to repeal the established law which subjected women (*horresco referens*) to be nakedly and publicly whipped in the open market-place by the common executioner. Whatever progress they *have* made in civilization and improvement, is due to the persevering efforts of enterprising individuals, who have pursued their object through all obstacles with enthusiastic and unabating ardour. And yet how often have the benevolent designs of such men been defeated ! Mr. Grattan devoted the latter half of his life to the emancipation of the Catholics from the oppression of a set of statutes, than which, without

going so far as my own country for an object of comparison, nothing more illiberal and intolerant can be found in any code in Europe :—and he devoted his life in vain. Almost all that Sir Samuel Romilly was allowed to effect in the amelioration of the criminal law, was the alteration of the sentence for high treason ; and even this solitary victory was not achieved without a hard contest. There were found, even in the walls of the House of Commons, persons to speak and vote for the retention of the established usage, though the barbarous indecency of the sentence (which would scarcely be believed by those who have not turned to the State Trials) is such as a nation of savages might well be ashamed to execute. Nay, at last, when the alteration could no longer be entirely resisted, the opposing party contrived, in the very moment of triumph, to throw in “some changes of vexation, that it might lose some colour ;” so that, though the “*bloody bones*” part of the ceremony was abolished, the “*raw head*” was, by their efforts, retained. Mr. Wilberforce enjoys the rare good fortune of living to witness the success of his efforts against the slave-trade ; but before the English indulge in such bitter vituperations against us for sanctioning the use of negro slaves, a practice which we do not attempt to defend, but seek only to excuse on the plea of “*res dura et regni novitas*,”—let them remember the relentless opposition which was made in their own parliament to its abolition in their colonies, and let them not forget till how very late in the day the same practice existed even in their own island.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE COT IN THE GLEN.

OH ! 'tis not the star of the evening o'ertopping
 With fairy bright radiance the dim azure hill,
 The green forests far up the wide valley sloping,
 The gleam of the lake, or the sound of the rill,
 That tempt me at twilight to wander thus lonely,
 So far from the din and bustle of men ;
 A magic, a magic, that charms for me only,
 Surrounds with its halo yon cot in the glen !

How sweet, far remote from all tumult and danger,
 It were, in this valley to pass the long year,
 In friendship and peace lift the latch to the stranger,
 And chase off the anguish of pale sorrow's tear!
 To roam out at morn, when the young sun is shining,
 When birds are awake, and flocks bleat in the pen;
 And to catch his last beams, with my loved one reclining
 In the bower, by the side of yon cot in the glen.

Oh! Mary, thou know'st not how often a pleasure
 In crowds thy soft image hath given to my heart!
 Like the spirit that wanders beside buried treasure,
 My steps ever lead to the spot where thou art:
 Oh! soon may the day come—if come it will ever!—
 The brightest and best in futurity's ken,
 When fate may ordain us no longer to sever,
 Sweet girl of my heart, from the cot in the glen!

THE CORONATION.

I HAVE seen the Coronation, and never did I witness a sight so magnificent—so august—so sublime. If ever the exclamation of "*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" can be applicable, it must be to a spectacle like this, which, by eclipsing the future as well as the past, has condensed the wonders of a whole life in one absorbing moment, and given me reason to be thankful that my existence was made contemporaneous with such a surpassing display of glory and splendour. So far from seeking to aggrandise what I have seen, even if that were possible, by any inflation of language, I have purposely abstained, during several days, from any attempt at description, in order that some portion of my enthusiasm might be suffered to evaporate; and yet even now, I feel the necessity of perpetually keeping my pen below the level of my feelings, lest I should be suspected of intemperate exaggeration. In all sincerity of heart I may say, that I unaffectedly pity those who, from any inexcusable considerations of interest, or the more justifiable causes of compulsory absence, have been debarred from sharing the intense gratification which I have experienced. Exhibitions of this nature are rare, and a concurrence of circumstances united to give interest and magnificence to the present, which may never be again combined. The previous night, by its serene splendour, seemed anxious to do honour to the approaching gorgeousness. One would have thought that it

was a court-day in heaven, and that all its nobility were present, sparkling in their stars, and coronets and girdles of light; while imagination easily converted the milky way into a cluster of radiant courtiers gathering around the throne from which their splendours were derived. Morning began to dawn with a calm loveliness, which rather confirmed than dissipated these floating delusions of the mind. From the gallery where I had procured a seat I saw the stars gradually "gin to pale their ineffectual fires," until none remained visible but Dian's crescent, slowly changing its hue from gold to silver, and the sparkling son of Jupiter and Aurora, Lucifer, who, by his reluctant twinklings, seemed struggling for a little longer existence, that he might catch one glimpse of the approaching magnificence. Already were the eastern skies steeped in a faint grey light, interspersed with streaks of pale green, while fresh flushes of a rosier hue came every moment flooding up from beneath the horizon, and a breeze, sent forward as the herald of the sun, presently wafted around me such a gush of crimson radiance, that I felt (to use the only poetical expression of Sternhold and Hopkins) as if the morning "on the wings of winds came flying all abroad." Behold, I exclaimed,

"the jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' top;"

and I was endeavouring to recollect Tasso's beautiful description of sunrise, when the increasing charms of the

day-break compelled me to concentrate all my faculties in the contemplation of the scene with which I was surrounded.

The gallery where I had taken my station was a terrace which overhangs the Lake of Clède, opposite to Mont Blanc; and he who from this point has seen the sun rise, and shower its glories upon the romantic and stupendous wonders with which he is encompassed, will not marvel that I shrink from the hopeless attempt of its description. It is a spectacle to be felt, not painted. Amid the solitude of those gigantic and sublime regions there is something peculiarly impressive in witnessing the magnificence of Nature, as she silently performs her unerring evolutions; and the heart of man, feeling itself in the immediate presence of omnipotence, turns with instinctive reverence to its Creator. But let me resume my narrative of the Coronation—not of a poor fleeting mortal like ourselves, but of that glorious King coeval with the world, and to endure till the great globe itself shall crumble and dissolve; of that truly legitimate Sovereign, who alone can plead divine right for his enthronement, since the Almighty has planted his feet deep in the bowels of the earth, and lifted his head above the clouds:—of that Monarch of the mountains, who indeed deserves the appellation of Majesty—Mont Blanc. If I cannot say, in newspaper phraseology, that the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, I may affirm, that ten thousand were waving to and fro in the breezes of Heaven, for the lilies of the valley, and the hyacinths, and the blue-bells, and the wild flowers, were all nodding their down-looking cups at the earth; and who shall say that they were not melodious with a music inaudible to human ears, although fraught with harmonious vibrations for the innumerable insects who were recreating themselves beneath their pendent bell-fries? No daughter of earth, however fair or noble, would have been presumptuous enough to aspire to the honour of strewing flowers on this august occasion, for a heavenly florist had fashioned them with his hand, and per-

fumed them with his breath, and Flora scattered them spontaneously from her lap as she walked along the valleys. By the same mighty hand was performed the ceremony of the anointing; and as I saw the dews of heaven glittering in the dawning light, while they fell upon the head of the mountain, I exclaimed, “Here, indeed, is a monarch who may, without impiety, be termed the Lord’s anointed.” Bursting forth from a pavilion of crimson and gold clouds, the sun now threw his full effulgence upon the lofty forehead of Mont Blanc; and the Glaciers, and the rocks of red porphyry and granite, and the valley of Chamouni, and that sea of diamonds, the Mer de Glace, gradually became clothed in gorgeous robes of light. As I contemplated the sea-green pyramids of ice that surrounded Mont Blanc, each, as it became tipped with sun-light, appearing to put on its coronet of sparkling silver, methought there never had been so grand a potentate, encircled with such splendid nobility and courtiers. Nor did the great Hall in which they were assembled appear unworthy of its tenants; for as it had not been built by hands, so neither was it limited by human powers, possessing only the walls of the horizon for its boundaries, and having for its roof the azure vault of heaven, painted with vari-coloured clouds, and illuminated by the glorious and flaming sun. From the tops of the surrounding heights, various stripes of purple clouds, laced with light, assumed the appearance of flags and banners floating in the air in honour of the joyous day: but my attention was more particularly directed to two hovering masses of darker hue, which majestically descending from heaven towards the summit of Mont Blanc, at length deposited their burthen upon its head in the form of a crown of snow, which an electric flash instantly lighted up with intolerable splendour, while a loud peal of thunder gave notice to all the world that the ceremony of Coronation had been accomplished. Alps and Apennines “rebellow’d to the roar;” every mountain opening its deep-toned throat, and shouting out the joyful intelligence to its neighbour, until after

countless hollow and more hollow reverberations, the sound died away in the distance of immeasurable space.

Nor was the banquet wanting to complete this august festival, for as my eye roamed over the fertile plains and valleys commanded by the eminence on which I stood, I found that He who owns the cattle on a thousand hills had covered them with corn, and fruits, and wine, and oil, and honey, spreading out a perpetually renewed feast for whole nations, diffusing, at the same time, odours and perfumes on every side, and recreating the ears of the guests with the mingled harmony of piping-birds, melodious winds, rustling woods, the gushing of cascades, and the tinkling of innumerable rills.—Again I turned my looks towards Mont Blanc, and lo ! a huge avalanche, detaching itself from its summit, came thundering down into the valley below, making earth shake with the concussion. “Behold,” I exclaimed, “He who overthroweth the horse and his rider, hath sent his Champion to challenge all the world ;” and at this moment a smaller portion, which had broken away from the falling mass, came leaping towards me, and shivered itself into a cloud of snow beneath, as if the tremendous Champion had thrown down his gauntlet at my feet. Overcome with awe and wonder, I shrunk into myself, and as the rocks, and caverns, and mountains round echoed to the roar of the falling avalanche, methought they hailed the Coronation of their monarch, and shouting with a thousand voices, made the whole welkin ring to their acclamations of Mont Blanc ! Mont Blanc ! Mont Blanc !

Since witnessing this most impressive scene, I have read an account of the Coronation of “an island monarch throned in the west,” with all its circumstantial detail of Dukes, Marqueses, Earls, Viscounts, and Knights in their ermine robes, Kings at Arms, and Herald in their gewgaw coats, and Bishops in the pomp of pontificals, with the parade of gold spurs, ewers, maces, swords, sceptres, crowns, balls, and crosses ; but when I compared it with the stupendous exhibition of nature which I had so lately beheld, the whole sunk into insignificance : nor could I suppress a smile of pity as I shared the feeling with which Xerxes contemplated his mighty armament, and reflected that, in a few fleeting years, the whole of all this human pride, with the soldiers and horses that paraded around it, and the multitude that huzzaed without, would be converted into dust ; the haughtiest of the nobles lying an outstretched corpse in a dark and silent vault, with nothing of his earthly splendour left but the empty trappings and escutcheons which, in mockery of the lofty titles with which it is inscribed, will hang mouldering upon his coffin. The ceremony will not, however, have been unavailing, if it shall have awakened reflections of this nature in the minds of those who contributed to it, and have impressed upon their hearts the truth of Shirley’s noble lines, in the contention of Ajax and Ulysses :—

“The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings :—
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.”

THE HARP. A TALE. BY C. T. KORNER.*

THE secretary Sellner had begun to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment—sympathy and esteem formed the basis

of their attachment. Time and experience, without diminishing the ardour, had confirmed the permanence, of their mutual sentiments. It was long since they discovered that they were formed for each other, but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious proba-

* Addressed to such as believe in the agency of Spirits.

tion ; till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself in possession of an easy competence, and on the following Sunday brought home in triumph his long-betrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits for some weeks engrossed many of those hours that the young couple would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude ; and the fine summer evenings were but too short for plans and anticipations of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their harmonious unison seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of bliss and concord. One evening when Josephine had played longer than usual, she suddenly complained of head-ache : she had, in reality, risen with this symptom of indisposition, but concealed it from her anxious husband ; naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had increased a slight indisposition to fever, and she was now evidently ill. A physician was called in, who so little anticipated danger that he promised a cure on the morrow. But after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and on the ninth day was confessed mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband, for the last time, she exclaimed :—" My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity ; but though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, doubt not that thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and as a guardian-angel encircle thee till we meet again." She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a

slumber, from which she awoke no more ; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described : during some days it appeared doubtful whether he would survive ; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth seemed paralysed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy ; a deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved ; her apartment remained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death ;—on the work-table lay her unfinished task ; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent ; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour ; at this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent ; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favourite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit ; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. " I know thee, blessed spirit," exclaimed the bewildered Sellner, " thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word ; it is thy breath that glows on my lips ;

I feel myself surrounded by thy presence." With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded, but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased, and all again was silent. Sellner's feeble frame was completely disordered by these tumultuous emotions; when he threw himself on his bed it was only to rave deliriously of the harp: after a sleepless night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions; with unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment, where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration, and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal

presage; as the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner no sooner reached the well-known spot than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced; he dismissed all his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined, the glow of hope and pleasure flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed—"Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may overcome the pangs of death." At these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed—"I come, I come, to thee," and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.—*New. Mon.*

SPECIMEN OF A PROSPECTIVE NEWSPAPER.

The North American Luminary, 1st July, 4796.

A CELEBRATED professor of chemistry has discovered a method of composing and decomposing the surrounding atmosphere, so that any farmer can, with the greatest facility, and at a small expense, avert rain, or produce it in any quantity necessary for the perfection of his crops. The professor recently dispelled the clouds over the city of New York and its suburbs for the space of a week, converting the cold, damp weather of our winter into

a clear and comparatively warm season. By this useful contrivance, any mariner may allay the violence of a hurricane, or give the wind the direction and degree of force best suited to the objects of his voyage.

The corporation of Baltimore have subscribed a sum for erecting one of the newly-invented telescopes. It is to be liberally appropriated to the use of all the citizens, so that the meanest

mechanic may amuse himself in his leisure moments by viewing the different occupations of the inhabitants of the moon. The effect of this invention upon morals is beyond all calculation. The labouring classes now give up the enjoyment of spirituous liquors for the superior pleasure of contemplating the wonders which this invention exposes to the human senses.

The army of the northern states will take the field against that of the southern provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was *eleven miles*, and so perfect was the engine, that the whole of these balls were lodged in a space of twenty feet square.

According to the census just taken by the order of government, the population of New York amounts to 4,892,568 souls, that of Philadelphia to 4,981,947, and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half.

Our celebrated travellers Dr. Clarke and Baron Humbold have just arrived from their researches into two of the countries of ancient Europe. By means of a new invention, Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days. He sailed up the ancient river Thames, to a spot which our antiquaries are now agreed must be the site of the once renowned city of London, but not a vestige of human habitation remained. There existed the mutilated portion of a granite arch, which Dr. Clarke conceived might be the last remains of the once-celebrated bridge of Waterloo.* The Doctor proceeded further up the river, to an elevated situation on the left bank, which commanded a view of savage but delightful scenery. This our antiquary conjectured might be the

ancient Richmond Hill, but he could not procure a single coin, or discover any one object of antiquarian research. Our traveller was extremely desirous of ascending the river yet higher, in order to reach the ancient Windsor, once the proud abode of England's monarchs, but he was so annoyed by the tribes of savages, that he found it impossible to proceed. Dr. Clarke intends next year to renew his travels in this once glorious and now almost forgotten island; and he will take with him a body of five and twenty of the United States' troops, which will effectually repel any force that the savage inhabitants can bring against him.

Our traveller Baron Humbold directed his researches to France. He discovered the mouth of the ancient river Seine, and attempted to ascend as far as the site of the once-famed city of Paris, but he found the river entirely choaked with weeds; and after he had proceeded about thirty miles, the stream became a mere muddy brook. The baron, however, found the inhabitants of the country so inoffensive and communicative, that he proceeded to his object by land, protected only by two servants and three American sailors. The people could give the baron no information whatever, but seemed by far more ignorant than the savages of England; making up for this ignorance, however, by a cheerfulness of disposition at once admirable and ridiculous. These poor barbarians appeared fond to excess of decorating their heads and bodies with feathers and skins dyed in the most gaudy and varied colours. The baron observed numberless groups of these people using the most ridiculous grimaces, and twisting the body into a dozen ridiculous attitudes. They then began to dance, an exercise which they seemed so attached to, that it appeared to be their only recreation. The musical instrument to which these poor creatures were so fond of jumping and dancing, was about two feet long, and consisted of a hollow body, with a solid handle

* The origin of this name of Waterloo is now irrecoverably lost, unless it be a corruption of the terms water low, or low water, the bridge perhaps having been built at a spot of less depth than the contiguous parts of the river.

of about the same length, and curved at the extremity. It had four strings, extending from the extremity of the handle, beyond the middle of the instrument itself, and being held between the chin and the collar-bone by the left hand, was played on by the right with a bent stick, curved at the two ends, being drawn together with horse-hair. This we have no doubt is some species or description of that instrument so celebrated amongst the Europeans between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries under the name of fiddle or violin: for the Society of Antiquarians, in their last report, have given it as their decided opinion that the ancient fiddle, viola, violin, violincello, and bass viol, were merely different kinds of the same instrument; and they very ably refute Dr. Camden's conjecture that the violin of ancient Europe was an instrument of parchment and bells, played upon by the knuckles.—*Vide Reports of the Antiquarian Society of New York, folio, vol. 1783, p. 860.**

The late voyage of Professor Wanderhagen to the moon took up a space of nearly seven months, but the present expedition, it is expected, will take up much less time. The body of the balloon will be filled with the new gas discovered by our chemist Dr. Ætherly, and which is 800 times lighter than the lightest gas known to the ancient Europeans. The body of this balloon will not be circular, but a polygon, of an infinity of angles, and at each angle a pair of wings, all of which are worked with the greatest precision and facility, by the most simple but beautiful machinery. These wings at once create a draft, and determine the direction of the air at the will of the aeronaut, whose balloon is easily steered by a newly-constructed air rudder. The boat of the balloon will contain twenty-five persons, and provisions for a twelvemonth. This boat has two immense self-acting wings, which, like a bird's, condense the air underneath the boat so as to assist in supporting

the machine. The boat itself will be covered with a paste made of the essence of cork, as a non-conductor of heat; and Professor Wanderhagen, having suffered so much from the cold in his previous voyage, will provide himself with a store of the "condensed essence of caloric," a cubic inch of which will keep up a brilliant light and an intense heat for four and twenty hours.

The new mechanical steam-coach left Philadelphia at eight in the evening of the 3d ultimo, and arrived at Parrysburg, Greenland, at noon on the 5th, a distance of 893 miles in 40 hours. It carried eighteen in, and twenty-seven outside passengers, besides a great quantity of luggage.

By the method of instruction which has been followed for nearly two centuries by the professors of our various universities, a gentleman is made thoroughly acquainted with literature, philosophy, and the sciences, in less than two years: but according to the new plan proposed by Professor Swift, the same perfection of knowledge may be acquired in less than twelve months.

Advertisement — Shortly will be published, price two dollars. The Complete Farmer; shewing the art by which the earth is made to produce four crops in the year, and the crops preserved from any possibility of injury by season or weather.

In the press, and shortly will be published, price one dollar. A Description of the Patent Safety Machine, by means of which Dr. Boreum descended thro' the crater of a volcano, and discovered the cause of volcanic eruptions.

The present maturity of the medical science is beautifully displayed by the last report of our College of Physicians. By the assistance of the optical glasses which enable us to perceive minutely all the most secret functions of the animal œconomy, and the perfect state of

* The ancient fiddle, with its cognomen, or monosyllable præfixture, was, we fancy, a low instrument, very generally played upon by the vulgar. Professor Von Helmont conceives it to have been not a stringed, but a wind instrument; but this is little more than conjecture.

the various sciences relating to medicine, the modern physician is not only able to recover the human body from the various attacks of disease, but he is able to anticipate its causes, and to prevent its approach to a degree of moral certainty. But more even than this can be effected by the magic of modern science. The physician can prolong life to treble that time which was formerly considered its natural period of duration, and can at once render the human body secure from disease and free from deformity. Those medicines which with infallible security either totally prevent, or if not applied in time for prevention, will rapidly cure the gout, stone, phthisis, pulmonalis, and other disorders, are now known to all. But, does Nature make us feeble and diminutive, the physician calculates the means by which he can effect the accretion of particles to the various parts of our bodies, and thus render his patient perfect in symmetry. If our teeth are not to the model of perfection, they can be extracted without pain, and by taking those elements of which by analysis teeth are found to be composed, they may be regenerated, and during their growth they can be formed to the standard of ideal beauty. Is our vision imperfect, the medicines which are found to affect the size and colour of our eyes are applied, and in a week those organs are both beautiful and of perfect operation. Thus are we brought to a state free from disease, a state of longevity, in which our form and features have no model but that formed by our ideas of perfection and beauty.

The manner in which the numerous productions of the earth are now exchanged between man and man, is beautiful from the simplicity of its cause, and from the effect it has upon human happiness. It was a plausible theory amongst the ancients, that a statesman of wisdom should sit in his closet as in a focus of knowledge, to which should be brought all the returns of custom-houses, with the various reports and data of commerce—that, weighing these in the balance of wisdom, he should be able to instruct corporate bodies as

well as individuals, as to the various channels into which their capital and industry should flow. From hence had arisen commercial treaties, bounties, drawbacks, imposts, licenses, &c. until the simple principles of trade were lost in the most complex and absurd systems of commercial polity. But the experience of ages has at length proved what the speculations of ingenious men had previously advanced, and man is now very properly left to direct his capital and labour according to his own knowledge and discretion. Is it not the height of impertinence for a statesman to say to him who enters a commercial city for the purpose of trade, “Sir, you shall not employ your capital according to your own knowledge and experience, but according to my conceptions of commerce: you want to trade to the West; I think it better that trade should flow to the East, and I have therefore laid heavy duties, and even prohibitions upon western trade, whilst I will encourage eastern trade by drawbacks, bounties, and special immunities?” Thus every thing was forced out of its natural channel, and every country may be said to have been in a sort of peaceful siege. Now things are left to their own level. The common principles of demand and supply are now acknowledged to regulate markets much better than legislative calculations and interference.—Human necessities and the common principles of our nature are found to constitute the best barometers of commercial policy; and individuals are permitted to trade with their wealth, according to their own knowledge and calculations. Thus we have no circuitous channels of communication—no licensing—bonding—no unloading to load again, no entering one port as a passport into another, no waste of labour; man freely exchanges with man, and the bounties of Providence are diffused over the whole earth.

—
Last year, no less than 734 vessels sailed from Alaska, and the western coast of America, through the channels separating America from North Georgia and Greenland. It is curious to reflect that the very existence of such a

passage was a problem of difficult solution to the Europeans from the 16th to the 19th centuries. This was then called the North-west passage, and was first discovered by a navigator of great celebrity amongst the ancient English; but whether his name was Parry or Croker it is now impossible to ascertain, from the imperfect state of our records at that period.

The Honourable Mr. Northerly, we understand, intends to take his lady and their children in their yacht this summer to traverse the North Pole.

A chemist, deeply read in the sciences of the middle ages, (the 18th and 19th centuries of the Christian era) assures us that the English men of sci-

ence about the year 1800, plumed themselves much upon their discovering the means of making brilliant lights by reflectors, and the different gases of oil and coal burnt in various descriptions of lamps. How these pigmies would have hid their diminished heads, could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere, by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The aerometer of New York, at a trifling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moon-shine. So that darkness is unknown to the moderns, and we experience only the gradations between the light of the moon and that of the sun.—*New Monthly, Aug.*

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST MAGNETIC POLE.

MR. URBAN,
MUCH useful discussion has arisen in consequence of the dissertations on the interesting science of *Magnetism* and *Variation*, inserted in your Magazine: and in all instances, the reasoning and suggestions alluded to have experienced the marked approbation of characters eminent for their knowledge of a subject rendered extremely prominent by the recent brilliant discovery of a *North-west Magnetic Pole*.

The above-mentioned papers on magnetic variation having been published previously to the appearance of the valuable works of Captain Parry and Mr. Fisher, some farther thoughts necessarily arise from a due consideration of statements and opinions therein contained; and such remarks as are offered are made with the best of views, viz. that of calling the attention of men who have equally the power and inclination to promote objects of public utility.

Voyages of discovery, and travels, are nationally undertaken on three principles, at once creditable, legitimate, and laudable. On the first, the Deity is honoured by the humble, but hazardous efforts of his creatures, to discover the extent of His wonderful works here on earth, and the nature of uneducated man under the varying aspect of climate and seasons: and that too with the noble ultimate view of ameliorating his condition, by conferring the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. On the second principle, the discoveries of enterprising mariners and travellers can alone (as in the present instance) enable us to advance certain sciences which require experiments of a delicate description to be made, and observations of an accurate nature to be taken, in opposite, and unfre-

quented parts of the world. The third principle, sanctioning distant research by sea and land, or that of forwarding the interest of commerce and arts, may not be less commendable; as thereby civilization and the comforts of life are materially benefited, and human happiness consequently increased.

If the two voyages of discovery in search of a North-west passage into the North Pacific, or Eastern Ocean, should not attain that object, they will prove of incalculable value in ultimately establishing, on sure and fixed scientific principles, the wonderful rule, or rationale of the variation of the Magnetic Needle; provided we avail ourselves skilfully of the means furnished by the daring and so far successful enterprise of men of consummate courage and perseverance, amidst appalling difficulties, and trials almost superhuman.

Though currents and other circumstances sufficiently evince the existence of a North-west Passage, it would appear, from the accounts before us, there cannot be a hope of accomplishing it in the parallel of the newly-discovered Georgian Islands. In your Magazine, it was recommended to attempt to effect a passage into the Hyperborean Sea, out of Repulse Bay, at the North extremity of Hudson's Bay; and there, at this moment, the discovery ships are making such attempt. This dreary and inhospitable coast runs nearly East and West, about the parallel of 70° , and between 90 and 160 of W. longitude, to Icy Cape, where the American coast runs South-south-west of Behring's Straits. We have no accounts of this coast on which any reliance can be put; and if we credit such as we have, the Sea in these Northern regions is constantly frozen up. It appears from Cook's Voyages, that even

in summer the Sea was frozen over between the Russian and American coasts. This shews, that whatever may be the result of the present attempt to the East or West of Southampton Island, there cannot remain the slightest hope of effecting the passage through Behring's Straits. In former statements, there was some reason to suppose that the passage would be achieved through the Polar Basin, considerably to the Northward of the parallel of the new discoveries, with the disadvantage of a longer run than by the usual course. If, however, the North-west Passage can be made along the North Coast of America, as now attempting, certainly the run to India, and especially to China, will be shorter; but in such case, the risk, hazard, and danger would be constantly imminent. Ships so situated would be liable to be crushed to pieces by icebergs; would be frequently rendered immoveable by sudden and continued congelations of the ice; would at a certain time of the year be enveloped in darkness; or would always have the greater part of their crews disabled by intensity of cold, and undergoing the amputation of limbs mortified by the stoppage of the current of life.

If commerce is to derive benefit from any new or additional productions to be yielded by these unexplored seas, islands, and coasts, it is evident that the Hyperborean Coast itself, and not ships, must be the medium of procuring such advantage. It is probable that sledges may travel along the ice on this coast, or at various stations on it, such as Mackenzie's River, or Copper-mine River (provided wood is found on, or can be floated down to, the coast), stout small vessels might be constructed for the purpose of proceeding Northward among (as yet undiscovered) islands, in favourable seasons. But this is under a supposition that incurred expence would be more than defrayed by commercial returns.

Having premised this much, I come now to the most important object of this paper, and paramount to every other consideration attached to the subject. If no other advantage arose from the present Voyages than the recent discovery of a North-west Magnetic Pole, that alone is so valuable to Science in establishing, in process of time, a sure theory of the Magnetic Variation, so indispensable for nautical purposes, that the best thanks of the country are due to the admiralty for the efficient manner in which these Voyages have been directed. In giving such requisite efficacy, the talents, knowledge, and general information of that able and useful character, Mr. Barrow, have been essentially subservient.

When your Number for January was published, it was not distinctly known, that among the Georgian Islands, the movement of a balanced needle became so weak and sluggish as to be nearly annihilated; that is to say, the magnetic action of the real North Pole of the Earth became as nothing compared to the strong and direct attraction of

the North-west Magnetic Pole, evidently situated within the Earth, and in a site very nearly under the sea-surface moved over by the Discovery-ships. For centuries have ingenious philosophers been conjecturing the existence of one or more Magnetic Poles, in endeavouring to reduce visible effects to causes, and to form theories, if not demonstrable, at least plausible. At length, to the honour of the British Nation, the first in arts, arms, and philanthropy, all doubt and uncertainty are happily removed; and by proceeding on scientific principles, through the medium of accurate experiments, the complete establishment of a theory of the Magnetic Variation is now attainable. The continued course of experiments formerly recommended to be made in a situation contiguous to the Magnetic Pole will not be practicable in that situation, on account of a strength of attraction downwards, so great there as to turn the needle nearly into a continuation of that Pole, an effect shown to demonstration, by experiments made by means of powerful magnets acting on common needles. It is fortunate that the requisite series of experiments cannot be efficiently made near the site of the newly-discovered Pole, as the intensity of the cold there would render a continuance of life nearly impossible. It is evident that the Discovery-ships crossed a meridian under which this Pole, and the North Pole of the Earth, became in one and the same vertical plane.

Here, of course, there would be no variation, as the needle would be acted on by both Poles in a line, or in conjunction with its position. On the parallel of latitude 60° , such line of no variation must be found by trial made by scientific, persevering, and skilful men, to be employed for this very important purpose. These men must travel Westward from Hudson's Bay, till they, by accurate magnetic observations, find themselves in this requisite situation*. Here, then, a building for their accommodation should be erected; and a smaller one, devoid of iron, must cover a meridian accurately laid off, according to a process described in my papers on this subject, in the Philosophical Transactions. Such an instrument as is used at our Society's rooms must be applied to this meridian, as that is superior in construction to that used by me for similar purposes, on Sumatra, and St. Helena. The primary and direct object in view, is to ascertain by three daily observations, the decrease of variation, under the meridian, in order to arrive ultimately at the law of movement of the North-West Magnetic Pole, either round the Terrestrial Pole, on a parallel of latitude, or otherwise in a straight line, within the earth, and between two points in its parallel of position. This motion will be so slow, as to

* From the supposed position of the Magnetic Pole, it might not be necessary to proceed inland, Westward, above five degrees, or 150 miles, about the parallel of 66° North latitude.

require a series of years to arrive at the proper scientific conclusions deducible from such requisite experiments. It may be again urged, that such a magnetic movement is compatible with the supposed solidity of the earth. I refer to my former statement on this part of the subject, and such philosophers as are Christians (and the most able have been such), I refer to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. iv. verse 9. It being highly probable, from close considerations of the variation in South latitude, that the South-east end of the new pole has a corresponding movement round the South pole of the earth, I would strongly recommend that a similar series of experiments be made on the South side of New Shetland, which I conjecture to be a continuation of the Southern Thule, in longitude 30° West, and 60° South latitude. Similar observations ought to be made on the Island of Desolation in latitude 49° South, and longitude 70° East; and also in North latitude, on Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

Royal patronage and munificence could not be more nobly applied, than in pursuits so honourable to man, and beneficial to human happiness. Monarchs or men thus occupied, might legitimately say, "*Tentanda via est, quæ me quoque, possim, tollere humo, victorice virum (rerum) colitare per ora.*"

If in time it became ascertained that the N. W. and S. E. magnetic poles had a regular movement round the poles of the globe, the variation and all its anomalies would be accounted for, and other magnetic phenomena, equally surprising and unaccountable, would be reduced to a certain theory.—As things are, we observe effects which we

cannot trace to any satisfactory cause. I am in habits of collecting facts which may, aided by the observations of others, lead at some future period to legitimate conclusions. I try all bodies of iron by means of a sensitive magnet, and find in them properties not generally understood. I find that a good magnet will equally, as by electricity or galvanisms, impart polarity to needles, *by mere juxta-position*. I have rendered magnetic three pieces of wire, situated in a semi-circular form, opposite to the poles of a powerful magnet.—All bars standing or fixed perpendicularly (such as all iron railings in streets,) are magnetic; the North pole being at the bottom, and the South at the top. The bottom or lower parts of all common chimney-grates are North, while the tops are South poles. The iron handles of pumps are magnetic; the farthest out-end being a North, while the end nearest to the pump is a South pole. Large weighing weights possess polarity; as also all iron bars for sale in shops.

It is a curious fact, that the uppermost part or top of the iron round a carriage-wheel attracts the *North* end of a magnet, and is consequently a South pole, while the lower part of the same iron in contact with the ground, attracts the *South* end of the needle, and is therefore a North pole. Turn the same wheel round half a circle, and these poles will immediately become *reversed*.

I mention these few out of many experiments, in order to induce others to assist in ascertaining facts, with a view to establishing what is now wanting,—*a sure Magnetic Theory*. Yours, &c. JOHN MACDONALD.

July 12, 1821.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By Maj. Parbly.

FROM thy coach of orient pearl,
From thy amber halls arise;
Thy banner, Constance, unfurl,
Serene as cloudless summer skies.
Thou, whom chaste nymphs delight to sing,
Thy hyacinthine garland bring;
Nor leave the sacred mystic ring,
Art emblem of unfading spring.
Wake, God of Love, smile on the fair,
And crown with soft delight this noble pair.

With thee bring a heavenly guest,
Modesty in russet vest,
Gently leading young Desire
Curbing with modest look his fire;
Till half-alarm'd, perchance she spy
The wandering of his wanton eye,
And smiling, blushing rosy red,
On thy bosom hides her head.
Wake, God of Love, protect the fair,
And crown, with rapture crown, this noble pair.

WRITTEN ON ARRIVING AT MADEIRA.

By William Meyrick.

SEE at length indulgent gales
Gently fill our swelling sails,
Swiftly through the foamy sea,
Shoots our vessel gallantly,
Still approaching, as she flies,
Warmer suns and brighter skies.
Winter on my native plains,
Robed in clouds and tempests reigns;
Fann'd by Zephyr's gentle wing,
Here I breathe the balmy spring;

Yet, fair Isle, thy lovely shades,
Flowery groves, and tranquil glades;
Nor yon mountain's pride the vine,
Parent of delicious wine,
Mantling o'er its craggy side,
Here shall tempt me to abide;
Still my native plains are dear,
All my joys still centre there.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

'And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And Time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune ;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ;
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue which at sun-rise play'd ?
 Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develope, if that wither'd tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green—
 Or was it then so old that History's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf ?
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But prythee tell us something of thyself,
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
 When the great Persian conqueror Cambyzes
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :—
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd :—
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with it warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

SKETCHES OF INDIA.

WRITTEN BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

WE have often said to persons who had visited unexplored regions, "Think nothing too minute for description—tell us how the sun rose, how the land looked, how the animals moved ; state every idea produced on your mind during only twenty-four hours of that period, when every thing had an aspect different to use and wont, and every perception was new ; do not wait till custom had enfeebled the effect, and because you no longer wondered yourself, you ceased to feel what was really curious : do this, and your book will be as admirable as Robinson Crusoe, over every step of whose island we could wander without a guide." But it must be more easy to advise than to execute this method : for we could not mention five examples of its being successfully completed, and have, in the course of our intercourse with the most intelligent travellers, scarcely met one from whom we did not gather more interesting matter in an hour's conversation, than in any quarto volume the individual might have published.

These reflections will show that we are favourable to works of the class now before us ; but, in the present case, the plan has more of our approbation than the mode in which it has been filled up. There is, however, much of what we like, though rather overlaid with recollections and comments. The

author is decidedly religious, and we have more moralizing than enough for a volume whose title is "Sketches of India." There is, says the wisest of men, a time for all things ; and it could have been wished, that, instead of only about one-third of these 300 pages being strictly conformable to their name, the writer had pencilled more and sermonized less. Still we have read his lucubrations with great gratification, and shall now endeavour to communicate a portion of it to the public, by extracting parts most consonant to the project of rendering a "familiar picture of Indian scenery and manners."

The author arrived at Madras, and thus delineates the new country :—

"I landed with troops in the afternoon, and marched from the beach to a station or dépôt thirteen miles inland. For three miles we moved along amid a curious talking crowd, perpetually changing. We followed a fine broad road, with avenues of trees ; passed the fort ; and half a mile beyond it passed continually, for a long distance, gateways leading to large garden-houses in spacious compounds, until at length we left the signs of the presidency behind us. With the exception of a few followers in employ, or seeking it, the crowds dropped off, and we pursued our march unmolested. No,—I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully

forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich, broad-leaved plantain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch; the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian,* with its earth-seeking and reproductive drop-branches; and among them birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parroquet (at home, the lady's pet-bird in a gilded cage,) here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream. These, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked upon. My dream of anticipation realized gave me a delight which found no expression in words. I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination, when I reflected how much the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations; and yet how natural, how easy all appeared! All so fitted and adapted by the hand of the bountiful and wise Creator, that, other than they were, they had deformed instead of decking the face of nature. It was late and dark when we reached Poona-mallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We found no fellow-countryman to welcome us, but the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart, roguish-looking natives seemed waiting our arrival to seek service.

"Drenched to the skin, without changes of linen, or any bedding, we sat down to the repast provided: and it would have been difficult to have found in India, perhaps, at that moment, a more cheerful party than ours.

"Four or five clean-looking natives, in white dresses, with red or white tur-

bans, ear-rings of gold or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits all new to us, were tasted and pronounced upon; and, after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good-humour, we lay down for the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.

"The morning-scene was very ludicrous. Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there another was cracking the joints of a man half-dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing, a Saheb's hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, two well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care."

Soon after his arrival in India, our countryman went with his company from Madras to Bellary. He says,

"Marching in this country is certainly pleasant, altho' perhaps you rise too early for comfort. An hour before day-break you mount your horse; and, travelling at an easy pace, reach your ground before the sun has any power; and find a small tent pitched with breakfast ready on the table. Your large tent follows with couch and baggage, carried by bullocks and coolies; and, before nine o'clock, you may be dressed and employed with your books, pen, or pencil. Mats, made of the fragrant roots of the Cuscus grass, are hung before the doors of your tent to windward, and, being constantly wetted, admit, during the hottest winds, a cool, refreshing air.

"Three o'clock is the common hour of dinner; and in the evening you ride, or stroll out on foot, as inclination leads. If your habits are those of a

* The banian-tree throws out fibres from its extreme branches, which taking root in the earth, again become parent stems; and in this manner, not unfrequently, produces a grove of great extent and singular beauty.

sportsman, and you are provided with dogs, gun, and hog-spear, you will almost be sure to find amusement morning and evening.

"The man of tamer habits, looks round and finds great and continual enjoyment in contemplating scenes and people, and a world so new to him.

"While our forefathers were clad in wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chase, the Hindoo lived as now;—as now, his princes were clothed in soft raiment, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces.—As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labour, the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep bowrie well by the labour of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which their fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand, and to write, and keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm or cocoa, by the village-schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change money at a shroff's,* or borrow it at usury, for the expenses of a wedding or festival. In short, all that the traveller sees around him of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great. So that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment."

The Indian villages are all nearly alike, "you meet with the same figures and objects in most of them. The ryots, or cultivators, are almost always

Hindoos. If the village be large and rich, you see numbers of sleek-looking, indolent Brahmins. All business, in places of any trade, is transacted by men of the Bhyse or Banian cast, who are shroffs, merchants, shopkeepers, and clerks: the classes generally wear vests of muslin, cotton, or silk, large loincloths, and good turbans. The ryots, who are of the Soodra cast, wear very small clothes round the middle, and coarse turbans. You find the Chehteree, or fighting-cast, dressed according to their means, with vest, turban, and sash, or with Brahmin-like loin cloths; and they will labour on their own land when not on military service.

"The subject of the casts and sects among the Hindoos has been so fully and so ably discussed, that it is not necessary for me to enter further on it than briefly to show the system. Suffice it to say, that the Brahmins rank pre-eminently first; they are privileged to officiate as priests to the gods, supposed to meditate continually on things divine, and live upon the industry of the other three. The second, or Chehtree cast, is considered noble; from this princes are, or rather used to be, chosen; from this men are trained to the use of arms and military service. The third, or Bhyse cast, conduct all the details of business, commerce, and all the internal trade. In the fourth, or Soodra, are comprised all labourers, artisans, and manufacturers. All others of the native population of India, and they are numerous, are chandalas or outcasts, and perform the lowest offices of toil and drudgery."

On his march the author first witnessed the amazing docility of the elephant, which he relates in these words;—"While breakfast was getting ready, I amused myself with looking at a baggage elephant and a few camels, which some servants, returning with a general's tents from the Deccan, were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known; but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human

* Shroff, an Indian banker, or money-changer.

voice; and, when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat; or, bending the joint of his hind leg, make a step for him to climb up behind, and then, if any loose cloths or cords fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again, will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from the lofty tree near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the *nonchalance* of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready. These animals also kneel to be laden."

But at Tikaree (long after) he saw still more extraordinary proofs of the sagacity of the elephant. He is speaking of a British colonel: "This gentleman was a very great sportsman, and beat the country right and left as he went along. His elephant, a large female, uncommonly well trained, perfectly astonished me by her sagacity. It is generally known, that this noble

animal beats jungle for large game; and, although we met with none, still I had the opportunity of seeing into how thick and apparently impervious jungle it will force its way. But it was the perfect dog-like manner in which she put up small game that surprised me: carefully putting up from the low tufted grass in which they nestle, those smallest of game-birds, the quail. My companion killed from his howdah in this manner, without dogs, both hares and black partridge, a few yards only from the roadside."

A little further on, at Ellichpoor, he mentions another species of sport. "I saw here several of those hunting cheetas or leopards, merely hooded and tied up under an open shed in the street. For the chase, they are taken out on a car; brought near a herd of deer; and then being unhooded and slipped at them, they fix on one, and fasten it down till it is taken from them. If they miss their spring, they never pursue, but slink back to their keepers. They are very beautiful creatures."

Reminiscentia

OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS OF THE LAST AGE.

MODES OF EXPRESSION.

HUTTON, of Birmingham, has given, in his *Life*, some account of all his family; and, among the rest, of his daughter Catharine, who "came into the world before her time, and perhaps was the smallest human being ever seen. Curiosity led me (says he,) when a month old, to shut her up for a moment in the small drawer of a bureau, with all her habiliments," &c. This dear little *animal* (since the author of the *Miser Married*) had been two days in the world before I took the least notice of her," &c. This is a new system of minute biography, which deserves record. The same Birmingham Hutton, in detailing the life of his father, writes exactly thus: "After a miserable life, pressed down by affliction, he departed December 13, 1758, *At the age of sixty-seven, five feet seven, corpulent, weighing about sixteen stone.*"

PIOUS LIBERTIES.

By this term we may be supposed to mean, that familiarity of writing and speaking, with respect to sacred things, of which nations and individuals have been alike guilty, but which not unfrequently border upon blasphemy. That individuals have so committed themselves, the following instances will shew; that nations have done the same, let the baptism of their orders and institutions attest: but as we have a chapter to bestow on that particular assumption of the human mind, no further notice need appear in this place. There seems, however, to be a hankering in the spirit of man for this vigour beyond the law of right reasoning and speaking, even among those who are superior to the slang of sectarians; for they cannot do without it. Perhaps a fervent desire to shine by the use of striking appropriations may be the

cause, for it is not always irreverence : but, whatever it may be, the effect is ludicrously eccentric, and as such finds a place here.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony church of Glasgow, during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Lewis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell ; “but, good Lord,” added the worthy man, “*dinna let him fa’ in.*” This curious prayer being mentioned to Lewis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, “the good Scotch parson !”

In a funeral-sermon found in a large folio volume, entitled the Last Actions of a Portuguese Duke of Cadaval, there is an extraordinary burst of pious eloquence. The preacher thus apostrophizes the grave : “O grave ! art thou not ashamed ! dost thou not blush, O grave ! to devour so noble a personage !”

The famous Hugh Peters, one of the fanatics of Cromwell’s time, preaching on Psalm cvii. 7,—“We led them forth by the right way, that they might go to the city of habitation,”—told his audience that God was forty years leading Israel through the wilderness to Canaan, which was not forty days march ; but that God’s way was a great way about. He then made a circumflex on his cushion, and said that the Israelites were led “crinkledom cum crankledom.”—(See the story at large, in the *Parliamentary History*.)

One of Whitfield’s flights of oratory is related on the authority of David Hume. “After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his audience :—‘The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven ; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways !’ To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, ‘Stop, Gabriel ! stop, Gabriel ! stop, ere you

enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God !’” Hume added, that this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher. It is reported of the same eloquent and powerful but eccentric preacher, George Whitfield, that, in a sermon, exhorting his hearers to read their Bibles more than they did, he added, “I love to see the Word of God well *thumbed*, as if it had been read till the inside is dirty : but there are some whose Bibles, I grieve to say it, lie in a corner so outwardly covered with dust, that damnation may be traced on it with the finger in legible characters.” When Whitfield was at Aberdeen, he was invited to preach in the pulpit of the church, of which there were co-pastors. One of them, however, was hostile, and in the afternoon, when it was his turn, began his prayers as usual, but, in the midst of them named Whitfield by name, whom he knew to be then present, and intreated the Lord to forgive the dishonour that had been put upon him, when that man was suffered to preach in that pulpit.”—(*Southey’s Life of Wesley*. &c.)

There was a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he is represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, “Lord Jesus, do you love me ?” From that of Jesus proceeded another label, “Yes, most illustrious and most learned Sigerius, crowned poet of his imperial majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg, yes, I love you.”

In Spain, plays are performed for the benefit of the Virgin and saints, and balls are given for the deliverance of souls from purgatory. On an occasion of the above kind, a play bill was exhibited, couched in the following terms :—To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the Eternal World, the leading-star of all Spain, the consolation, faithful sentinel and bulwark of all Spaniards, the most holy Mary. For her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of Seville will

perform a very pleasant comedy, entitled *El Legatario*.

Mr. Northcote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him, that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.

Matthew Henry, in his Exposition, has this odd way of expounding part of the ninth chapter of Judges :—"We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle—none would have dreamed of making such a fellow as he king—see how he had wheedled them into the choice—he hired into his service the *scum* and *scoundrels* of the country.—Jotham was really a *fine gentleman*. The Shechemites, that set Abimelech up, were the first to kick him off. The Shechemites said all the ill they could of him in their *table-talk*; they drank healths to his *confusion*;—well—Gaal's interest in Shechem is soon at an end—Exit Gaal."

Among the French devotional pieces, burlesque has ever reigned in the titles of their books of piety; as, 'The Snuffers of Divine Love;' 'The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion;' 'The Capuchin, booted and spurred for Paradise.'

Scott, in his Christian Life, speaking of sinners going to heaven, said, They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing-room!

That an oddity of expression should be occasionally introduced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is no way surprising; but, would one expect such a passage as the following? Mr. Tavernier, in 1555, begins a sermon thus :—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

One of the Scotch Presbyterians, holding forth against the observance of Christmas, said, 'Ye will say, sirs! good old youle-day; I tell you, *good old foot-day*! You will say it is a brave holiday; I tell you it is a brave belly-day!'

Brother Carey says, in his Journal, Jan. 26, 1796, "Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's Sermon on the Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners." Again, Feb. 6, 1796, "I am now in my study; and oh! it is a sweet place, because of the presence of God with the vilest of men—it is at the top of the house. I have but one window in it."—Dr. Carey would not write so now. He is become a Sir Wm. Jones in learning.

There are some such liberties of a poetical nature. Enthusiasts will make free. Read the following parts of Moravian hymns, upon their favourite subjects—wounds, nail prints, &c. :—

"How bright appeareth the Wound's-star
In heaven's firmament from far!

And round the happy places
Of the true Wound's church here below,
In at each window they shine so,

Directly on our faces.

Dear race of grace,
Sing thou hymns on
Four holes of crimson
And side pierced:

Bundle (burden) this of all the blessed."

Again, on other favourite subjects—

"What is now to children the dearest thing
here?

To be the Lamb's lambkins and chickens
most dear.

Such lambkins are nourished with food
which is best:

Such chickens sit safely and warm in the
nest."

And—

"And when Satan at an hour
Comes our chickens to devour,
Let the children's angels say,
These are Christ's chicks—go thy way."

And there is a hymn to be found in the Gospel Magazine for August, 1808, called the Believer's Marriage to Christ, which *cannot* be repeated.

The elder Wesley had a clerk, who was a whig, like his master, and a poet also, of a very original kind "One Sunday, immediately after sermon, he said, with an audible voice, 'I let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, a hymn, of my own composing.'" It was short and sweet, and run thus :—

King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's called Te D'um.

(*Wesley's Works*, vol. 15, p. 109.)

Miscellanea.

ANTS.

Men, in general, are such slaves to the pleasant abuse of words, that naturalists themselves, in describing the white ants of Senegal, speak of the king and queen, and almost go so far as to point out the colonel, major, and captain of the guards. Consult what has been said of these marvellous ants, who construct, on a large scale, buildings of from fifteen to twenty feet in height. You will there find the king and the queen, who, as the naturalist observes, *when once they have entered their cells, are not permitted to abandon them*. Afterwards come the *soldier-ants*: they are formed for labour, and to them the labour is apportioned. The ants who view their toil compose the nobility.—But it seems an elephant may be swallowed in eight hours by these creatures. “Smeathman told us, about twelve years ago, how an immense body of African ants, which appeared, as they moved forwards, like the whole earth in agitation, covered and suddenly arrested a solemn elephant, as he grazed unsuspectingly on the plain: he told us, too, that, in eight hours time, no trace was left either of the devastation or devastated, excepting the skeleton of the noble creature neatly licked;—a standing proof of the power of numbers against single force.”—(*Piozzi's Tour in Italy*, vol. 1, p. 127.) We give the above in Mrs. P's identical and *beautiful* phraseology: it is a pity we are not informed whether the ants got safe home after their elephantine repelition. The ants of Herodotus need no longer excite surprise after the above; and more especially as the Athenian gardens (see *Dodwell's Tour*) abound with such as carry large wasps away in their mouths with seeming facility.

CORK TREE.

It is generally believed, that cork is the bark of the cork-tree: on the contrary, it is an excrescence formed by exudation on the cuticle, or outer bark of the tree. The trees are stripped the first time before they are twenty years old, and generally once in eight or ten years after. It would appear, this contributes to their health and vigour; for if left unstripped, they begin to decay

in a few years, and, in 50 or 60 years, a whole plantation, thus neglected, is destroyed; but those regularly peeled live and thrive more than 200 years. When the cork is removed, an exudation takes place, which acquires consistency by the action of the air, and thus the succeeding layer of cork is formed. The oldest trees afford the best cork, which, after every successive peeling, improves in quality.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF KENILWORTH, &c.

These designs have just reached us, and we shall describe, as concisely as we can, the illustrations with which Mr. Leslie's pencil and the burins of several eminent engravers, have gilded the refined gold of this admirable romance. In these matters the artist has a difficult task.

The frontispiece represents Goldthred, the Mercer of Abingdon, interrupted by Tony Foster, in his ride through Cumnor-park. It is a clever sketch, the characters well treated; and if Foster's *baton* were a cudgel, and if the lady had a taffeta hat on, we should say it was perfect, even though the attitude of the latter is not good.

The first plate of the countess, attended by Janet, engraved by C. Heath, is elegant and beautiful. The females are true to the text, and the accessories most appropriate.

The second, Wayland Smith, relating the history of his life, possesses great effect in the Rembrandt manner. Wayland himself is not an uncommon portrait, but the boy is new, and his countenance with the light upon it is admirable. The engraver's name is Rolls, and the execution does him infinite credit, though a little mannered.

The third is Raleigh, spreading his cloak, engraved by J. Scott, and an indifferent print. The queen's eyes are bleared, and the lord, on whose arm she leans, is looking at vacuum. We cannot tell whether Mr. Leslie or Mr. Scott is answerable for this abortive design.

The fourth represents Lambourn drunk, in Cumnor garden, with Foster and the Astrologer, engraved by J. Romney. It is a fine characteristic groupe, and excellently done. Perhaps, in drawing, the drunkard ought to be more on his legs, but the artist may plead that his hero has overdrawn.

The fifth print is an exquisite idea of the entry of Elizabeth into Kenilworth, engraved by Engleheart. The conception and execution are alike splendid.

The sixth and last, the meeting of Leicester and the Countess, at Kenilworth (engraver, Rolls) is but so so, and in the common style of frontispieces to tragedies. His lordship's right leg is infinitely too long, even for strides at empire, and the lady looks as if her dress were ragged and patched; the shadow on her cheek is also bad; but, taken altogether, these ornaments are not unworthy of Kenilworth.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1821.

[NO. 3.

(London Time's Telescope, for November, 1821.)

November.

Now the tempest of NOVEMBER blows,
The winter trumpet, till its failing breath
Goes moaning into silence.

BARRY CORNWALL.

NOVEMBER is, usually, a very gloomy month, yet there are intervals of clear and pleasant weather: the mornings are occasionally sharp, but the hoar frost is soon dissipated by the sun, and a fine open day follows. Mists and *fogs* sometimes continue, yet fogs and mists have their *bright sides*. Being nothing but vapours, which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, they must have body enough to present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes may be to look down upon them, they must appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city, in this month, is often literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps, which, at other times, float afar over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say, that any one can 'hold a fire in his hand,' by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagin-

ation of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one's body were wrapped round with cold wet paper. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck, as it were, in the thick foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it, into beams; nay, the very candles and gas-lights in the shop windows of a misty evening,—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze.

The poets have, in numberless passages, done justice to these our melancholy visitors. Examples might be produced from Homer, Virgil, Milton and others; we can only find a place for the following from SPENSER. It is a scene thickly beset with horror. Sir Guyon, in the course of his voyage through the perilous sea wishes to stop and hear the Syrens; but the Palmer, his companion, dissuades him;

When suddenly a grosse fog over spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seemed one confused mass.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkness wide :
 But feared to wander in that wastefull mist
 For tomling into mischiefe unespyde :
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
 Suddenly an innumerable flight
 Of harmless fowles about them fluttering eride,
 And with theyr wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate :
 The ill-faced owle, deaths dreadful messenger :
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere :
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy :
 The rueful stritch, still waiting on the bere :
 The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy :
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny :

All these, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and fld theyr sayles with fear ;
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stily steare.

Whether November be gloomy or fine should be immaterial to the reflecting mind ; we must not suffer our *happiness* to depend on the state of the weather : a much smaller portion of this grand *elixir vitæ* is to be attributed to climate than is generally imagined. Under all climates and seasons, *man is the cause of his own disappointments and vexations*. Not the circumstances that surround him, whether he be placed among the fervid plains of *India*, the sandy deserts of *Arabia*, the temperate vales of *Europe*, of the snow-clad regions of the *Poles*, are to blame : man is not, therefore, either happy or unhappy. Whether he enjoy the perpetual spring of *Quito*, the verdant summer of *Britain*, the rich autumn of *Italy*, or the winter—the long—long winter of *Lapland*, and the Arctic circle ; they are all equally indifferent to his real happiness.

‘ The partiality for our native country,’ it has been well observed by a lively writer, ‘ was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind

of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of *Asia* and *Africa*, and almost made the *tour of Europe*, I think the *honest English Squire* more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer ; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins ; that the *becafigas* of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that, in short there is no perfect enjoyment of this life, out of *Old England*.’

The naturalist, who lately contemplated the *trees* and *shrubs* in all their beauty of outline, foliage, blossoms, colours, and lights and shadows, must now contemplate them in their ramifications, *sprays*, *buds*, and *barks*, in which he will still find abundance of beauty and wonder. Thus, we admire the symmetry of form, the sparkling eye, the blooming cheek, and the curling lock, in the human, especially the female, figure ; but who does not, likewise, admire the proportion and polish of the bones, and the admirable contrivance of the joints of the bare skeleton ? It was the contemplation of a *skeleton* which turned Galen from being an atheist into a worshipper of the Great Jehovah !

A few of our forest trees which are called '*deciduous*' retain their foliage until late in the spring, especially when shooting from old stools in woods and copses, where they furnish a comfortable shelter for many of the small birds during the night, and a covert for the owl by day, as boys well know. The leaves of the *common elm* now strew the ground in profusion, and we trample over the rustling foliage without noticing any thing remarkable. Should we be led to observe these leaves, we shall find them marked with a *dark spot*, which is invariably attached to some of them, every autumn, more or less; by dissection under the microscope it forms a very pretty object, constituting one of the numerous race of FUNGI, arranging as *sphæria xylomoides*! Perhaps no part of organized creation exists for *self* alone, but constitutes a portion of one great union; the fine bearing and connection of each fibre may elude our discovery, but reason and conviction fill up the void. Every known animal yields support to some other being, either *externally* or *internally*; and generally each genus affords something widely different from the other: the common laurel and *ilex aquafolia* have a very remarkable one attached to their leaves, when in a state of decay (*sphæria bifrons*), unlike any other that we know of; and this spot upon the elm leaf, though not so remarkable, presents its distinctive character as manifestly as in plants of more frequent and ready observation. These little notices engage our thoughts and employ our faculties, and the next transition perhaps

Fixes on the
Mind the impress deep of wisdom and of
Power, and lifts the grateful soul with joy,
With rapture, and with love.

Violent storms of wind are not un-

common in October and November; but the partial injury which they occasion is amply compensated by the benefits derived from them in purifying the atmosphere.

Amid the mighty clouds that move along,
The moaning winds of AUTUMN sing their
song,
And shake the red leaves from the forest trees;
And subterranean voices speak.

B. Cornwall.

The following lines afford a fine description of the effect of a storm on the aged tenants of the forest:—

How would each sweeping pond'rous bough
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves!
How would the prone descending show'r
From the green canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
How deep the pealing thunder sound!

Bloomfield.

In this war of the elements many a noble forester is stretched upon the ground; many a 'gnarled' oak succumbs to the power of the mighty wind:—but removed and at length converted into one of Britain's best bulwarks, will yet

Many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory!

Bloomfield.

Such is the effect of a storm on the forests in this temperate region; but insignificant is this compared with the *hurricane* of America, the progress of which is so admirably described by her native bard, Mr. PAULDING. Much as we affect to despise the literature of our transatlantic brethren, and unwilling as we are to allow them merit of any kind, the most prejudiced Englishman must, we think, on the perusal of the following lines, be convinced that the '*Americans possess at least one living POET.*'

The forest roared, the everlasting oak -
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke;
The living leaves scattered wildly every where,
Whirled round in madd'ning circles in the air;
The stoutest limbs were scattered all around,
The stoutest trees a stouter master found;
Crackling and crashing down they thund'ring go,
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below:
Then the thick rain in gathering torrents poured,
Higher the river rose, and louder roared,

And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore
 The gathered spoils of earth along its shore ;
 While trees that not an hour before had stood
 The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,
 Now whirling round and round with furious course,
 Dash 'gainst the rocks that breast the torrent's force,
 And shiver like a reed by urchin broke,
 Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke :
 A hundred cataracts, unknown before,
 Rush down the mountain's side with fearful roar,
 And as with foaming fury down they go,
 Loose the firm rocks and thunder them below ;
 Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,
 Like serpents, menacing with forked tongue ;
 While many a sturdy oak that stiffly braved
 The threat'ning *hurricane* that round it raved,
 Shivered beneath its bright, resistless flash,
 Came tumbling down amain, with fearful crash :
 Air, earth, and skies, seemed now to try their pow'r,
 And struggle for the mastery of the hour.

Backwoodsman.

The 11th of November is celebrated
 as *St. Martin's Day*.

He was a native of Hungary, and
 for some time followed the life of a soldier ; but afterwards took orders, and
 was made Bishop of Tours in France,
 in which see he continued for twenty-
 six years. Martin died about the year
 397. Formerly a universal custom
 prevailed of killing cows, oxen, swine,
 &c. at this season, which were cured
 for winter consumption ; as fresh pro-
 visions were seldom or never to be had
 during the dreary months which suc-
 ceed November. This practice is yet
 retained in some country villages.

It is the day of Martilmasse,
 Cuppes of ale should freebie passe,

What though wynter has begunne
 To push down the summer summe,
 To our fire we can betake,
 And enjoy the crackling brake ;
 Never heeding wynter's face
 On the day of Martilmasse.

The 22d of November is celebrated
 as *St. Cecilia's Day*.

Cecilia was a Roman lady, who re-
 fusing to renounce her religion, was
 thrown into a furnace of boiling water,
 and was scalded to death. Others say
 that she was stifled in a bath, a pun-
 ishment frequently inflicted, at that
 time, on female criminals of rank. She
 suffered martyrdom about the year 225.
 Cecilia is regarded as the patroness of
 music, and is represented with a regal
 in her hand.

ON MUSIC.

BY WM. STRODE.

WHEN whispering streams do softly steal
 With creeping passions through the heart ;
 And when, at every touch, we feel
 Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;
 When threads can make
 A heart-string quake,
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me ! charming air,
 My sense is rocked with wonders sweet,
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
 Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet ;
 Grief who need fear
 That hath an ear ?
 Down let him lie,
 And slumbering die,
 And change his soul for harmony.

ORIGIN OF RINGS, AND SUPERSTITIOUS RESPECT FOR THE VIRTUES OF RARE GEMS.

ACCORDING to the accounts of the heathen mythology, Prometheus, who in the earliest ages had discovered a great number of secrets, having been delivered from the chains by which he was fastened to Mount Caucasus, for stealing fire from heaven, in memory or acknowledgment of the favour he had received from Jupiter, made himself a ring of one of those chains, in whose collet he represented the figure of the rock where he had been detained : or rather, as Pliny says, set in it a bit of the same rock, and put it on his finger. This was the first ring and the first stone.

But we otherwise learn that the use of rings is very ancient, and that the Egyptians were the first inventors of them ; which seems confirmed by the person of Joseph, who as we read in *Genesis*, chap. xli. for having interpreted Pharaoh's dream, received not only his liberty, but was rewarded with the Prince's ring, a collar of gold, and the superintendency of Egypt.

Josephus, in the third book of the *Jewish Antiquities*, says, that the Israelites had the use of them after their passing the Red Sea ; because Moses, at his return from Mount Sinai, found that they had forged the golden calf from the rings of their wives.

The same Moses, which was upwards of four hundred years before the war of Troy, permitted the priests he had established the use of gold rings, enriched with precious stones. The high priest wore upon his ephod, which was a kind of caftan, rich rings that served him as clasps ; and between two of these clasps a large emerald was set, and engraven with mysterious names. The ring he wore on his finger was of inestimable value and celestial virtue.

Had not Aaron, the high priest of the Hebrews, a ring on his finger, whereof the diamond, by its virtue, operated prodigious things ? for it changed its livid lustre into a dark colour,

when the Hebrews were to be punished by death for their sins ; when they were to fall by the sword, it appeared of a blood colour ; if they were innocent, it sparkled as usual.

It is observable that the ancient Hebrews used rings in the time even of the war of Troy. Queen Jezebel, to destroy Naboth, as is related in the third book of *Kings*, made use of the ring of Ahab, King of the Israelites, her husband, to seal the counterfeit letters that ordered the death of that unfortunate man. Judah, as is mentioned in *Genesis*, chapter xxxviii. abused his daughter-in-law, Tamar, who had disguised herself, by giving her his ring and bracelets as a pledge of the faith he had promised her.

Though the great Homer is silent in regard to rings, both in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, they were, notwithstanding, used in the time of the Greeks and Trojans ; and it is from them several other nations received them.

The ring was reputed by some nations a symbol of liberality, esteem, and friendship, particularly among the Persians, none being allowed to wear any, except when given to them from the hand of the King himself. This is what may be also remarked in the person of Apollonius Thyanneus, who, as a token of singular esteem and great liberality, received one of surprising virtue from the great Tarchas, the Prince of the Gymnosophists, who were the ancient priests of the Indies, and dwelt in forests, as our bards and druids, where they applied themselves to the study of wisdom, and to the speculation of the heaven and stars. This philosopher, by the means of that ring, learned every day the greatest secrets in nature.

The Lacedemonians, as related by Alexander *ab Alexandro*, pursuant to the ordinances of their King Lycurgus, had only iron rings, despising those of gold ; either that their King was willing thereby to retrench luxury, or not to permit the use of them.

Though the ring found by Gyges, shepherd to the King of Lydia, has more a fable than truth in it, it will not, however, be amiss to relate what is said concerning it by Herodotus, Colius after Plato, and Cicero, in the third book of his *Offices*.

This Gyges, after a great flood of water, passed into a very deep cavity in the earth; where having found, in the belly of a brazen horse, with a large aperture in it, a human body of enormous size, he pulled from off one of the fingers a ring of surprising virtue; for the stone in the collet rendered him who wore it invisible when the collet was turned towards the palm of the hand, so that the party could see, without being seen, all manner of persons and things. Gyges, having made trial of this efficacy, bethought himself that it would be a means to facilitate his ascending the throne of Lydia; for gaining the Queen by it, he succeeded in his design, having killed Candaules, her husband. The dead body the ring belonged to, was that of an ancient Brachman, who in his time was the chief of all.

The rings of the ancients often served for seals: Alexander the Great, after the defeat and death of Darius, used his ring for sealing the letters he sent into Asia, and his own for those he sent to Europe.

It is also remarkable that the greatest personages wore some stones in the collet of their rings, which could not but be esteemed for rarities, either that they were natural in regard to the figures they represented, or were engraved. The first who adopted the use of rings, in Egypt, had in them the figures of their Gods, or other hieroglyphics.

Silenus, as Alexander says, had a fatal ring, with the figure of an anchor in the collet. This mark became natural to his posterity; for his descendants had it impressed on the thigh at their birth.

Josephus makes mention, that Arius, a King of the Lacedemonians, had in his ring the figure of an eagle holding a dragon between his talons; and that this figure was natural.

Clearchus, a Greek Captain, in the service of Cyrus, as Plutarch relates, had in the stone of his ring a Diana naturally expressed, dancing with her nymphs, and as distinctly as if art had contributed to the formation of the figures. At his death he made a present of this ring to Cresias of Guedus. It was a talisman.

The Cyreneans gave to Battus, the founder of their city, as a token of gratitude a ring, on the stone of which was engraven a kind of herb, called sylph, held to be the rarest and most precious of all.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, wore a ring reputed inestimable on account of its agate, which naturally represented an Apollo, holding his lyre, and seated in the midst of the Muses, so accurately distinguished as if the whole had been designedly disposed, though in effect it was nothing more than an agreeable *lusus nature*. This King having been conquered by the Romans, they kept his ring in the temple of Concord, as the most precious thing belonging to him: it was thought that this ring was a talisman.

Pompey the Great had a lion engraved on his ring, holding a sword. Scylla, on his, had the image of Jugurtha, King of Numidia, because he triumphed over him. Scipio Africanus was represented in his son's ring. Pliny the younger, and Pro-consul, wore engraved on his ring a car drawn by four horses.

The disciples of Epicurus, in veneration, and as a happy omen, had the figure of their master engraved on their rings. Mithridates, who carried poison in the collet of his ring to have power over his life when he pleased, could not effect his desires, having from his early youth accustomed his body to antidotes; so that he was obliged to have himself killed by a Gaul.

But what must be said of the ring of Polycrates, King of the isle of Samos, which had an invaluable diamond set in it? This King having been favoured during his whole life by fortune, was willing to make a visible trial of it, by throwing his ring into the sea; but, by

a very surprising incident, he was so fortunate as to find the same ring in the belly of a large fish that was the next day served at his table. To what must this be attributed, the Prince's good fortune or the virtue of the ring?

It does not appear that Romulus had introduced or authorised the use of rings after the foundation of Rome, for we only find them on the figures of the statues of Numa Pompilius, and Servius Tullus. However, it may be remarked in Florus, that even in that time rings and bracelets were pretty common among the Sabines, because the virgin Tarpeja, one of the Vestals, being gone to draw water for the sacrifice, betrayed one of the gates of the capitol to Tullus, King of the Sabines, and demanded as a recompence the rings or bracelets the soldiers wore on their left hands; but they, pretending she had asked their bucklers, crushed her to death between them, and entered the city, thus acquitting themselves of their promise.

It was customary at Rome for the bridegroom to send to the bride, before marriage, a ring of iron, without either stone or collet, to denote how lasting their union ought to be, and the frugality they were to observe together. The Roman Knights were distinguished from the senators by their gold rings; and it was customary, as a mark of honour, to present Ambassadors with them when they received orders from the senate to go to foreign nations.

It was afterwards a sign of liberty at Rome to wear a gold ring; because the freedman was deemed a person of free birth when he received the right and privilege of the ring, whereby he could also be admitted to dignities, and at last take the title of Knight. In the time of the war between Carthage and Rome, Hannibal, as a token of the signal victory he gained over the Roman army, which was entirely defeated in the battle of Cannes, sent to Carthage three bushels of rings, taken off the fingers of the nobles and Roman Knights who were slain on the field of battle.

Though the first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the ancient Gauls, were accustomed to

wear rings on the middle finger, use at last prevailed among all nations to place them on the finger next to the little one of the left hand, which thence has got the name of annulary, or ring-finger, because there is a small nerve, according to the opinion of the Egyptians, which proceeds from the heart to this finger.

The diamond has been always esteemed by the ancients the rarest stone, and the most precious of all, either for its hardness, its fine brilliancy, its water, or its virtues. It is victorious over fire, and resists also the hardest thing. The finest come from Bismaga and Decan, provinces of the East Indies. The virtue attributed to this stone is against poison, panic terrors, and enchantments: it calms anger and foment love between man and wife, and is therefore called the stone of reconciliation.

Such a pernicious quality is, notwithstanding, attributed to diamond-powder, that it cannot be corrected, either by reason of its being extremely cold, or corrosive; and it is said, that the great physician and chymist Theophrastus Paracelsus, was poisoned by it.

As heat may tarnish the lustre and fire of a diamond, Wolphangus and Andrew Baccin are of opinion, that at night, before going to bed, it ought to be taken off the finger, and laid on some marble; or in some cool place. The symbol of the diamond is constancy, fortitude, innocence, and other heroic virtues.

The carbuncle is so rare and precious a stone, that it is very hard to be found.—Some have said that it is not in nature, but they are greatly mistaken, it being certain that it has been, and is still found. Garcias ab Horto, a physician to the Viceroy of the Indies, writes, that he himself saw carbuncles in that Prince's possession, whose splendour was so prodigious, that they seemed like so many blazing coals, which glowed in the midst of darkness.—Lewis Vertoman, a Roman, relates, that the King of Pegu usually wore one of so large a size, and of so lively and brisk a lustre, that whoever looked at

this King in the darkest night, saw him shine as if surrounded by the rays of the sun. If, therefore, nature produces stones of this quality, that sparkle with so much lustre in the light, and dissipate its obscurity, these stones must be carbuncles; and it is that fire which must distinguish it from other precious stones. If the same nature has given so great a resplendency to a little worm, which in summer-time conquers by its lustre the darkness of the night, and illuminates the objects about it, why should not a body more solid, more purified, and on which nature might have worked during several ages, have the same fire with more brilliancy, being a more finished work, and whose merit, except in point of life, surpasses that of the glow-worm?

Ælian relates, in his *History of Animals*, that a young stork having been cured of a broken thigh by a woman of Tarentum, in gratitude for her care had let fall into her lap a precious carbuncle, which shined in the night as a burning candle. Hence it is manifest, that dragons only carry them about them to give themselves light; and that they do not grow out of their heads, because birds know how to distinguish them from other stones, and to find them in the places where they grow.

The carbuncle is of different kinds and sexes. Its nature is to emit a coruscant fire, which shines brighter the greater the obscurity is. It also contains drops of gold, like so many stars within. These are the rarest carbuncles, and they come from Ethiopia. The Chaldeans had so great a veneration for this stone, that they used it in their ceremonies. It is still remarkable, that the carbuncle cannot be counterfeited. Its supposed virtues are, to resist fire, to stop defluxions of the eyes, to divert dreams and nocturnal illusions, and to serve as an antidote against corrupt and pestilential air.

The ruby differs much from the carbuncle, though some place no distinction between them. It is diaphanous, and variegated with little spots of azure in the midst of its purple colour. The less azure it has, the more noble and

beautiful it is. The best are from the isle of Ceylon, and the river Pegu. That which the Emperor Rodolphus II. had, was as big as a hen's egg, and valued at sixty thousand ducats. The virtues ascribed to it are for resisting poison, preserving from the plague, banishing sorrow, repressing luxury, and averting ill thoughts. If it changes colour, it portends impending misfortunes; but it resumes its colour as soon as they are over.

The amethyst is in great esteem for its excellencies, and therefore ranked among the most precious stones. The best are from the East Indies, though Germany and Bohemia furnish pretty good. The more deep and less transparent their violet-colour is, the greater esteem they are in. This stone is called amethyst from its colour, and because it hinders drunkenness; for being applied to the navel, it attracts and dissipates the fumes of wine. It also is said to divert ill thoughts, to make the mind joyful, and to acquire for the bearer the favour of Princes. The Roman ladies were very fond of this stone.

The jacinth is of the number of rare stones; and such of them as are reputed the most beautiful, have the glow of flames of fire, and emulate the colour of scarlet, or natural vermillion. The Oriental are the most noble. Their principal use, formerly, was against the plague, being hung to the neck. They were also thought to fortify the heart, to secure from the effects of lightning, and to augment riches, honour, prudence, and wisdom.

The emerald is the most perfect, beautiful, and sprightly, among precious stones. The most considerable come from the Indies, Persia, and Peru. The reputed virtues of this stone are to prevent epileptic fits; and, if the disorder is so violent as not to be conquered by it, it breaks.

The opal, of which there are four sorts, challenges an eminent rank among precious stones, because it partakes of the beauty of all the others, and cannot be counterfeited. The virtues attributed to the opal are for recreating the spirits of the heart, preserving against

contagious air, hindering fainting fits, and malign affections.

We shall finish this essay by the pantarbe, of which Philostrates, in the *Life of Apollonius*, relates wonderful effects. The stone is incomparable, both in beauty and virtue; for it has so piercing a lustre, and so brisk a fire, that, like the carbuncle, it lights up day in the midst of darkness. But what is most admired is, that this light is a spirit, accompanied by such an effect that it insinuates and diffuses itself in the earth to attract insensibly the

other stones round about it; and even as far as this virtue extends, so far it has strength, and all these stones resemble a cluster of bees surrounding their king.

Heliodorus, in his *History of Theagenes and Caricles*, says, that it preserves from fire those that carry it about them; and that Caricles was preserved it, notwithstanding the fury and vengeance of Arsace, Queen of Ethiopia. It was held to be one of the first talismans Theagenes was possessed of in Egypt.

NEW QUAKER BARD.

(From the London Magazines, August, 1821.)

POEMS, BY P. M. JAMES.

IN this small volume of Poems, the compositions are of so slight a nature as to preclude critical remark; and if we say that the pieces are generally pleasing, the sentiments moral, and the style (with a few exceptions of lame rhythm) agreeable, we shall have spoken all the truth, and done the author justice. Mr. James, we understand, adds another to the catalogue of

bards belonging to the Society of Friends. Not aiming so high as Barton or Wiffen, (to the latter of whom we owe a review for his late translation from Tasso,) he has struck a very musical chord, and seems gifted with those feelings which constitute a poet. He must, however, be more careful in preserving harmony in his measures; we copy two or three specimens.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PRIESTS.

Or, the Three Good Things of Malvern.

[A tale of the 'olden tyme.']

Sweetly was chaunted the evening hymn,
At the sound of the vesper bell;
The pilgrim had knelt at our Lady's shrine,
He had drank at our Lady's well.

The sun had nigh set, and the Monks had all met,
And the anthem had died away,
The hearth blazed bright, and the torch pour'd its light
On the Priests and their goodly array.

'I have seen,' said the Pilgrim, 'the tremulous wave
That murmurs at Galilee still;
But never so sweet did the shadow fall
As it falls o'er Malvern Hill.

'I have wandered afar for my penance and pain,
Where the breezes of Lebanon blow;
But richer the gales that o'er Malvern rise,
From the apple bowers below.

'The mountains are green and the land is good,
And your turrets are fair to see;
And for three good things is Malvern fam'd,
Now tell these three things unto me.

' Oh ! are they the SHRINE of our Lady dear,
And the PENANCE of Benedict's sway !
And the third the WELL with the waters clear,
That run to the rising ray ?'

Then up rose a Friar, and laugh'd as he rose,
And his flagon he fill'd to the brim ;
(No Priest in the Abbey of Great Malvern,
Sung mass or shrived sinners like him.)

His eye and his cheek were bright with the gale
Of the hills where the red deer run ;
For the Friar had hastened from Little Malvern,
Where he had been shriving a Nun.

' What knave,' cried the Friar, ' could wander so far,
Yet hold us such ignorant elves ?
Sir Pilgrim, though beadsmen of penance may preach,
Yet they love somewhat better themselves.

' Lo ! the chace wide extends round our ample domain,
And the Severn runs proud at our feet ;
And the orchards that spread o'er the prospect afar,
Yield cider bright, sparkling and sweet.

' Let pilgrims still drink of the crystalline spring,
And sinners on pilgrimage pass ;
Give Beadsmen fresh SALMON and dainty red DEER,
And LIQUOR that foams in the glass !'

THE IVY AND PAINTED WINDOW.

Through Malvern's sweet village strange rumours were spread,
That a plot had been laid and the church was in danger !
The tidings had filled every villager's head,
And the noise it occasioned alarmed every stranger.

The report thus arose—a green ivy had grown
Up the walls of the church, the old structure adorning ;
Till it reached the east window, where gaily were shown
Apostles and saints in the bright hues of morning.

And it still must be owned, that 'twas pleasant to see
The sun and the wind with the ivy leaves dally ;
To hear round its blossoms the hum of the bee,
That came lured by their sweets from the mountain or valley.

And when the day sank on the bosom of night,
Like a sport-wearied child on the breast of its mother,
We then soothly might say by the summer moon's light,
That the ivy and window were made for each other.

The night-hawk that roams like a spirit through air,
Led his bride to its chambers with tender caresses ;
'Midst its branches the owl built her palace so fair,
And rear'd her grey brood in its dark green recesses.

Thus time flew away, till arose a complaint,
That the ivy grown wanton, and evil designing,
In its gambols had knock'd out the head of a saint,
And had ruin'd a nun with its twisting and twining.

Nay the parish clerk swore that an owl from her den,
Had look'd into the church through a pane that was broken ;
That the owl cried to-whoo ! while the clerk cried amen !
And the ivy was blamed for so evil a token.

And 'twas said that the boughs which crown'd buttress and arch,
The ravage of ages with verdure renewing,
Like a wreath for the forehead of Time on his march,
Now hung o'er the fane like the omen of ruin.

Just like love when it touches the resolute mind,
It blends beauty with valour, with grace melauncholy ;
Till the soul to the triumphs of passion resign'd,
Grows insensate to fame and enamour'd with folly.

So the axe to the trunk of the ivy was laid,
And the fowls of the air from its branches were driven,
And its leaves which the altar in beauty array'd,
To pale desolation were ruthlessly given.

Then the wild bee complain'd as she sought her lov'd flowers,
' Oh ! why are the blossoms so tediously coming ?'
And zephyr inquired for the evergreen bowers,
Where her voice had kept tune to the bees' gentle humming.

—Yet nature proclaims, ' that securely in earth,
Sleeps a root of the ivy its honours renewing ;
And when time's ling'ring hand gives the slumberers birth,
It shall wave in its pride o'er the temple in ruin.'

THE RETROSPECT.

" I would not live life o'er again
For all its joys, to share its pain ;
Life's springs and pastimes tempt me not,
To wish its cares again my lot.

What tho' youth's devious course hath been
A chequer'd yet a cheerful scene !
Our pleasures to the world are known,
Our silent griefs are all our own !

'Tis sweet to view from sheltering bower,
The high arch'd rainbow span the shower ;
But he who still must 'bide the storm
Cares little for the rainbow's form.

When memory seems t' obey thy will,
She fails to cull the good from ill ;
But true alike to joy and woe,
She culls them both, her power to show.

These from life's troubles could we take,
Their influence heaven and earth would make ;
The charm that dwells with death would fly,
For who, with these, would wish to die ?"

VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

The schooner is repaired, and the mutineers sent into the interior ; sail for the Columbia river. Arrive at New Archangel or Norfolk Sound, for furs ; return to the Columbia river.—Sail for Monterey for the purpose of forming a factory to supply the establishment on Columbia river with provisions.—Spaniards refuse to allow this.—Sail for Bodago.—Russians refuse to allow the gentlemen to remain till our return to Canton.—Arrival at Owyhee.—Visited by the King.—Natives crowd on board.—A summary method to get rid of them.—Two gentlemen of the N. W. company land at Owyhee to wait our return.—Sail for and arrive at Canton.

THE natives of the Columbia brought us plenty of fine salmon, sturgeon, and fruit, such as strawber-

ries, &c. for which we gave them, in exchange, knives, buttons, &c. We shortly after observed a remarkably large canoe coming off with two Indians very finely dressed: they proved to be the king's sons, Cosalas and Selechel, who made us signs that there was a three-masted ship above the point. We gave these people bread and treacle, of which they appeared to be very fond. Shortly after we perceived a schooner-boat beating down the river; and about 7 o'clock she anchored in-shore of us. I went on board of her well armed, and found Mr. Black, chief mate of the Isaac Todd, with several of the clerks be-

longing to the North-west company, whom I brought to the Columbia. The schooner was manned with Sandwich Islanders. The next morning we weighed and ran up the river, passed two Indian villages belonging to the Chenook tribe, and came to above Village Point, along side of the Isaac Todd, in 7 fathoms water, good bottom. Captain Smith visited us, and a large bark canoe came across from Fort George, in which was the Governor, J. G. McTavish, Esq. with whom Captain Robson went on shore. Next day Captain Robson returned with a party from the fort to take the mutineers on shore, well guarded. After the necessary precautions, we then crossed the river in three and a half fathoms water, and anchored under Fort George in six fathoms water, very excellent holding ground. We were visited daily by Comley, king of the Chenook tribe, with his wives and family; and also by the other tribes about the river, bringing sea-otter and beaver skins, (which we were not allowed to buy from them) with plenty of fine salmon and sturgeon. During this time the Isaac Todd had been taking furs for China; Mr. Bethune, one of the North West Company, went on board as supercargo for China.

Having finished the rigging of the schooner, we commenced taking in bar-iron, rum, powder, ball, &c. for the Russian settlements to the northward. Mr. James McTavish came on board as supercargo; Mr. McLennan as clerk. Finding there were several American ships on the coast, we embarked two long six-pounders and a brass four-pounder, with small arms, &c.; also three Sandwich Islanders who were left here by the Tonquin, three Canadians, an old man, who had been a long time in the Russian N. W. company's service, and a half-bred boy. On the 4th August, eight bark canoes belonging to the N. W. company, sailed with stores for the posts in the interior, with 7 men in each canoe, including 3 of our mutineers; the other being a blacksmith was kept at the river. On the 16th, both ships weighed with a strong breeze from N. W. and turned over the bar, in a heavy

sea in 3 fathoms water. We left the Isaac-Todd at anchor, and made all sail to the westward. On the 26th of August had a strong gale, sprung our bowsprit and fore-top-mast; and on the 30th saw Queen Charlotte's island. Sept. 2, we made the land called, by the Russians New-Archangel, and by the English, Prince of Wales's Archipelago; in the evening we were close in with the bay of islands, to the northward of the Norfolk Sound of Capt. Cook. When we got to the head of the sound, we run inside a group of islands, and came to off the Russian part in 3 1-2 fathoms water, a fine American ship, Capt. Bacon, laying there with a valuable cargo of furs on board, which they had collected on the N. W. coast. Captain Robson and the supercargo waited on the governor Barinoff. By the 21st we completed our rigging, wooding, and watering, took on board a quantity of fur, seal-skins, and made all clear for sea.—While we lay here a large Russian brig arrived with a valuable cargo of furs from the Aluthean or Fox Islands; also sloop Constantine from Kodia, with furs and stores. At this time there were two large ships hauled on shore, undergoing repairs; two large sloops ready for sea, and two gun-boats; a ship of 400 tons which they had built here was trading for furs; and a large brig and schooner trading on California. The Americans were very friendly with us, often spending their evenings on board.

It is the custom of governor Barinoff to make his visitors drunk, when they dine with him. On these occasions he will commence firing guns, which must be answered by the ships, and I have often been obliged to fire above 50 guns in a day. The Russians have a fine fort on a high rock, mounting about 60 guns, and well calculated to defend them from the Indians; a good ship would however soon destroy it. They have also block-houses and a town of about 60 houses, a church, ship-yard, &c. and about 100 Russians, chiefly convicts from Siberia. They employ a great number of Kodiak and Onalaska Indians to hunt the sea-otter and man their ships; they also hire Amer-

ican ships to take Indians and canoes to California, where the sea-otters are very plentiful, for the capture of which they allow the ships a certain proportion. They have also several hostages from the tribe about the Sound, and will not allow a canoe to come near the fort, without bringing a handsome present; they have a look-out house on the top of the fort, where a man is constantly kept with a spy-glass in his hand, and if a canoe should heave in sight, a gun-boat is immediately despatched after her. The town is inclosed by a high paling, and look-out houses at the distance of twenty yards from each other. Every Russian has cleared a piece of ground, where they plant potatoes, &c.; by which means, with plenty of fish and whale blubber, they live very comfortably, marrying the Koadiac and Analaska women, who are very industrious and good wives. The Russians are extremely fond of rum, and will part with any thing for it; tobacco is also in great request. This country abounds with wood, chiefly of the pine kind. The hills are covered with snow; and it rains a great deal; we had not six fine days while we lay there. The whole population of this establishment does not exceed 1000 souls.

Sept. 27, we made sail out of the Sound, and stood off towards Columbia river. We found the Isaac Todd had left the river on the 26th Sept. The Cheenook tribe of Indians were rejoiced to see us, and treated us in a very friendly way; their king Comley came on board as usual. I was therefore despatched in the schooner-boat to bring the body of Mr. M'Tavish to the fort. Capt. Robson read the burial-service. On Nov. 5th we finished a cargo of furs for China, and an assortment of goods for the Spanish main; and at length cleared the dangerous bar, and stood off to the southward towards Monterey. On the 22d made the coast of California; saw the harbour of Sir Francis Drake, and the port of St Francisco; passed the Fanbone rocks; at daylight saw the north-point of Monterey bay; in the evening, it falling calm, came to in the bay in 50 fathoms sand; at daylight weigh-

ed and came to in the anchorage in 11 fathoms, sandy bottom, about a quarter of a mile from Captain Vancouver's Observatory, and about the same distance from the fort. I went on shore and was kindly received by the Spaniards, who had all their force (about 50 horsemen) drawn up on the beach to receive me. Mr. M'Dougal informed the governor that he wished to remain at Monterey to collect provisions for the N. W. company's establishment on the Columbia river. On the 16th Dec. we received a final answer from Mexico, that they could not allow any gentleman to remain in the country; we might land the goods we had brought to barter, and the governor was to see to the collecting of provisions for us against our return from Canton; but the cooper was allowed to remain (as a great favour) to superintend the curing of the beef. With these terms we were obliged to comply. On the 21st we sailed towards Bodago, a Mission establishment on New Albion, lat. $38^{\circ} 0$, which we reached. On the 24th we pulled up a large lagoon, where we saw a large number of Indians collected round a fire. We landed and found ourselves *above* an Indian village, for here they live under ground, and we could hear their voices beneath us. Several old women and children made their appearance; we gave them some beads, and by signs inquired where the Russians were; they pointed to the men round the fire, to whom we accordingly went up, and found them killing rabbits. Their mode of hunting them is to fire the grass for a considerable distance, and kill the rabbits as they are endeavouring to escape from the flame. The natives appear to be a very harmless race. We inquired for the Russians and they pointed to the northward. We then left them, and, on passing the village, some of our party had the curiosity to enter into their subterraneous abodes, but were obliged to make a hasty retreat, pursued by swarms of fleas, and an intolerable stench from a mass of filth. We reembarked, made sail to the northward, were visited by some Russians in bodarkees; and one of them piloted us to the settlement,

where we anchored with the stream in 30 fathoms water, bottom of soft mud, about 1 mile from the shore. Mr. M'Dougal then went on shore to ask permission to remain while the schooner arrived from Canton, which was refused by Governor Kutscoff, without first getting permission from Governor Barinoff. At daylight we made sail for the Sandwich Islands. January 7, in lat. 27 N. we fell in with the N. E. trade-wind; on the 16th Jan. made the island of Owyhee; some natives visited us, and informed us that Tameamah was at the village of Tyroa. We made all sail for that place, and the next day ran between Owyhee and Mowee, and stood close in shore. The natives came off in great numbers, bringing with them hogs, vegetables, rope, and cloth of the country; we allowed a few to enter the vessel, and took a chief woman on board, who acted as pilot. About midnight we reached Tyroa, where we anchored in 30 fathoms water, very foul bottom; saluted Tameamah. Mr. McDougal went on shore, and returned with the King next morning: Tameamah in a coloured shirt, velvet breeches, red waistcoat, large military shoes, and worsted stockings, a black silk handkerchief round his neck, no coat: he is a tall, stout, athletic man, nose rather flat, thick lips, the upper one turned up; an open countenance, with three of his front teeth gone. We weighed anchor, and towed close in shore in 14 fathoms sandy bottom; the canoes collected from all parts, and, in a short time, there were no fewer than eighty of them, with from 3 to 10 men in each, and some hundreds of men, women, and children swimming about the ship, regardless of the sharks; the decks were soon covered with them. Captain Robson being rather alarmed at having so many on board, told the king to send them on shore. He took a handspike in his hand, and said a few words, and in a moment the men flew out of the ship in all directions. The king ordered us to hoist a white flag, which here signifies taboo, or prohibition, and then ordered two of his hikanees, or confidential men, to remain on board to keep

the natives from stealing. The king, queens, and principal chiefs remained with us all day, and had their dinner sent on board to them not being allowed to eat ship provision. It is a strange custom, that any thing out of which the king ate or drank he had sent on shore. In the afternoon Captain Robson landed in company with his Majesty, who gave Mr. McDonald permission to stop in his dominions as long as he pleased, and assured him he should want for nothing.

The king sent off a supply of hogs and tarrow, some very good island rope; and the same night, Jan. 18th, weighed and made for Canton. On the 6th of March, it being foggy we sounded occasionally in from 35 to 20 fathoms of water; when it cleared up, we were surrounded by Chinese fishing boats, the sea being completely covered with them. On the 9th we ran into Macoa roads, and came to in 3 1-2 fathoms water. Capt. Robson went on shore in a Chinese boat: in the evening he returned, and the next day he took the young woman on shore, the Chinese not allowing her to proceed to Canton in the schooner. On the 27th of March, we got a pilot, and stood up the river; we were three days in our passage up to Wampoa.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Robson gives up the command of the schooner Columbia; Captain Jennings appointed to succeed him.—Some particulars respecting Captain Jennings.—Sail from Canton.—Arrive at the Columbia river.—Massacre of three persons belonging to the Fort.—Assassins discovered and shot.—Another voyage to Monterey; plenty of provisions procured by the Cooper.—Description of the Town and Country.

At Canton, Captain Robson found Mr. Bethune, and sixteen Sandwich Islanders who had been left by the Isaac Todd. On March 28th, 1815, being quite tired of the North West coast of America, and determined to return to England, he gave charge of the schooner to Captain Jennings, agreeably to an order from Mr. Bethune. Captain Jennings had left England in the brig Forester, and made an attempt to go round Cape Horn, but did not succeed. At last they bore up for the

Cape of Good Hope ; going through the Straits of Tymore ; the chief mate with four of the crew, took the gig and left the ship in the night. After a tedious and troublesome passage, the Forester arrived off the island of Woa-hoo (one of the Sandwich Islands) the crew being at that time in a state of mutiny. They saw several ships in the harbour, among which was the American schooner privateer *Tameamah*, Captain Porter. A canoe came off, and Captain Jennings intercepted a letter his crew were sending on shore, to say, that if the vessels in the harbour would send their boats out, they would find friends. Captain Jennings immediately made sail towards Owyhee. On arriving, he anchored at Tyroa, the residence of the king, who came on board with all his family, and on learning from the Captain his situation, promised him every assistance. He accordingly got the Forester underweigh and ran to Harakakooa-bay, where Captain Cook was killed : here the Indians watered the ship, bringing the water down from the mountains in calabashes.

A very serious accident took place on board the Forester while she lay here. A boy ran away, but was brought back again, having lost all his clothes. One afternoon, when the ship was on the point of sailing, and Capt. Jennings had occasion to go on shore, the boy went up to him, and told him he wanted his clothes, and would not go to sea without them. The Captain promised that he would try to get them ; and if not, some slops should be provided : the boy, however, would not be satisfied, and was extremely impertinent, which at last enraged Captain Jennings so much, that he gave him a box on the ear. Upon this the mutineer took hold of the Captain, who was a small man, and threw him down. The clerk, Mr. Ebbets, immediately knocked the lad down, and the boatswain espousing his quarrel, ran aft and struck Mr. Ebbets so violently as to stretch him on the deck. Captain Jennings then got clear, and called for irons to put on to the boatswain, who remained quiet for some time. The irons happened to be too small, and the

culprit having called for man's irons, went forward where he procured a long knife, and swore he would stab the first man that attempted to put him in irons. The Captain now seized a musket lying by the poop, presented it, and told him if he did not keep quiet he would shoot him. The man opened his jacket, and baring his breast, told the Captain to shoot and be damned ; on which the latter fired, and shot him in the shoulder, with a bullet cut in four pieces. He instantly dropped, crying out "he was murdered." The crew were for rigging a whip to hang the Captain forthwith to the yard arm ; but while they were still debating the matter, Captain Jennings sprang from the ship into a canoe, and was paddled by the natives to the shore, where the king, *Tameamah*, protected him. The wounded man was also taken on shore, but, from the want of proper assistance, mortification ensued ; and as he would not allow his arm to be amputated, in a few days he died. Several of the crew left the Forester, vowing to be revenged. In the mean time, Mr. Piggot, the supercargo, took the command, and got one Adams to navigate her, and some islanders to work the ship. He then sailed from Harakakooa-bay for the coast of California, leaving Captain Jennings and five of the crew on shore. Some time after, his Majesty's ship *Cherub*, Captain Tucker, touched at Owyhee, under American colours, and the Forester's people having ventured on board, were detained while their late Captain kept out of the way. The Jacob Todd arrived shortly after, and his voyage to Canton in her led to the arrangement I have just mentioned. I sailed upwards of three years with him in the *Columbia*, and found him to be every way a proper person to command a ship in those seas.

Previous to sailing from Wampana, on the 28th of April, we took all the Sandwich Islanders on board ; several of whom died shortly after. On the 2d of May we weighed from Macoa roads, and sailed for the *Columbia* river, and on July 1st crossed the bar and anchored. At this time the river was full of Indians, and we were visited

by them, bringing plenty of good salmon and berries. After we left the river in November, 1814, the natives had been very troublesome. A blacksmith and two men were sent a short distance into the woods to burn charcoal, where they commenced building a hut; several Indians gathered round them, apparently in a friendly manner, but the moment an opportunity offered they took the axes belonging to the party, and made a furious attack, cutting and mangling them most barbarously. They then made off, taking the axes with them; and the bodies were found next morning by some of the people. A strict inquiry was set on foot for the authors of this outrage, king Comley offering his services to find them; and at length, by the help of many valuable presents and some threats, two of them were discovered. One of the others was recognized by the Americans; he had, on a former occasion been kicked from the fort for theft, and belonged to a tribe in the interior, denominated Soosoonies; and it was to revenge his disgrace that he persuaded some of his nation to join him and murder the men. The prisoners were confined in the bastion, and next morning led out, blindfolded, to be shot. They were placed opposite a six-pounder, while a party of riflemen were in the bastion ready to fire through the loop-holes, which manoeuvre was made use of in order to make the Indians believe that they were shot by the great gun. Their dead bodies were taken down to the wharf in coffins, and exposed for some days, till their friends were allowed to carry them away.

The Columbia now took another trip to Monterey, where we recovered all our people who deserted from the Isaac Todd. We found the cooper had not been idle; he had cured plenty of beef, and collected flour, beans, corn, tallow, &c. the farmers bringing these provisions in daily. The town of Monterey is most pleasantly situated on a beautiful and extensive plain, and

nearly half a mile from a sandy beach. It consists of about 50 houses of one story, built in a square, surrounded by a stone wall, about 18 feet high; on the south side of the square stands the church; on the west the governor's house; and on the east side, the lieutenant governor's house and king's stores; on the north side is the grand and principal entrance, gaol and guard house, and in the middle are two field pieces, six-pounders. There are many farm houses scattered over the plain, with large herds of cattle and sheep; on the north side of the bay is the river Carmel, which is full of excellent salmon and other fish. The fort stands on a hill, about one mile to the westward of the town; and just above the landing-place, it is quite open on the land side, and embrasures thrown up on the sea-side, mounting ten brass 12-pounders, with a good supply of copper shot. At the landing place, close to Captain Vancouver's Observatory, is a battery of two long 9-pounders, manned by about thirty soldiers. The governor and a few others are old Spaniards; the remaining inhabitants are creoles of the country. They keep the Indians under great subjection, making them work very hard, chained two and two: the whole population of Monterey does not exceed 400 souls. About four miles to the southward stands the Mission of Carmel; and about twelve miles to the northward is the Mission of Santa Cruz. The bay is sheltered from east to west, lying open to the northerly winds; the best anchorage is in 7 fathoms, the fort bearing west, half a mile from the shore. The country is well wooded with pine and oak, but badly watered. There are many bears, wolves, foxes, deer, beaver, &c. and in the winter the ducks and geese are very plentiful. The bullocks are sold at four dollars each, and the sheep at one; two ships touch here annually for tallow, and to bring supplies for the establishments on California.

previously placed the bag with the stone. They were not in my hat when I left the cage, as was supposed on my trial. Dunbar† then called Morrin to come up and let out the ministers. He came up the stairs accordingly with a plate of potatoe-soup for McGroory.‡ When he got to the top, he shut the cage-door. I then came out upon him from the closet, and the pushing open of the door knocked the plate out of his hand. I struck him one blow with the stone, dashed him down stairs, and, without the loss of a moment, pulled the dub§ of the other jiger|| from his suck. I gave only one blow with the stone, and immediately threw it down. Dunbar picked it up, but I believe no more blows were given, so that Morrin must have received his other wounds in falling. I observed Dunbar on the top of him rifling his breast for the key, I suppose, which I had got. Simpson had hold of Morrin's shoulders, and was beating his back on the steps of the stair. I rushed past them, crossed the yard as I could, pulled the dub from my cloy,¶ where I had concealed it, and opened the outer jiger. It was sworn upon my patter,** that I had the dub in my fam†† when I passed through the yard, but this neither is, nor could be true, for it would let all the debtors see what I was about. Besides, I well remember, that upon getting to the top of the outer stair, I sunk into my cloys with both fams, not being sure in my hurry, into which of them I had put the key. Some of the witnesses also said that I was bare-headed, but this was not the case, for I had Dunbar's toper‡‡ upon me.

On getting out at the jiger, I ran round the east corner of the jail-wall, and then walked rapidly along the back street, and round a great part of the veil,§§ till I came to the back of the King's Arms Inn. Dunbar made up to me, and at that very moment we saw a bulkie coming right up to meet us. On this we wheeled about and shirried; but Dunbar was pulled|||| before he ran

ten yards, and I had the mortification to see my fellow adventurer secured. I once thought of bolting among them to rescue him; but the mob was too great for me. I went up through the yard of the King's Arms, crossed the High street, and ran down the Vennel to the Nith. I kept along the water-side till I got away to the east of Cumlungan Wood, having run nearly ten miles in less than an hour. I then got upon the high road to Annan, when I saw a post chaise at full gallop, almost within 20 yards of me. Upon this I dub'd my tuig,† and leapt a hedge into a field, where some coves were rousting ronnies. They all joined the bulkies, who had got out of the chaise, in the pursuit of me. I crossed the field at a slapping pace, and made for Cumlungan wood. I bolted over a very deep ditch, covered with briers, and ran a few steps along the side of the hedge, for the purpose of making the bulkies think I was going into the wood. I then wheeled round, louted, and, when they went up the one side of the ditch, I shirried¶¶ down the other: little did they know I was so near them—I could have breathed upon John Richardson§§ as he passed me. In this way I came to the cross road which leads from the Nith to the public road, and never did a fox double the hounds in better style.

“I then made for Annan, and got through it before the town rose, and getting on a mile or two upon the Carlisle road, I went into a belt of planting, close to a small farm town. Watching an opportunity, I dived into a haystack, and lay there all night, and next day till two in the afternoon, when I heard a woman ask a boy if ‘that lad was taken that had broken out from Dumfries jail,’ the boy answered ‘No, but the jailor died last night at ten o'clock.’ His words struck me to the soul; my heart died within me, and I was insensible for a good while: on coming to myself I could scarcely believe I had heard them, for the possibility of poor Morrin's death had never

† Other prisoners.

§ Key.

|| Door.

¶ Pocket.

** Trial.

†† Hand.

‡‡ Hat, tile.

§§ Town.

|||| Caught.

† Coat, or clothing.

¶¶ Ran.

§§ An officer.

entered my mind. The woman and boy passed on. I came out of the stack, and resolved to proceed, whatever should be the consequence. I advanced upon the road, and would have given the world for a change of clothes. Seeing a scare-crow in a field, I went up, undressed him, and marched on in the dress of a potatoe-bogle.

"On the Wednesday night I slept in a hay-loft. In the morning a man came up to fill the horses' racks, and was within a foot of me; but I was nicely plank't among the hay, and I heard all his conversation with a cove down in the stable, without being observed. They had been talking about me before they came to the stable, for the first thing I heard was, 'He maun be a terrible fallow.'—The other said, 'Ou, he's the awfu'st cheild ever was; he has broken a' the jails in Scotland but Dumfries, and he's broken hit at last. 'Am sure I wish he may keep awa'—it will no bring back the man's life, and I ken his father.'"

"About 8 o'clock in the morning I started from my place of concealment, without being noticed, and proceeded on my weary way. I got to Carlisle on the Thursday evening, and went to Mrs. Stubbs's in Riccargate: being told there that the whole voil was in an uproar about me, I said she was quite mistaken to suppose that my name was Haggart, and assured her that my name was Barney McCoul, by which name she formerly knew me. At length she prevailed on me to go out of the house along with her to a friend of her's, as I was in danger to remain with her.

"She conducted me accordingly to a very snug crib, where I got some victuals which was the first time I had broken my fast since I left Dumfries. Next day I got a fresh dress, and also procured blones tuigs, in which, determined to prosecute the rest of my journey, I travelled through night and lurked about plantings and wild places in the day time; I took care to provide myself with a good parcel of grub before I left Carlisle. In Newcastle I remained twelve days, and was dressed in coves tuigs* all the time.

"One day, another lad named Fleming, alias Yorkshire Bill, with whom I had formerly been acquainted, went with me to the market, and seeing an old conish cove with a rum lil in his suck, we determined to have it. Bill crossed him and undubbed his tuig, I followed and touched his lil with my forks, which Bill raised from the bottom, brought it with me, and proceeded through the market. We got twenty-two screaves† by this adventure, which we whacked."‡

In bringing the notice of this biography to a conclusion, we are rather inclined to copy what may interest our readers as a tale, than what we might chuse to place before them for the sake of moral influence. After all, a thief is but a thief, and little good can be drawn from depravity, which to know is almost a vice; and yet, which to know may be useful. After Haggart's murder at Dumfries, from his quick lapse into crime, his remorse and repentance, he was again involved in the full swing of crime. After performing many feats in England and Scotland, he went to Ireland with one Edgy, and he gives an alluring account of the sister isle for persons of his profession.

"Edgy (he says) was well known in Belfast, and was pulled for some old offence. Being left by myself, I went to attend Lisburne market, and commenced my first operations upon Irish ground. I had not been long in the market till I could observe how freely the Irish boys dashed about their blunt, although they are the worst in the world at parting with it upon my terms; for when a snib is caught in the attempt, they practise his own profession upon him. They strip him of all his blunt, and even his clothes, and batter his brains like a pigeon-house door, and trouble themselves no further about him. But for all this, Paddyland is the land for pick-pockets; lots of money, oceans of drink, and knocking down pellmell even on;—then is the time to work away at the business. England is too much hunted, and there is no money in Scotland."

|| Concealed.

* Man's clothes.

‡ Notes.

† Shared.

LIFE OF DAVID HAGGART.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE career of vice is not without its moral lesson ; and, in this respect the memoirs of the wretched Haggart, who has expiated his offences on the gallows, is unquestionably calculated to do more good than the adventures of Juans and other heroes of the modern school, tricked out with all the gay colouring of genius, and painted as happy revellers in every indulgence and change of sin ; lust, robbery, murder, have their true proportions here. The youth of the miserable criminal alone excites our pity, and we are not led by delusive reasoning and dazzling fancies to lose our hatred of guilt in admiration of its perpetrator, in doubt as to his motives, and in sorrow for apparently inevitable circumstances which control his destiny. Here the *Haidées* are the *Blones* of slang depravity ; the goblets of wine, in lascivious inebriety, sink into *Budge* or *Lush* (drink) ; the dearest associate in depredation is but a *Pall*, and the high-spirited corsair is no better than a *Snib*, or a *Geach*, whose *pluck* carries him through his brief span, and finally surrenders him to the *Bulkies* and *Topping Cove* (constables and hangman.)

The subject of this little volume was hanged at Edinburgh, on the 18th of July last, at the age of 21. His life, though short, was full of infamy ; and his story unfolds as undeviating a course of wickedness as, perhaps, ever disgraced humanity. He tells it himself, while under sentence of death, and thus the evil he has done lives after him—there was, unfortunately, little of good to be interred with his bones. His adventures are far from partaking of those entertaining incidents which amuse the reader of *Barrington* and *Vaux*. He is rather a *Jonathan Wild* of a lower order, that is to say, without the atrocity which has

a certain grandeur about it, and demands abhorrent vengeance, while lesser villainies obtain only contemptuous stripes. Yet he committed at least one murder, that of *Morrin*, the turnkey of *Dumfries* gaol, for which he suffered, and never appears to have wanted courage in any of the dangers to which he was exposed.

He was born at Edinburgh, and commenced thief at the early age of ten years. Being however apprenticed to a millwright, he was afterwards somewhat reclaimed ; but he says—

“ Although, during my service, I acted with fidelity towards my masters, yet in the latter part of it, I had contracted an intimacy with several loose characters, and had various adventures in the streets at night : but these were very limited, owing to the early hours which my parents forced me to keep, and also owing to my want of knowledge of the flash canes, where I might fence my snib’d lays ; therefore my attentions were entirely confined to blunt. I was very fond of company, and I now had greater opportunities of gratifying my propensities. I was never given to drink, or, indeed, to the company of men, but principally frequented dances and raffles, where I mingled in the society of both sexes of the most dissolute character. I was thrown idle about the month of April, 1817, and in less than three months I found myself plunged into such a state of vice and wickedness, that my mind could not suffer reflection. I spent whole nights in the streets, or in worse places. Every thing I saw, or heard, or did, was wicked ; my nights and my days were evil ; I could not bear to look at my relations ; and growing at last impatient of the restraint of living in my father’s house, I formed the resolution of shifting my scene of action.

* Alias John Wilson, alias John Morrison, alias Barney McCoul, alias John McColgan, alias Daniel O’Brien, alias The Switcher. Written by himself, while under sentence of death.

"Among my associates, I had formed a great intimacy with Barnard McGuire, an Irishman, a darling of a boy. He was brought up to the trade of a tailor, in Dumfries. He was considerably older than myself. He was of a bold enterprising spirit, of great bodily strength, and a most skilful pick-pocket. He was good at every thing in his profession, and always gave me fair play; but we sometimes did our comrades, even Barney's own brother."

From this we gather, that among thieves there is not that honour which has, not very beneficially for society, passed into a proverb; and our attention is further pointed to that grand source of all these dishonest practices, namely, the existence of flash kanes, or houses for the reception of stolen goods, which hold out encouragement and security to pickpockets and burglars. With his experienced companion, Haggart resorted to races and fairs, levying contributions wherever opportunity offered. His accounts of the mode of picking pockets may furnish hints for caution in carrying money about the person. Speaking of one theft he says:—

"The other £11 was taken by myself from a gentleman whom we had observed, in the early part of the day, with a very large bundle of notes, but it was five o'clock at night before I could get a touch of him, when, to my disappointment, I only got £11. I think I got all he had, as it was wrapped in a parchment wrapper, where the large quantity had been. I took it out of his breeches pocket in the usual way. He was talking to a gentleman when I slipped past and did him. The keek-cloy* is easily picked. If the notes are in the long fold, just tip them the forks†; but if there is a purse or open money in the case you must link it."‡

With regard to this forking, the author tells us in another part, that his abilities were consummate:

"I had," says he, "the ill-luck to be born left-handed, and with thieves' fingers, for my forks are equally long, and never failed me."

Unhappy qualification! yet it might have been the reverse in a teacher of the piano-forte or player on the violin, and was once the distinction of an Egyptian king. But we proceed with our hints to the bearers of purses or pocket-books.

"Picking the suck§ is sometimes a kittle job. If the coat is buttoned, it must be opened by slipping past. Then bring the lil|| down between the flap of the coat and the body, keeping your spare arm across a man's breast, and so slip it to a comrade, then abuse the fellow for jostling you. When we foregathered with Barney, he showed us the dumbie stuffed with cambric-paper, and he quizzed his brother for having given us so much trouble about luke. But when Barney and I got by ourselves, he showed me the blunt, which consisted of 100*l.* in ten-pound notes, and 101*l.* in twenty-shilling notes, making in all 201*l.* I never was happier in my life than when I fingered all this money: but I thought sore about it afterwards when I was ill, and like to die."

Edinburgh, Carlisle, Montrose, &c. &c. &c. were all visited and revisited with effect, by this accomplished scoundrel, who run through every kind of villany,—from picking pockets and shop-lifting to highway-robbery and house-breaking. He was often apprehended and occasionally imprisoned; but his assurance and dexterity, as well as a powerful arm, and apparently great speed of foot, has frequently saved his carcase, either in avoiding being taken, or in escaping from gaol. In January, 1819, we find him released from the House of Correction, or *Planting*, and, as soon as his health and strength were restored, returning to his old ways. At length he was apprehended for his many depredations, and committed to Dumfries prison, where he consummated his heinous race by the murder of the turnkey, with a stone tied in a bag. He thus describes this dreadful event:—

"I concealed myself in the closet at the head of the stair, where I had

* Breeches pocket.

§ Breast pocket.

† Fore and middle fingers.

|| Pocket-Book or Dumbie.

‡ Turn it out.

ed their door in the same manner, and kept the premises for two days. During this time we gave way to every wickedness ; and of all the scenes of my short and evil life, none ever came up to the jail of Downpatrick.

"After we had spent two days in the most riotous manner with the women up stairs, we were secured. I was seized and locked closely up in a cell, and kept in confinement till the day before my trial.

"A prison is the blackest and wickedest place in the world. Many a poor boy is brought to the gallows at last, because his first offence is punished with imprisonment. This teaches him evil ways ; whereas, if he had been well flogged and sent home to his parents, he might have turned out a good man. I cannot say that my bad habits were learned in jail, but I am sure they were confirmed there.

"While I was in jail I sent for the pig-drover, and made the matter up with him, by returning his blunt, and two screaves additional to sweeten him, and he promised to say nothing against me on my patter."

He kept his word ; but the judge he describes as preventing his acquittal through a mistake. He had made a good defence :—

"The judge then asked me, 'Don't you come from Armagh, sir ? and have you not a father and brother ?'

"I answered that I had both.

"'All of your own profession—pickpockets ?' replied the judge.

"I said he was perfectly mistaken, for neither they nor I was ever guilty of such a thing. I was right as to them, but I will leave the world to judge with what truth I spoke of myself. The judge, in an angry tone, said, 'Will you hold up your face and tell me that, sir ? Was you not tried before me ten days ago at Dundalk, and about four years ago at Carrickfergus ? I know you well and all your family.'

"I declared that I never was before a court in my life till then, and sure enough I never was before him.

"He then addressed the jury ; he said it did not signify whether they were clear of my being guilty of the

present crime, for he could assure them that I was an old offender, and at all events to return a verdict of guilty of felony at large. I sprang up and declared I was getting no justice, and said there was no proof of my being a felon ; and added, 'How can I be brought in as a felon, when not a single witness has made oath to it ?'

"The judge, in a violent rage, said that he would make oath if necessary ; and the jury in a moment returned a verdict of 'Guilty of felony at large.' I was then sentenced to lag for seven stretch ; but the judge at the same time telling me, that if I would produce my father, and show to him that he had mistaken me, he would change the sentence to twelve months imprisonment. I told him I would rather go abroad than let my friends know any thing about the matter ; that he was sending me among pickpockets, where I would likely learn the art myself, and the first man's pocket I would pick on my return would be his.

"I have been twice tried for my life in Scotland. The first time I got more than justice, for I was acquitted. The second time I got justice, for I was convicted. But in Ireland I got no justice at all ; for at Downpatrick there was none to speak *for* me but the judge, and he spoke *against* me."

In gaol he is recognized as McColgan, put into heavy irons, and removed to Kilmainham. Thence he tried to escape.

"When I arrived there I was put among a great number of convicts of every description. I was but a few days there when I thought of effecting my escape, and began digging the back wall, with the assistance of a number of others, having first secured the entrance-door to our apartment. But some of the prisoners who did not care about joining us, gave information, and, being the first man who made any appearance through the hole, I got a bat from the outside with a shillela, the mark of which is still very visible, and disfigures my right eye-brow. The boys rushed after me ; but having still a high wall to get over, we were all secured by a party of soldiers, and locked up in our cells.

"A few hours after this, I called out of my cell window to two very beautiful young women, accused of the murder of a young lady, in Dublin. They were sisters, and their name was Bridget. I felt much for their situation and shivered when I looked at them, as my own hands had been redded with the blood of man. I gave them such serious advice as a poor guilty wretch could. They were afterwards condemned and executed.

"While in close conversation with these unfortunate girls, my cell door opened and the dub cove found fault with me for interfering with them, and told me to be silent. I said to him I would not be silent for him as I was doing nothing improper; for I was much interested in these poor creatures, whose situation was so much like my own. He ordered me down from the window; I refused, and said that if he came near me, I would batter him like a pigeon-house door. He went away, but in a few minutes returned, and ordered me down stairs to my room. On going out of the cell door, I was seized by two men, and a pair of hippers were clapped on my hands, and a horrible thing, called a mouth-joke, put upon my head. I came down with iron bars both before and behind my head, the front bar having a thick iron tongue which entered my mouth. In this situation I was put back to my cell. In the course of an hour the turnkey came to me, and said, 'You'll hold your tongue now, when you can't speak.' I could give him no answer. He then took the joke off my head, and repeated the question; I said, 'I will for a while;' and on his going out of my cell, I resumed my seat in the window, and remained there the rest of the day, singing the most profane songs I could think of. Even the fear of the iron helmet of Kilmainham could not keep me quiet. But there was something waiting for me far worse; and, if I had known it, it would have brought down my heart, strong and wicked as it was."

This was the arrival of John Richardson, and his recognition of him as Haggart. His fate now rapidly closes.

"On the evening of the second day,

I was taken to the head police-office, and heavily loaded with irons. An iron belt was fixed round my waist, with my wrists joined to each side of it; a chain passed from the front of the belt and joined the centre of the chain, each end of which was padlocked round my ankles, and a chain passed from each wrist to each ankle. In this dreadful state of torture and confinement, I was conducted by John Richardson, and Robinson, an Irish officer, to Dumfries. We were three days and two nights upon the road, and all the time I never had my hand to my mouth, and was fed like a sucking turkey in Bedlam, and treated like a helpless infant. As to these officers, never could man behave more tenderly to his own son than they both did to me. I had known John Richardson before, and had long been acquainted with his humane disposition, which was tried and proved on this occasion. We travelled a good way on the road before I would acknowledge that ever I had seen John; but I saw that it was of no use to keep up my pretended ignorance any longer.

"On our approach towards Dumfries, which was in the dark, there were many thousands of people on the road, many of them with torches in their hands, waiting my arrival; and when I got to the gaol-door, it was scarcely possible to get me out of the coach for the multitude—all crowding for a sight of HAGGART THE MURDERER. Some seemed sorry, and some terrified for me; but there was not one of them all so sorry or terrified as I was. I plunged through them, rattling my chains, and making a great show of courage, but my heart was shaking at the thoughts of poor Morrin. As I went up the narrow stair to the cells, I had to pass the very spot where I struck him; and, oh! it was like fire under my feet." * * * *

"All that man could do was done for me at my trial, and I had good hopes till the Judge began to speak; but then my spirits fell, for his speaking was sore against me. I did not altogether despair when I saw the jury talking together—but oh! when they said *Guilty*, my very heart broke; but

He relates many adventures in Ireland : for example,

"Next morning I took the coach for Drummore, and attended the market there. I snibbed a lil from a co-nish cove's suck, but I only found some letters in it. I threw it away ; and I afterwards heard that there was a hundred pounds screave inclosed in one of the letters, the lil having been found and returned to its owner.

"I returned to Belfast, where I remained a week, principally engaged in card-playing ; but I found the boys were very expert, and the first day or two I lost about nine screaves. I soon however got into their way of playing.

"I attended the next market at Drummore, accompanied by John Mullen, and John R—, two Belfast snibs ; but the day being very wet, we could do nothing till towards evening. Mullen and I accosted a horse-dealer, pretending to buy a prad. I priced it, and Mullen kept him in gammon as to its age, while I undubbed two tuigs and a bengy, and got the lil to the mouth of the suck, when he up with his whip and struck me. I returned the blow with my whip, Mullen joined, a terrible milvadering took place, and the prad cove finding himself worsted, made off. Mullen was pulled a few minutes afterwards upon suspicion, for another affair of his own.

"When I first arrived at Belfast from Scotland, I saw Robert Platt, who had been confined in Dumfries jail while I was there. He happened to be attending Drummore market that day, and was pulled for thieving ; and with the view of getting his liberty, gave information that he had seen Haggart, the murderer, from Scotland, at the market that day. The bulkies, dazzled with the expectation of taking me, pulled every one they had the smallest suspicion of ; and while I was sitting in a public house, the bulkies came in, and pulled two lads who were sitting next box to me. Little did I dream what they were after. In a few minutes after this I saw Platt peep in at the room door, and instantly four bulkies sprang upon me, and dragged me before a magistrate.

"The first question was, 'What is your name ?'

"I answered in high Tipperara, 'Why sure, and it's John M'Colgan.'

"One of the bulkies said, 'Och, we're mistaken !'

"The magistrate continued, 'Where are you from ?'

"'Why sure, please your honour, I am from Armagh !'

"'What place there ?'

"'Why sure, the town.'

"'What part of the town ?'

"'Right opposite the market-house.'

"He then cross-examined me ; and handing me the Dublin paper, called the *Hue and Cry*, pointing to a paragraph with a description of my person, and an offer of reward for me, asked, if that was not my name ?

"I said, I had told my name ; if he was not pleased with it he might let it alone.

"He then informed me I must be detained.

"I answered, that I had no objection to be detained, if I knew what it was for.

"He said it was on account of the paragraph he had shown me.

"'Sure, sir,' said I, 'that's a Scotchman. I never was in Scotland in my life ; but if you detain me it must be at your own expense.'

"He then ordered three yeomen to sit up with me all night along with the bulkies, in the court room ; and returned, after having witnessed a strict search of my person. Nothing was got upon me but a 20s. note and some silver.

"I now thought that all was over with me, and determined to make a desperate struggle to regain my liberty, or perish in the attempt. I plied the yeomen and bulkies with plenty of budge, and they were very civil to me. About 11 o'clock at night I prevailed on them to allow an acquaintance to bring me some supper. When the young woman came, I asked leave to speak to her for a minute, behind the boxes in the court, where there was a large window. They granted me my request ; and taking a harlequin leap, I bolted right through the window, and

lighted upon the street, without being either cut by the glass or hurt by the fall. I crossed the street to an opposite entry, and immediately saw the whole of my keepers below the window staring at each other, not knowing what to do. At last one of them said, 'By jappers, we were tould he was the boy.' Another said, 'Arra, he's the broth of a boy, but we'll follow him yet.' They all went off and I took the road to Belfast, and soon got there, having run 15 Irish miles in two hours and a quarter. I kept close next day, and the following morning I took the coach for Newry, passing through Drummore on my way."

At a future time he states, 'I went down to the Pigeon-House, where I paid 3*l.* 10*s.* for a passage to America. But, ill luck betide me! I changed my mind, and lost my passage rather than cross the Atlantic."

Justice was not to be defrauded, and the means which led to her being finally satisfied are curious. After St. Patrick's day, which he made unusually productive, he left Newry on foot, by himself, with the intention (he relates) "of going to Belfast to take shipping for France. I got the length of Castle William, where unfortunately for myself, I heard of a fair to be held next day at Clough, about 6 or 8 miles distance. I resolved to remain and practise my profession for the last time in Britain. It was the last time, indeed! I accordingly repaired to the ground, and had not been long there, when I observed a pigeon-drover planking a lay of screaves in his keek cloy. I priced one of his pigs, but, as usual, we could not make a bargain; but, having got an opportunity, I forked the blunt, and left him, and had just got time to plank the screaves in the neck of my tuig, and return to the ground, when I was seized by the drover and two of his companions. I was charged with the theft, and, of course denied the charge. Having been strictly searched, none of his money was found upon me; but he persisted in the accusation, and said he would take his oath I was the person who had taken it. I was taken before a magistrate, and underwent an examination. I

was asked my name, and where I was from? I answered, 'Daniel O'Brien; I came from Armagh.'

"'Did you take this man's money?'"

"'Troth, if I had taken it, I wouldn't have told you; but sure I know nothing about it.'

"He told me I was a very insolent fellow. I answered that there were two of us; if he was not an insolent fellow, he would not ask any person such a question. The Drover made oath that I had taken his money, and I was committed to Downpatrick quoad, to stand trial at the next assizes.

"When I entered Downpatrick jail, the jailor accosted me with, 'Och! how are you, Arthur?'"

"'Sure,' said I 'pretty well; how are you yourself?'"

"'How long is it since you were here before, Arthur?'"

"'Sure your books will tell better than I can.'

"I was taken to the back jail, and he said, 'Och, boy, I'll put you into your old room, where you was before; it's the best room in the jail.'

"I humoured the mistake, and took it all very well. I soon found my fellow prisoners a rum set of boys. To describe their dress would be impossible. The most of them, had they attempted to undress, would have been puzzled to find their way into their duds again; few had either a mill tuig, toper, or crabs. These high flyers had all their fancy blones, and I was not long till I was equal with them. There was one above me whom I used to whiid; there was a hole in the roof of my cell through which I handed her plenty of focus, budge, and in short part of every thing. One day, after provisions had been served out (for we got three days' pick at a time) the boys and I agreed to block up the passage which led to our apartments, and break through to the blones. They began to block up the door with forms and tables; but I not approving of that way, began with a spade to lift the flags of the floor, and they all in a moment joined with me. We built up the door so completely, that they were unable to get at us: we then broke through to the blones, and secur-

I was even then too proud to show my feelings, and I almost bit my lip through in hiding them. When the Judge was passing the awful sentence, I turned dizzy, and gasped for breath. They say I looked careless, but they could not see *within* me. I did not know what had happened, or where I was—I thought of every thing in a minute—I thought of my father—I thought of my mother, who died of a broken heart—I thought of escape, and very near made a plunge over the heads of the crowd—then I could have cried out. When the sentence was over, I gathered my thoughts, and my heart was as hard as ever; for I said, “Well! the man that is born to be hanged, will not be drowned!” This was very wicked, but I could not help it, for I had not the command of my thoughts or words.”

Haggart was executed shortly after.

Edinburgh, in modesty, calls itself the modern Athens, and of course science must have its display, even on the head of a thief. Haggart was induced to submit to a craniological examination, and the results are given in an appendix, as ludicrous as any farce that ever followed a tragedy. The craniologist, Mr. G. Combe, W. S. gravely announces:—

“On 29th of May, 1821, I visited David Haggart in gaol. After some conversation, he allowed me to examine the development of his head. The character indicated by it was different from the opinions I had been previously led to form by reading in the newspapers the details of his delinquencies. The conversation was quite general and did not lead to a knowledge of his dispositions. Being before trial, he was extremely guarded in his remarks, and we were equally delicate in not pressing him to make disclosures. On going over his head, I mentioned to him the feelings and powers which it indicated, but he made no remarks as to the correctness or incorrectness of the observations. On telling him that he had a greater development of the organs of benevolence and justice than I had anticipated, his countenance softened, and he almost shed a tear. On concluding he gave a look full of subdued emotion, yet of confident sagacity; and alluding to the possibility of discovering character from the form of the head, said, “Well, that is *one thing* that I did not know before.” After his condemnation, when it was to be expected that his mind would be subdued to sincerity by the certain prospect of death, I sent him a sketch of the character which his cerebral organization indicated, and requested him to add his remarks. The sketch was written on one side of the paper, and his observations were added on the other. G. C.”

The ridiculous can go no farther than the queries and answers that follow.—Craniology has here given a death-blow to craniology.

POEMS, &c. BY THOMAS CAREW.*

“If that olde bokes were awaie,
Ylorne were of remembrance the key;
Well ought us then honouren and believe
These bokes.”——

Chaucer.

AMATORY poetry is the earliest in its origin, and the latest in coming to maturity; it is capable of receiving the highest polish, and yet it expresses the simplest and the most natural sentiments. It is for these reasons that it has been most excellent at those periods, when the civilization of a country has arrived at its highest point; that point of which it is a certain indication, and from which it sometimes recedes more rapidly than it advanced. The best poets in this species of writing in Greece, did not flourish till long after Homer; and Rome had arrived at its

utmost splendour in the days of Ovid, and of Catullus. The amatory poets of our own country in the present day, are as superior to those of Elizabeth, in their peculiar vocation, as the latter were to the former in the higher and more worthy walks of Poetry. The laurels of Moore bloom freshly, but must fade; while the bays of Shakspeare will flourish, *evitabile fulmen*, for all time.

This description of poetry requires a positive experience of the feelings which it expresses, as well as sufficient talent to give force to it. A Poet may

* Poems, Songs, and Sonnets: Together with a Masque. By Thomas Carew, Esq. One of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I.

write a tragedy, without actually feeling any of the passions of which he gives the effects; he may paint heroes and tyrants, and shew all the various emotions of the soul in the persons of his drama, without ever having been, or wished to be any thing more than a quiet, honest, member of society, and without feeling any more than the every-day passions, which, heaven knows, are as different from the full blown, tumid sentiments of Tragedy, as if they were made for a different race of beings. It is not so however with your lover, he must, *bona-fide*, write from the heart, or his readers will laugh at him. He may have all the wit and sense in the world; but if he does not nourish the informing flame, which alone can illuminate this sort of verse, he had better let the affair alone; whatever success he may have elsewhere, amatory poetry is not for him. To express the alternations of hope and fear, the quick succeeding sorrows and joys which make the April weather of love, requires both a poet's pen, and a lover's heart.

—pour bien exprimer ces caprices heureux,
C'est peu d'être poète, il faut être amoureux.

The subject of this article, Thomas Carew, possessed all the necessary qualifications for being, as he was, the greatest mere amatory poet which England had perhaps ever seen. He was of the younger branch of a noble family; he flourished in the early part of the reign of Charles the First, when the poetical talent of the nation seemed to suffer a lethargy. It might be, that the flight which it had taken in the preceeding reign, discouraged the attempts of authors of even more than ordinary talent, from venturing to soar in the same track; or perhaps, as has frequently occurred in the literary history of all nations, it was occasioned by the exhaustion of the springs of poetry, and time was requisite to supply the source. It is true, that poets so styled, abounded, but the spirit of poetry was withering. There were as great a number of poets of the sixth form as at the present day.

The greatest fault in Carew's poetry is, that it abounds with conceits; some butterfly fancy is constantly springing up to divert him from the out-pouring

of his feelings; he starts off after it, and never quits the pursuit until he has run down the gilded folly, and rubbed all its gaudy attraction off, by the vehemence of his handling. This is a fault common to his age, and more common to amatory poetry. The Italians first called them *Concetti*; if, however, antiquity were any proof of excellence, which, except in the case of the four wishes of King Alfonso, it most certainly is not, these conceits would have a more available excuse. The Troubadours, who were the parents of modern poetry, made the most unqualified use of these auxiliaries, and filled their verses with such fantastic combinations, as puts to fault all our ingenuity to account for the invention of. The Italians, who succeeded the Troubadours; and immediately from whom the poetry of this nation received and retains its form and tone, adopted them, *con amore*, and employed their taste and skill in improving upon their models, in which they succeeded so eminently, as to produce the best amatory poetry that ever was, or perhaps ever will be produced in that country.

In Carew's poetry, these conceits are more pardonable than in that of most other poets; they seem to be the exuberance of delight, which seeks an artificial method of expressing itself. His verse and his character are both remarkable, and each receives in some degree the complexion of the other. He was an accomplished gentleman; of an elegant person, polished manners, with excellent parts, which had been improved by education, and travel, and the intimate acquaintance of all the wits of the day. His verses are easy, and breathe the gay, frank, sometimes libertine spirit of a fine gentleman; they are, however, always refined in their sentiments, and chaste in their expression; they come fresh from the heart, in the gay dress of courtiers, without any of the sober garb of a scholar, or the ink stains of hard study; they are full of thrilling joys, but rather the raptures of humanity, than the fine frenzy of the poet.

We shall now give, however, some extracts, that the reader may form his own judgment of his merits.

THE ENQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess ?

Thou fool, (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is ?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

In yon enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell.

'Tis true (said I) : and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union ;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt : said Love, these be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye :
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

There is an elegance in the following short poem, which makes amends for the fancies which disfigure it.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of Love are wash'd with tears :
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Few poets are honest enough to confess, that fickleness of temper which has been a common, and we believe a very just charge against them ; our author, however, endeavours to account for it in a whimsical manner, and would make it appear that he is more to be pitied than blamed.

TINDER.

Of what mould did Nature frame me ?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no Woman can come near me,
Fair, but her I court to hear me ?
Sure that Mistress, to whose beauty
First I paid a Lover's duty,

Burnt in rage my heart to Tinder ;
That nor prayers, nor tears can hinder ;
But wherever I do turn me,
Every spark let fall doth burn me.
Women, since you thus inflame me,
Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.'

There is also a beauty in the sentiment and expression of these verses, which might fairly rival many modern similar compositions.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

Mark how the bashful morn in vain,
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain ;
Yet she refuses to unfold ;
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy ;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover ;
But when with moving accents thou
Shall constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

With all his personal and mental charms, Carew seems, however, to have been no more exempt from the crosses of love, than less attractive mortals ; and upon a quarrel with his inamorata, he vents his indignation in the following numbers :—

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :
Thou had'st, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate :
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Impertinent as this effusion is, we hope his *amende honourable* was satisfactory to his mistress ;—we are sure it ought to have been ; for what lady's heart could resist such verses as these !

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downward fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if East or West,
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Dr. Donne was the intimate and valued friend of Carew ; and upon the Dr.'s death, he wrote an elegy, which is remarkable for the vigour of its expression.

There is something exquisitely beautiful also in the small extract, which is made from a letter to a friend, on his return from travel.

Sweetly breathing vernal Air,
That with kind warmth do'st repair
Winter's ruins ; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;
Whose dishevell'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed ;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The Halcyon sits and builds her nest ;
Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Can'st refresh the teeming earth :
If he nip the early bud
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us ;
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

THE CAVALIER. A ROMANCE.

BY LEE GIBBONS, ESQ.

WHEN the author of *Waverly* terminated one of his recent tales, he confessed that there was still a rich harvest standing in the fields in which he had been reaping, and that there lacked only labourers to gather it in. He complimented the writer of "*Marriage*,"—"a brother or a sister shadow,"—as a labourer well qualified for the task ; and he may now congratulate with equal justice, another aspirant, who bids fair to dispute even with him the honour of celebrating the deeds that have been done of yore, in the once blood-besprent champaign of merry England.

The present tale, as may be inferred from its title, is founded on some events which occurred in the reign of the first Charles ; in the period of the commonwealth ; and in the early part of the succeeding reign. Its heroine is a niece of the redoubted president Bradshaw, and its hero is Colonel Sydenham, afterwards Lord Falconridge, descended from Aben Seyd Namrah, a Saracen leader of great valour, who

accompanied Richard of the Lion's Heart on his return from the Holy Land. This Aben Seyd was rewarded for his services, by a magnificent grant of lands in the county of Derby ; and, from motives of gratitude for such munificence, as well as from other motives, conformed to the Christian faith. He was knighted by his sovereign, under the name of sir Richard Seydnam ; was next created Baron Falconridge of Banner-Cross ; which title descended, *cum terris*, to the Sydenhams, his posterity.

A succinct memoir of the family, which the reader must peruse, ere he hastens "into the midst of things," which he soon does, as in *Paradise Lost*, informs us that Norman de Sydenham, one of the sons of the second lord Falconridge, attended prince Edward, son of Henry the Third, on his crusade to Acon, in Palestine ; that he returned with that hero, by way of France, to England, on the death of his royal father ; and that he bore a worthy part in the famous "*petite bataille de Châlons*."

The battle is very spiritedly described.

"The lists were marked out in the public square, and surrounded with seats for the spectators. Those houses which overlooked it were superbly hung with tapestry and painted devices; emblazoned pennons and silken streamers glittered to the sun; and all the magnificence of Burgundy the magnificent, all the beauty, the fashion, the courage, the religion, the *tout ensemble*, graced on that day the grand square of Chalons. At an early hour the seats were taken, the windows of the adjacent houses occupied, and all impatiently awaited the arrival of the count of Chalons, who was appointed, by the parties mutually, the marshal, or umpire of the field. A raised seat, at the upper end of the lists, surmounted with a canopy, over which floated his household banner, was prepared for the marshal; and at the other end was the throne of that beauty, chosen to dispense the rewards of valour, and the prizes of chivalric superiority. The seat was inclosed by silver-gilt pillars, which supported a canopy of white velvet, and above which a silken flag, bearing a Virgin Mary, embroidered on a field *blanc*, encompassed with the rays of the sun *argent*, streamed in unison with the banner of the marshal; the pillars were entwined with garlands of flowers; and the whole was executed in that style of elegance, for which the Burgundians were even then admirable. Beatrix, daughter of the count of Chalons, was appointed queen of the lists; and from a fairer hand sir Tristram himself would not have desired to receive the palm of victory. The marshal having arrived and taken his place, commanded the usual proclamations to be made; after which the barriers were thrown open and the trumpets sounded. They were answered from without, as well on the part of the king as on that of the lord of Charent; and immediately Edward galloped into the lists, attended by his knights, at one barrier, as did Lewis de Grand Pré and his friends at the other. The king of England, although his beaver was closed, was as easily distinguishable from his knights, as they were from the enemy; not so much by richness of armour, or even majesty of figure, (for they were all men of gallant persons), as by the length of his legs, (from which he derived the surname of Longshanks), and the inconceivable grace and ease with which he managed his weapons and his battle-horse. His lance, though by the laws of arms obliged to be of equal length with those of his adversaries, was much thicker, and required the arm of the vanquisher of De Gourdon to wield it. His horse, sixteen hands to the full, and of a bone and muscle seldom seen in France, could alone be governed by his matchless rider; and his hauberk, made more for need than show, proclaimed him a son of battle, not a *petit maître* of the tournament. The only mark of his royalty was a slight

golden coronet set around his head-piece; otherwise he was accounted as his companions, who wore scarves, decorated with the red cross of the croisaders, to designate them from their rivals.

"The lord of Charent and his friends wore jointed armour (which began about that time to be the fashion), richly ornamented with golden studs and chasings; and their helmets, instead of the griffin dragon, or lion crests, usually worn, were decorated with plumes of party-coloured feathers.

"The trumpets having sounded a charge, and the word being given by the marshal, each knight fixed his lance in his rest, slackened his curb, and gave the spur to his horse. The king met De Grand Pré in the midst of the career, and the concussion was so strong, that the count's horse reeled under his rider; many of his friends were no less unhappy, several more so; for sir Norman Seydnham, sir Reginald Bigod, and sir Hugh Molyneux, whether by the goodness of their horses, or the superiority of their skill in arms, bore down their antagonists; and the former jousted with force so great, that he carried his rival (Philip de Grand Pré, the brother of the lord of Charent), nearly a dozen yards from his horse. The contest now became animated; but the French knights perceiving their inferiority in the career, threw aside their lances, and to the astonishment of all present, attacked Edward and his friends with sharp and deadly weapons, contrary to all the laws of honour and chivalry. At this sight the marshal exclaimed; but not having a force sufficient to second his authority, his remonstrances were disregarded: the ladies on all sides flew from their seats; an universal uproar and confusion ensued; and this band of assassins, knowing the English to be provided but with blunt weapons, set upon them with sword and battle-axe. It was in this dilemma that Edward showed himself in his true colours: the gentleness, the majesty, and equanimity of his kingly character, upon this piece of treachery, fled to heaven; and in their stead, remained only the hot passion, sanguine fearlessness, and decision of the warrior. He reined up his steed until the animal reared nearly upright, and waving his hand, as a signal to his companions, they, in an instant, formed in line, at the upper end of the lists, presenting a resolute front to their deceitful enemies. Hence he called to those of their party without the lists, to furnish them with arms! which order being heard by Grand Pré, he judged it expedient to fall on before the king and his knights were prepared.

"He therefore encouraged his party; and they setting up the cry of war, '*Mont-joie, Saint Denis!*' dashed into the English rank; which, not disturbed by their onset, sustained and repulsed it. By this time, sir Norman Seydnham, who had caught his battle-axe, thrown over the lists by his squire, threw away his lance, and leaving the rank,

spurred his horse into the midst of the French. His antagonist in the tourney he first selected as the object of his vengeance; and, rising in his stirrups, he dealt that knight so heavy a blow, that he drove away the plume from his casque, and laid him senseless on the saddle-bow: upon this success, he reiterated his blows so heavily and successfully, that he found the whole of the Burgundians sufficient employment, until the king and his friends were completely armed, who as they received their weapons, entered into the combat. The traitors now began to perceive the probable reward of their treachery; and Grand Pré cried aloud to his friends to open the barriers; but several English knights and squires in the suite of the king, stood guards over them, with the concurrence of the marshal, who declared, that as the lord of Charent and his Party had begun so base a work, they must now go through with it, for they should neither have escape nor assistance.

"Edward, in the mean time, having seen all his friends provided, before he would accept a weapon, now drew that famed sword which had chastised the rebel Montfort, and quelled the pride of the valiant De Gourdon. He advanced like the lion rejoicing in the pride of his strength, or the ravenous eagle pursuing the hunter who had stolen her young. For a moment, with a smile of joy, he surveyed the combatants engaged; but perceiving sir Norman Seydnam oppressed by Lewis de Grand Pré, and several others of their enemies, he galloped into the *mêlée*, and attacking the traitor, drew him from sir Norman. The combat lasted not long; Edward with one blow clove the helmet of the lord of Charent, who fell dead from his horse! and, in the space of a few minutes, out of the twelve who commenced the treacherous strife, three only remained, who threw down their arms and begged the king's mercy. Edward, learning that they were instigated by Grand Pré to this horrid treachery, who had paid for it with his own life, and those of many of his friends; and thinking that sufficient blood had been shed for the trespass; and on their degradation from knighthood by the count of Chalons, in whose territories their fiefs were situate, remitted their further punishment to him."

The scene being laid in Derbyshire and the neighbouring counties, in the time of the civil wars, it will at once be guessed that the gallant cavaliers of that day, among whom Col. Sydenham shone preeminent, are contrasted with the sanctimonious and fierce Roundheads, who pass their time in psalm-singing and the cleaving of sconces. This contrast is very ably managed. The author exhibits his cavaliers in those colours which harmonize well with the sunset of chivalry in England;

they are brave, pious, loyal, hospitable, and generous; he paints the Roundheads somewhat after the style of Butler, giving at the same time full effect to their nobler qualities.

As a proof of the skill with which the tissue of fiction is raised on the web of history in this tale, we shall select, from a multitude of others equally good, parts of a passage in the third volume. After giving a spirited portrait of that "chief of men," Oliver Cromwell, as he looked in the last year of his mortal existence, the author thus exhibits him in action:

"Oliver (as was his custom) had spent a week in retirement, at the palace of Hampton Court—his favourite summer residence, when Murray, one morning, made his appearance at the gate, and requested admission. On entering the palace, he was informed the Protector was at prayer with his chaplain, Goodwin, and had desired that he might not be disturbed. Notwithstanding this information, Caryfort made his way to the chamber, where he found Oliver and his lecturer on their knees, engaged in silent devotion. The peer knelt beside his master, and instantly appeared as intent upon spiritual exercise as his companions; he elevated his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, groaned and grunted as deeply as Cromwell himself, who was far from being deficient in those testimonies of a broken and contrite heart. When this scene had been enacted about half an hour, the Protector arose, and was imitated by Caryfort and Goodwin. Cromwell seated himself on a chair, cushioned and lined with red leather, and motioned to his friends to take places. 'What may bring ye here, Caryfort?' said the Protector. 'Have you and Thurloe put your heads together, and found out some invasion of the realm by the king of the Cavaliers?' He smiled, and turned towards Goodwin, as if to receive credit for the ridicule conveyed in his speech: the chaplain, like a true parasite, simpered in reply.

"'God protect us!' said Caryfort, 'your Highness may not smile when my tale is told: Charles Stuart is more potent than he should be, for our safety and that of the commonwealth—we have news of import.' 'Out with it, man,' cried Cromwell, whose tone was now changed from cold ridicule to trembling wrath; 'out with it—How! what—what mean ye?' 'The King—' pursued Caryfort. 'The King!' interrupted Cromwell. 'Nay, the Cavalier King, Charles Stuart, has now an army of many thousand men at Bruges.' 'What!' cried the Protector, as if struck by a sudden blow—'What! and where—and where, in the Lord's name, gat he them?' 'The Spaniard,' replied Murray, 'hath holpen him to men, arms, and ammunition.' 'The fire of God consume him for't,' exclaimed Oliver. 'Ah, would

to the Lord, Blake—Blake were living—the Spaniard?—Blake!—he hath rued his false dealing before now; and if a squadron I have left, he shall again.—Blake!—Blake—I need thee.’ ‘And more,’ continued the peer, ‘They have intelligence here.’ ‘Who? where? how?’ cried the Protector, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog; ‘what hair-brained traitor dare correspond with the King? Speak, man. He is dead before thou sayst—’ ‘The Cavaliers of the north,’ answered Murray, ‘if not up already, await but the presence of that traitor Sydenham: Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, are numbered, and pledged to rise.’ ‘Where—where is Snell?’ cried Cromwell. ‘Let him march—march forward instantly—and—’ He ended not the sentence, but clenched his fist, and paced the room from side to side, like a wild beast. ‘Sir Harry Slingsby and Dr. Huet—’ said Caryfort. ‘Ha—what of them?’ cried Oliver, stopping short, ‘are they—’ ‘Traitors!’ replied Murray; ‘and Mordaunt is closely implicated.’ ‘Are they—are they fast in prison, by the neck and heels?’ said the Protector. ‘Yea; but worse than all,’ said the Peer, ‘Ormond is known to be in England, yet he is in darker hiding than we can penetrate.’ ‘Set a reward upon his head, and another on Sydenham,’ cried Cromwell. ‘God give me patience, this is news indeed!—Slingsby! Huet! they are friends of the president—Bradshaw! where is he? and Waller! Haslerigg! Lambert! and Fairfax! The Lord’s vengeance over—overtake them.’ He sat down again in his chair, nearly overcome with the strength of his own passions, and the sweat coursed down his brow like drops of rain down a window pane.”

Some farther communion ensues.—

“Cromwell seemed now to be seized with a kind of lethargy, which usually succeeded to the delirium of his passion; he leaned upon the arms of the chair, and for some time spoke no word; his companions also preserved silence: it was a considerable space before he resumed his self-possession, gradually awakening from his disorder as if from a sound sleep. When he raised his eyes and beheld Caryfort, he put his hand to his brow, as if striving to recall something past to his recollection, and then bowed his head in token of remembrance. He spoke slowly, but audibly. ‘Hie ye straight to Whitehall—bid colonel Snell march—march on towards Cheshire,—bid him take possession, by fair means or foul,

of the president’s house;—give him, Caryfort, what other instructions you may, by the revelation of the Lord, be enabled.—Watch, and sleep not, for the enemy are at hand; and let that ram, Sydenham, be taken in the thicket, to be offered up, as it were, a sacrifice, instead of the blood of our Isaacs—the people of the land.’

We have not meddled with the love scenes in this story, though they are well drawn; and the heroine, Hester Bradshaw, is truly beautiful. A good relief of the comic also runs through the volumes; and we have no hesitation in ranking them in the nearest row to the Wizzard of the North. Indeed, the Cavalier will be found to be a very excellent romance, and as such we recommend it. Among its other merits we have poetry; and the following example attached to the death of the Sir Norman above mentioned, will show its quality.

“In the first battle with the Welsh, he commanded the van division under Edward, and routed the mountaineers with great slaughter; but to the great grief of the King, and all true knights, he was himself slain by an arrow, shot at random by the enemy, on the close of the fight. He was observed to be thoughtful, and almost wild in his demeanour, from the time that he joined the King at the rendezvous; spoke little to any one but his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, who was much in the same condition; and if questioned with too much pertinacity, he turned fiercely on the querist, or fled without speaking. In his burgonet, he wore the beautiful tresses of a lady’s hair; and frequently he was seen stamping on the ground, and muttering to himself, as if in a fit of frenzy. He became more sedate on the evening previous to the battle, and requested the command of the van division from Edward, who granted it, with a caution to take care of himself. He smiled bitterly, and retired. The next morning, he was ‘stirring with the lark, and had attacked and routed the enemy, and was brought in a corpse, before the King had imagined he had marched from the rendezvous.”

After his death, his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, in stripping him of his armour, found an esquisse, of which the following is a translation, carefully placed in his breast:—

The moonshine sparkled on the wall,
On the wall of the abbey that’s ruin’d and bare;
And the dusky light in the desert hall,
Show’d that she I lov’d was there.

I flew to my own dear Adeline;
My Adeline welcom’d her faithful knight;
We repos’d by the side of Saint Cuthbert’s shrine,
And we talk’d of the coming fight.

Ah ! how shall I live when thou art gone ;
 To-morrow's wind thy plume will wave ;
 And yon bright moon that sees us now,
 May light my Norman's grave.

I smiled whilst I watch'd the playful beam ;
 The beam as it shot through the broken wall,
 For it danced on the shrine of the patron saint,
 And spangled his sable pall.

Hark ! hark ! Do you hear ? cried Adeline,
 'Tis the groan of Death that comes from the tomb ;
 Again ! now a third ! see, behold the shrine !
 Ah ! it opens its yawning womb !

I beheld with affright the tomb was rent
 And the corpse of St. Cuthbert I dimly descried ;
 In his hand was the crosier in life he swayed,
 Whilst hollowly thus he cried :—

' Sir Norman, prepare to meet thy doom ;
 Thy doom will in battle, with victory come ;
 Neither mail of proof, nor a maiden's love,
 Can shield thee from the tomb.'

The spectre sank, and the marble clos'd ;
 The monument clos'd on his boneless head ;
 I turn'd to seek my life's best hope ;
 God ! my Adeline was dead !

Sir Norman was seen in the battle's roar ;
 In the battle's roar, 'mid the bloody tide ;
 His knightly plume was red with gore,
 He conquered, but he died.

The last verse was added by the Father Adrian, his tutor and friend, and his body was embalmed and magnificently interred at Banner Cross Abbey.—Author of the MS.

Reminiscentia,

OR, ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

NEARLY forty years ago, his present majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* to an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply, had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity : and with some trouble, the gentleman discovered the object of the Prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his com-

mission, to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince by accident overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money, and that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden, for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future ; saying which, he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

—
 STERNE.

The following is the conclusion of some notitiæ respecting Sterne, and a sketch of the life of his valet *Le Fleur*, who was a native of Burgundy, kept a cabaret in Calais, and a frequent visitor to England as a courier, serjeant, or

other character requiring zeal and diligence.

"In addition to La Fleur's account of himself, the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgment, I shall give *verbatim*.

"'There were moments,' said La Fleur, 'in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others—he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à mon pays*,' said La Fleur, 'and cried gaily enough, *Vive la Bagatelle!*' It was in one of those moments that he became acquainted with the Grisette at the glove-shop; she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark; but, on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity, she was so pretty and *petite*.'

"*Poor Maria*—was, alas! no fiction—'When we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud.' I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin, my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived,—there he talked earnestly to the old woman.'

"'Every day,' said La Fleur, 'while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some mon-

ey with the mother. How much, added he, 'I know not—he always gave more than he could afford.'

"Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses—he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

"At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur! how shall I relieve me?' He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published—he expressed extreme surprise. 'I know,' said he, 'upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers.' 'Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?' 'Yes—they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited, and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the different governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states.'

To affect this he read much; for the collections of the patrons of literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up as unattainable.—'I the more wondered at this,' said La Fleur, 'as he must have understood Latin.'

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur. 'His conversation with women,' he said, 'was of the most interesting kind: he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.'

"*The Dead Ass*—was no invention—the mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly."

DELICATE GENEROSITY.

A French Abbé, celebrated for his wit as well as his political knowledge, was much embarrassed for the sum of five hundred louis d'ors. The Abbé was high-minded, and being constantly at Versailles, he carefully avoided every thing that might lead to the discovery of his embarrassment. Some person, however, whispered the secret to the queen. the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. On the same evening, her majesty meeting the Abbé at the Duchesse de Polignac's, engaged him in a party at trictrac, her favourite game, in which she contrived in a short time to lose the sum which the Abbé wanted; then smilingly she rose from the table, and relinquished the game.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

A sum of 5,000*l.* stands invested for the mutual benefit of two very excellent institutions in London—The Magdalen Asylum, and the Foundling Hospital. It was bequeathed to them by one Ormichand, a black merchant in Calcutta, who left many equally liberal donations to other charitable institutions in all parts of the world.

GARRICK.

The character of the British Roscius has been severely aspersed, on account of his reputed parsimony; an anecdote is, however, related of him by Albany Wallis, Esq., who was his intimate friend, which shows that the accusation was somewhat unjust. 'Mr. Garrick,' says this gentleman, 'was no more a fool in charity than in other matters; he knew where and how to bestow his liberality. He came to me one morning in a violent hurry, and without even his usual salutation, abruptly exclaimed, 'My dear friend, the doctor is in want, you must instantly do me a favour. Come, come, put on your hat, and, without delay, go to Dr. Johnson's lodgings, and present him with these banknotes; but, on your life, do not mention from whom you had them.' The amount was by no means inconsiderable. In compliance with his request, I instantly waited on the doctor, and being announced, was ushered into his apartment. Having prefaced my errand with as much delicacy as possible, I presented the notes, which the doctor received with

much agitation; and after a few moments, wiping away the tears, he pressed my hand between his with energy, exclaiming, 'Mr. Wallis, I know from whence this comes; tell Mr. Garrick that his kindness is almost too much for me; tell him also that I shall never be able to repay this sum, much less what I have before received at his hands.' A few months after this donation the doctor died.

FARINELLI.

The celebrated Italian singer, Farinelli, who was a great favourite with Philip the Fifth of Spain, going one day to the King's closet, to which he had at all times access, heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another that was in waiting, 'Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier like myself, after thirty years service, remains unnoticed.' Farinelli, without seeming to hear the reproach, complained to the king that he had neglected an old servant, and procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the anti-chamber. On quitting his majesty, Farinelli gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he had heard him complain of having served thirty years; but added, 'You did wrong to accuse the king of neglect to reward your zeal.'

BATTLE INCIDENT.

Captain Hauffer, a Swiss officer, who was dangerously wounded in one of the actions which took place when the French entered his unfortunate country, was left bathed in blood on the field of battle. A French officer who happened to pass, perceived him, and observing some signs of life, assisted him, and cried out, 'Courage, my dear fellow, courage!' Hauffer, at these words, like one awaking from the sleep of death, opened his eyes, and fixing them attentively on the officer, said with a feeble voice, 'Tis not courage, but strength, I want.' The Frenchman, delighted and affected by this answer, gave orders immediately to have the officer's wounds dressed, and every possible care taken of him. He was, in consequence, carried to Wadmschwyll, and in a little time was entirely cured of his wounds.

ROBERT NORMAN.

"The new Attractive, containing a short discourse of the Magnes or Lodestone, and amongst other his virtues, of a new discovered secret, and subtle propertie, concerning the declining of the Needle, touched therewith, under the plaine of the Horizon. Now first found out by ROBERT NORMAN, Hydrographer. Small 4to. Imprinted at London, by John Kyngeston, for Richard Ballard, 1581."

This scarce Tract is the production of Robert Norman, who first discovered what is called the dipping of the needle, and which discovery this work was intended to promulgate.

THE MAGNES, OR LODESTONE'S CHALLENGE.

Give place, ye glittering sparkes,
Ye glimmering sapphires bright,
Ye rubies redde, and diamonds braue,
Wherein ye moste delight.

In breefe, ye stones inricht,
And burnisht all with golde,
Set forthe in lapidaries shoppes
For jewells to be solde.

Give place, give place, I saie
Your beautie, gleame and glee
Is all the vertue for the whiche
Accepted so you bee.

Magnes, the Lodestone, I,
Your painted sheathes defie,
Without my helpe, in Indian seas,
The best of you might lie.

I guide the pilot's course,
His helping hande I am,
The mariner delights in me,
So doeth the marchaunt man.

My vertue lyes unknown,
My secrets hidden are,
By me, the court and commonweale
Are pleased verie farre.

No shippe could saile on seas,
Her course to runne aright,
Nor compasse shewe the readie waie,
Were Magnes not of might.

Blush then, and blemishe all
Bequeath to me that's dewe,
Your seates in golde, your price in plate,
Which jewellers doe renewe.

It's I, it's I, alone
Whom you usurpe upon,
Magnes by name, the Lodestone call'd,
The prince of stones alone.

If this you can denie,
Then seeme to make replie,
And let the painfull seaman judge
The whiche of us doeth lie.

THE MARINER'S JUDGMENT.

The Lodestone is the stone,
The onely stone alone,
Deseruyng praise above the rest,
Whose vertues are unknowne.

THE MARCHANTE'S VERDICT.

The sapphires bright, the diamonds braue
Are stones that beare the name,
But flatter not and tell the troth,
Magnes deserves he fame.

GENEROUS BEQUEST.

When M. Bouvant was given over by the physicians, he sent for his old friend the Abbé Blanchet, to whom he said, 'From the character I know you to have, you will always be poor; there is every appearance, my friend, that I cannot live long, and when I am dead, what will become of you?' The Abbé wished to reply, but the sick man, taking advantage of his condition, ordered him to be silent, and dictated his last orders. 'My will is, that you enjoy the interest of ten thousand crowns, which I have earned, for your life. Don't make any difficulties, the principal will return to my family.' M. Bouvant recovered. Sometime afterwards, the Abbé related this trait to the Duchesse d'Aumont, who was so delighted, that she urged him to tell it her again. 'Why, madam,' said the Abbé, 'what I have related is nothing to what followed; for when my poor Bouvant was recovered, I found him quite sorry that he was well.'

CHARITY SERMON.

A clergyman preaching a charity-sermon, February 4, 1778, at a church in the City, during his discourse pulled out of his pocket a newspaper, and read out of it the following paragraph, viz.—On Sunday, the 18th of January, two ponies ran on the Uxbridge road twenty miles for twenty guineas, and one gained it by about half a head; both ponies ridden by their owners. Also another paragraph of the like kind, of a race on the Romford road, on a Sunday. He made an apology for reading part of a newspaper in the pulpit, said he believed it was the first instance of the kind, and he sincerely wished that there never might be occasion for the like again. He then pointed out the heinous sin of Sabbath breaking.

Natural History.

THE CROWS' COURT.

Edmonston, in his Account of Zetland, informs us, that the crows seldom associate there, unless for the "purpose of holding what is called *The Crows' Court*."—"This institution conveys a curious fact in their history. Numbers of crows are seen to assemble, on a particular hill or field, from many different points. On some occasions, the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two. As soon as all the *deputies* have arrived, a very general noise and croaking ensue; and, shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, whom they persecute and beat until they kill them. When this has been accomplished, they quietly disperse." At what term or season of the year these crow-courts are held, he does not tell; probably between Hilary and Easter. But, is it not more likely that the object of these courts is the making up of matches, (in the Moravian manner,) rather than a grand jury, finding bills of indictment, and then trying and punishing delinquents?

But Landt, in his Description of the Feroe Islands, corroborates these extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow-courts. They collect in great numbers, as if they had all been summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads, says Landt; others seem as grave as if they were on the woollack; and some are exceedingly active and noisy. In the course of about an hour, the assembly disperse; and it is not uncommon to find one or two left dead on the spot.

The ancient French fixed upon two ravens, to put an end to a tedious and expensive law-suit. The parties placed two cakes, made of flour diluted in oil and wine, upon a board, which was carried to the side of a lake. Two ravens would presently light upon this board, and would break and scatter about one of the cakes, whilst they devoured the other entirely. That party, whose cake was only scattered about, gained his cause;—a very cheap way of going to law!

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF ANTIMONY.

By a French book, "*Le Nouveau Cours de Chemie*," we learn that the discovery of the powers resident in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Basilus Valentinus, who, finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it on a convent of monks! Unfortunately, however, it did not agree so well with the monks as it did with the pigs, for it killed these holy men by dozens: whence it obtained the name *anti-moine*, or antimony.

MONEY,

says Lord Coke, is derived from *monéo*, (to admonish,) because it admonisheth its possessor to make a good use of it.

MENDICANT, A BEGGAR,

must have arisen from the idleness of beggars. *Mend—I can't*, which some have had the candour to own. Let us illustrate this still better:—There is a charitable cart built on purpose for poor mendicants, who are allowed to jaunt in it, gratis, through the streets of Dublin; and it is supposed to cover, or, better still, to prevent a multitude of sins. It is said, moreover, to work miracles; for no sooner does this celebrated cart pass near a group of beggars, than the blind begin to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, nay, even to run. It restores such as have been dismissed from the hospital of incurables; it reforms incorrigible rogues; and appears invariably in the most classic style: the black cart, like the gods of the ancient poets, never interfering till all ordinary methods are found absolutely ineffectual.

NEW SPECTACLE.

At Dijon in France, they seem really to have at last hit upon a show which may truly be said to be something new under the Sun. This is a mechanical *chef d'œuvre* representing THE CREATION. This machine, (says the Dijon Journal,) which has cost its inventor, M. Pardoux, of Vice-le-Comte, ten years cogitation and toil, is composed of fifteen thousand moving pieces, and is more remarkable than any thing ever yet seen for precision and regularity in its motions. Besides, it is announced that it costs only 50

centimes for admittance to the first boxes, to be present at the creation of the Universe.

CLASSIC PUN.

Two collegians, visiting a fashionable watering-place, inquired for lodgings, and were informed they could only have indifferent bed-rooms on the second floor. They had not long agreed for them, and returned to their inn, when one received a note from the owner of the rooms, stating, 'that on account of the press of company, &c. they could only have the garrets!' The other, observing his *chum* musing over the letter, asked him what he was reading. 'What (says he) I read quite enough of before I left the University—*An Epistle to Atticus*.'

BON-MOTS.

A gentleman of very fickle disposition, made so many changes in a mansion which he was erecting, and asked the advice of his friends so frequently about the arrangements, that it seemed a miracle that it was ever finished at all. At length, however, it was completed, and nothing but the giving it a name remained to be done; this was a sore puzzle, till a witty counsellor told him if he wanted an *appropriate* appellation he could give it him. What is it? *The House of Correction*.

A worthy country gentleman, in the commission in Essex, had acquired so much of the provincial dialect, that he invariably said, (among other peculiarities) 'I *were*,' 'he *were*,' &c. for 'I was,' 'he was.' A friend was one day praising his green old age to another, and saying that he never had seen a more healthy and vigorous old man. 'Nevertheless, (replied the other) he seems to me to be much the worse for *wear*!'

The French people are singular in their love for expletives; there is no medium in their tones for pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. *Charmant* and *superbe* is the least you can say of what is recommended to your approbation. If you say less than *vilaine* of what you dislike, you will be deemed phlegmatic; if you are pleased, you must be *ravi*; if you are vexed, you must be *desolé*; if you are not in ecstasies, you must be *au desespoir*; to which may

be added, the little million of prefixes, which are employed to great advantage, as *très, fort, infiniment*, which help to colour your expressions as far beyond nature as imagination extends. The French are inaccurate too, above all other nations, as to names. (Walpole says) Bassompierre calls York House, *Jorchaux*; and Kensington, *Inimthort*. Pillet the French general, calls Mr. Wilberforce, *Willeberforce*; Mr. Whitbread, *Withebread*; Lancashire, *Lancatsshire*! A French journalist, quoting from our Gazette, "The Independent Whig," called it *La Perruque Indépendante*. Cibber's play of "Love's last Shift" was translated into *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*. In the same manner, the French call our pugilists, or boxers, or, to speak more politely, the *Fancy, Messieurs de l'Imagination*.

Ornithology.

CHINESE FISHING BIRDS.

The most extraordinary mode of fishing in China, and which is peculiar to it, is by birds trained for that purpose. Falcons when employed in the air, or hounds when following a scent on the earth, are not more sagacious in the pursuit of their prey, or more certain in obtaining it, than these birds in another element. They are called *Looan*, and are about the size of a goose, with grey plumage, webbed feet, and have a long and very slender bill, crooked at the point. Their faculty of diving, or remaining under water, is not more extraordinary than that of many other fowls that prey upon fish; but the wonderful circumstance is, the docility of these birds, in employing their natural instinctive powers at the command of the fishermen who possess them, in the same manner as the hound, the spaniel, or the pointer, submit their respective sagacity to the huntsman or the fowler.

The number of these birds in a boat is in proportion to the size of it. At a certain signal, they rush into the water and dive after the fish; and the moment they have seized their prey, they fly with it to their boat; and though there may be a hundred of these vessels together, these sagacious birds always

return to their own masters ; and amidst the crowd of fishing junks which are sometimes assembled on these occasions, they never fail to distinguish that to which they belong. When the fish are in great plenty, these astonishing purveyors will soon fill a boat with them ; and will sometimes be seen flying along with a fish of such size, as to make the beholder who is unaccustomed to the sight suspect his organs of vision ; and such is their extraordinary sagacity, that when one of them happens to have taken a fish which is too bulky for the management of a single fowl, the rest immediately afford their assistance. While they are thus labouring for their masters, they are prevented from paying any attention to themselves, by a ring which is passed round their necks ; and is so contrived, as to frustrate any attempt to swallow the least morsel of what they take.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

In a village, situated near Lake Maggiore, in Italy, it has been found necessary, to take down the old wall of the vestry of the church of that place, which was very ancient. In the middle of this wall were found three eggs, two of which were near each other, and the third at a little distance. They were not placed in any hole, to which a hen, or other animal, could possibly penetrate ; but in the midst of the wall, which in this place was two feet thick. It was remarked, that they were laid upon a bed of stones, and surrounded and encased with the hardened mortar. They had probably been laid there by some of the workmen employed in building the wall, and enclosed without being perceived ; or it might have been a trick which a workman chose to play on one of his companions, who had put them in this place. Be this as it may, at the time of their discovery curiosity prompted those who were present to break one of the eggs immediately. This was done by a servant, who stood at some distance, to avoid the danger that might have resulted from the infection of the egg. They were much surprised to find it liquid, with both the yolk and white well formed, and

the smell and taste natural to an egg ; in a word, it was fresh, and fit for eating, and continued so, after being exposed to the air four days. The two others were opened eight days afterwards, at Milan, ten leagues distant from Lake Maggiore. They appeared not so fresh as the former, and rather salty, like an egg a week old. The shells had likewise lost something of their whiteness.

Proofs were adduced that, for a period of 300 years, nothing had been done to the vestry, of which the wall, containing the eggs, made a part, excepting at the top, for the purpose of repairing the roof. It was visited by St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, who held meetings there. In the same place there was a press for holding the decorations and plate belonging to the altar ; which piece of furniture was made on the spot, in the year 1569, and which could not have passed through the present small door, and no traces whatever of a larger are to be seen. It therefore appears that these eggs were preserved for about three centuries in this extraordinary situation.

Practical Economy, or the Application of Modern Discoveries to the Purposes of Domestic Life. 8vo. 1821.

This work will be found equally useful to those who are wise enough to enter into the practice of the rules which it lays down, and entertaining to others, who may merely wish to amuse themselves with its theories. It professes to teach economy in every department of domestic life ;—and so it does ; but on such an agreeable plan, that it is sure to meet with willing pupils. "To enjoy is to obey," says the rational religionist ; and, in the same manner, the object of the rational economist is to procure the greatest number of innocent gratifications at the least possible expense. "To save," as the author justly observes in his preface, "is one thing ; to economise is another. Absolutely to avoid expense, is to exclude enjoyment ; but to economize expenditure is to unite enjoyment with prudence." Under this impression, then, the reader may safely suffer himself to be connected by the editor of this ingenious manual through all its divisions and their subdivisions ; embellishing all, and throwing on every subject which they include, a variety of new and useful information, calculated at once to increase our comforts, and diminish our expenses.

Literary Intelligence.

ANOTHER Tragedy, by LORD BYRON, has arrived in London for publication.

Mr. I. H. GLOVER is preparing for publication a Bibliographical Dictionary of English Literature, from the year 1700 to the end of the year 1820. It will contain the title of every principal work which has appeared in Great Britain during that period, together with the date of publication, its price, and the publisher's name, as far as they can possibly be ascertained; alphabetically arranged under the names of their respective authors, and under the subject matter of each anonymous publication.

An octavo edition is about to be published, of Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, with original letters, and other family papers, by the late OLIVER CROMWELL, esq. a descendant of the family.

Dr. FORBES' Translation of Laennec on Diseases of the Chest, with notes, will speedily be published.

Lamps, supplied by artificial *naphtha*, or essential oil of tar, produced in the making of gas from coals, under Lord Cochrane's patent, are rapidly making their way in the metropolis; the brilliant and penetrating light which they afford gives satisfaction wherever they have been tried.

Mr. STEVENSON will shortly publish a Practical Treatise on the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of Gutta Serena, a species of Blindness arising from a loss of sensibility in the nerve of vision, illustrated by numerous cases.

Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic: to which are added, Practical Details for the information of Emigrants of every class, and some Recollections of the United States of America, by JOHN HOWISON, esq. will speedily be published.

The following excellent paragraph has appeared in many provincial papers, and ought to be copied generally:—

Cruelty to fish.—It is hoped that the dreadful cruelty of boiling shell-fish alive, or, what is as frequently done, of putting them over a fire in a sauce-pan of cold water, will be reflected on as it deserves. Shell-fish possess an amphibious property, and are therefore capable of existing out of the water a considerable time without the powers of life being impaired; hence it is just as shocking to dress shell-fish alive, as to convey mackerel (which do not possess an amphibious property, but die in a few minutes after being taken out of the water,) instantaneously out of the sea into a frying-pan or boiling water. The ignorant prejudice that lobsters, crabs, &c. are not good if they are dressed after they are dead would vanish as soon as humanity were permitted to make the trial. When dressed many hours after they are dead, it

is found that the fish is not lessened, or the flavour in the slightest degree impaired; if it were, that could hardly be a sufficient reason to torture a poor animal to gratify the pampered appetite of an epicure. Eels too possess this amphibious quality; therefore they are skinned, rolled in salt, and fried whilst they are writhing in agony.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the affections usually denominated bilious, is preparing for publication. Comprising an impartial estimate of the merits of the Nitro-muriatic Acid Bath, by GEORGE DARLING, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.

Some intelligent persons in Edinburgh have imitated the Parisians by an establishment to teach the connecting arts and sciences to persons engaged in particular trades. In France every working carpenter can draw with the hand, and also geometrically, and pursue their tasteful productions and elegant forms.

Mrs. SIDNEY STANHOPE, author of Montbrazel Abbey, &c. &c. has in the press an Historical Romance, in 4 vols. called the Festival of Mora, which will be published in the Month of September.

The discovery of an easy and effectual method of preventing the destruction of woollen fabrics and furs by moths is due to the officers of Artillery at Woolwich, employed in the inspection of clothing returned from Spain. It was observed, that in casks where all other woollen substances were totally destroyed, those cloths that had been rendered water-proof by the common well known process, remained untouched. Attention having thus been excited to this circumstance, other similar mixed packages were examined, and the results were found to be invariably.

One of the most interesting publications of the present month is *A History of the Brazil*, by JAMES HENDERSON, comprehending a very full and particular account of the geography, commerce, colonization, &c. of that important country. The author, it appears, on his arrival at Rio de Janeiro, in 1819, was disappointed in his views of immediate employment, and therefore resolved to devote his time to the acquisition of intelligence respecting these vast regions. He has succeeded in collecting a very considerable mass of information on the past and present state of the Brazil, treating under distinct heads of the twenty-two provinces which it comprises. The picture which is presented to us of the external aspect of the country is highly magnificent and rich; but this writer concurs with all his predecessors in deploring the state of society at Rio de Janeiro, which he represents as being centuries behind in the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life.

Even hospitality, the virtue of an uncultivated people, is here unknown. Living is as expensive, or more so, than in London, with none of the comforts which the latter affords. A moderate sized house will let for two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds per annum; and provisions, with the exception of vegetables and fruit, are neither cheap nor good. Books are prohibited, and the state of literature is consequently very low. Only two gazettes are published throughout the whole empire. Assassination is frequent; the inhabitants carrying knives hid under the sleeves of their coats, which they throw and use with great dexterity; and these knives we are ashamed to say, are manufactured in England expressly for that purpose. The deplorable state of the government has counteracted the advantages of nature, which would otherwise have rendered this nation one of the richest in the world. Even the diamond mines are not worked to advantage. The produce of these is selected, in the first instance, by the royal family; and it is said that the King possesses the best collection of gems in the world, worth upwards of two millions sterling. From the mine, the diamonds are conveyed by a strong military guard to the treasury, till despatched for London, which is now their great mart. Agriculture is in a very degraded state, and the present system of landed tenure is so bad, that the soil seems likely to remain covered with wild grass and forests till doomsday. When it is moderately cultivated, the returns are quick and bountiful. From the recent establishment of a free constitution in this colony, the warmest hopes of its speedy improvement, in every respect, may be entertained. And having escaped from political slavery, we may reasonably expect that the system of domestic bondage will not much longer be allowed to disgrace a nation calling itself free. In an appendix to the volume, we find a zoological account of the animals peculiar to the country, amongst which the reptiles are the most formidable, being exceedingly numerous, and for the most part venomous. Clouds of insects people the air. A collection has been already made of above sixteen hundred different sorts of butterflies. Perhaps no other region in the world equals the Brazil in the innumerable species of birds which it possesses, of incomparable beauty of plumage and variety of song. This work is illustrated with twenty-eight plates, executed with good effect upon stone, after sketches taken by Mr. Henderson on the spot, and with two maps. The style is plain and unaffected, and the author's information appears to be drawn from authentic sources. We think considerable credit is due to him for the judgment and ability with which he has embodied the result of his researches, which we regard as a valuable contribution to our stock of knowledge respecting this important and advancing country.

MESSRS. DUFAY and GUADET, of Paris, have recently published a dictionary of ancient geography, which is recommended in the foreign journals, as containing information unique in its kind. Close to the ancient names of places, is the corresponding modern one. Annexed is a map of the world, as known to the ancients, by M. Brué, geographer to his R. H. Monsieur. Ancient geography is not only an object of learned curiosity, but is a necessary compliment of history, and should form one essential basis of education.

A number of Cachemire goats, imported into France by M. Ternaux, have been settled at Perpignan, where having recovered their health, they are beginning to propagate. After yearning in March, the down, some rudiments of which had appeared in April, began to get intertwined, and this may be looked upon as an approach to maturity. "This I had plucked up," says M. Tessier (in his communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences) "with horn combs, and it was thus almost pure and free from clots." Each animal furnished on an average three ounces and a half; some, including a large he goat, gave six ounces. There is very little loss, and every thing announces that this race will easily get seasoned to the climate. The she goats are better for milking than the natives; the large hairs vary much in length, and it has been remarked that the short haired individuals sometimes yield the most down, and it is finest on those of a grey colour. By allotting them a more elevated situation in the Pyrenees they are expected to give more down, and further improvements are contemplated, in the selections for propagation, by a judicious crossing with such of the indigenous races as bear analagous down.

The Rev. Dr. CRACKNELL will soon publish an Essay on the Dying Confessions of Judas Iscariot, as found in the Greek records.

Amongst the works of imagination lately offered to the public, the romance of *The Cavalier* is entitled to a place in the first rank. It is a production of the Waverley school, and is evidently the offspring of no mean disciple. In character, incident, and style, it bears no distant affinity to the legends of the unknown author; but it may be easily distinguished from them by an occasional awkwardness and want of polish, from which the original is completely free. The scene is laid in the time of the great rebellion; and the character of the hero, Colonel Sydenham, afterwards Lord Falconbridge, is touched with a very spirited hand. The principal portrait of the adverse faction, is taken from Jonathan Snell, a puritan adventurer, and it is certainly drawn with great power, though in somewhat exaggerated proportions. We augur very considerable success to these interesting volumes, which cannot be perused without impressing the reader with a conviction that they are the fruit of an ingenious and superior mind.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1821.

[NO. 4.

(English Magazines, September 1821.)

HAPPINESS.

"This new and gorgeous garment
Sits not so easy on me as you think."

INCESSANT, earnest, ardent, is man's pursuit of happiness—the philosopher's stone of every age and nation since Eve's transgression drove our first parents from its earthly abode, and rendered its attainment so difficult to their descendants. Ponderous tomes of divinity, huge volumes of philosophy, essays without number, maxims without end, have been written by our fellow-labourers to assist us in the pursuit; and, certainly, when we lose our way it is not from a deficiency of finger-posts on the road. Yet, stale as the subject is, it can scarcely be uninteresting;—useless as advice may be, it will generally obtain listeners: there are disorders enough in the world to find employment for quacks as well as physicians; and while men continue subject to head-aches and heart-aches, they will give their attention to every old woman or empiric who promises either cure or alleviation.

There are a few ingredients in the composition of earthly Happiness which are indispensable, and for which no substitute can be admitted: over the lonely inmate of the bed of pain and sickness, whose pangs poverty exasperates, whose once kind nurses death has removed, even religion's holy influence must fail; her angel smile and soothing whispers of better things to come can only avert despair, and produce a

state of patient calmness and quiet hope. Extreme misery, however, is as rare as extreme felicity; and with the exception of those who dig out their own wretchedness as eagerly as if they were digging for diamonds, and of a few others, intended, perhaps, as perennial proofs of a future state of retribution, Happiness is more equally and more generally diffused than is usually imagined. A mighty magician, silent and invisible in his operations, is ever at work to produce this equilibrium; and few are the circumstances of life which can resist the incessant touch of his powerful fingers. This magician is Habit, the friend of heaven, who renders self-denial easy and pleasant to the virtuous; the ally of hell, by whom the wicked are familiarized to crime. It is Habit that takes away the relish for the luxuries of the rich, and makes the coarse fare of the peasant palatable and sweet;—that renders the cloister pleasant to the once weeping nun, the ball-room insipid to the once raptured *debutante*; that makes the husband gaze uncharmed on the thousand beauties which enchanted the lover, and listen unirritated to those querulous tones and sharp rebukes which, in earlier days, nearly drove him distracted. Habit, wonderful Habit, can teach the proud bride to clasp her diamond necklace without one throb of exultation,

and the captive or the *Corinthian** to wear his fetters or his stays without a groan—can bid us gaze unmoved by wonder or gratitude on suns setting in glory, and heavens spangled by a thousand stars, while a comet or a coronation will set all England in a bustle of admiration and delight.

To those possessed of a clear conscience, of Christian hopes, of health, and ease and competence, it would appear that happiness ought to be a close companion—an inseparable handmaid; yet this is not the case; and we frequently find more fretfulness and complaining, more rapid days and restless nights among the children of affluence, surrounded by a thousand blessings, than among those who rise every morning to a routine of hardship and of labour. A few directions may be of service to those prosperous people of whom “much joy has dried away the balmy dew” of content and gratitude. First, let no one expect ecstasies in this life, but consider the absence of pain as pleasure, seize every moment of calm enjoyment with grateful alacrity, and duly estimate the blessings of peace and of repose. Joy is a wild and transitory feeling, unfitted to our present state of existence;—so unfitted that we know not how to denote its excess but by tears. “Few and far between” are its visits. The recovery of a dear friend from dangerous sickness, the return of another after a long absence, the first moments of happy love, when doubt and fear fly before the delicious certainty of mutual affection, the first sight of one’s offspring, or their noble conduct in after life;—these are a few of those “bright sunny spots,” which, if unshaded by counterpoising sorrows, glitter upon the waste of human life like the fair Oases of the desert. But rare, indeed, are moments of this description, and seldom are we able to resign ourselves to their full enjoyment: they make not up the sum of human life, and those are the wisest among us who, seizing joy gratefully when it comes, look not forward to it with any sanguine expecta-

tion; in other words, who are well pleased to see a haunch of venison on their table, but can dine contentedly on mutton every day.

Again, let us not consider any circumstance as insignificant which can have the slightest effect upon our tempers and comforts. For what is a happy life? Is it not so many happy years and days; and are not days made up of hours and minutes? Every minute, therefore, from which we can subtract dullness or discontent—every trifling arrangement which can stop complaint and impart even momentary pleasure will have a beneficial effect on the sum total of our annual felicity. He whose temper is under the influence of the weather, and who grows gloomy as the sky grows dull,—he who is annoyed by the cries in the London streets, or fretted by the creaking of his servant’s shoes, is less happy than the man over whom such minute distresses have no effect; for every querulous exclamation, every feeling of vexation impairs the comfort of the moment, and may, by continual dripping, wear out the stone upon which our daily Happiness rests.

Some persons travel, go abroad, and look about them in order to lose instead of gaining pleasure; they purchase the sight of a *chef-d’œuvre* by the dissatisfaction of the rest of their lives, and spend their time in making unfavourable comparisons between what they see to-day, and what they saw yesterday. If they have once beheld St. Peter’s or the Bay of Naples, no other church or prospect is worth seeing,—the beauty of an English landscape is lost in the remembrance of Italian scenery; and while others can derive a refreshing delight from the view at Richmond-hill, or even the unpretending beauties of a few sloping fields and waving woods, these unfortunate travellers are shut out from all gratification, turn away their eyes in contempt, and despise the ignorant pleasure of their companions. Surely, if the height of admiration, once experienced, is to forbid all lower degrees

* The ignorant are informed that this most elegant appellation has superseded its predecessor *Dandy*, once so popular in every rank. *Sic transit, &c.*

of it in future, better is it never to travel at all—better never to lose the capability of being gratified by those objects among which our lives are to be passed.

There are few things which tend more decidedly to promote our Happiness, to give vigour to the mind and animation to the spirits, than the pursuit of some useful possession or honourable attainment, and perhaps there is nothing more useful and honourable, than the pursuit of knowledge. "Literature, like virtue, is its own reward," and possesses every charm which can win us to its embrace. It is full of variety and beauty; it is inexhaustible; it has just so much difficulty as to excite interest in the contest, and triumph in the victory; it raises us in the scale of social and intellectual beings, and brings us into a sort of mysterious communion with the wise of every age and nation. In Marmontel's words, "*c'est un plaisir qui coute peu, qu'on trouve partout, et qui jamais ne lasse.*" In the words of Owen Feltham, "Knowledge is the guide of youth, to manhood a companion, and to old age a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow my life will be somewhat the sweeter to-day for knowledge."

If we look around us, we shall be speedily convinced, that most men feel the importance of a pursuit, and shall be amused by the curious expedients and strange substitutes to which these have recourse who refuse to take pleasure in rational employment. Some pursue the improvement of their own persons, hunt out fashionable tailors, study the tie of their neckcloth, and muse upon the arrangement of their hair; some collect trinkets, hang seals to their watches by dozens, doat upon diamond rings, and adore musical snuff-boxes; others aim at the high art of rowing and sailing, or seek the reputation of being capital cricketers, or ruin their constitution by pedestrianism, or their fortunes by racing. Then there are the male collectors of illegible and unreadable books, of counterfeit coins, defaced statues, Claudes which were born in England, and Cuyp's of yesterday's production: and the female fanciers of china covered

with unnatural figures and hideous designs, of preserved butterflies, and of shells and fossils with forgotten names. Most single women, indeed, have one great object of pursuit for which they dress by day, of which they dream by night, and which fixes their attention from sixteen to sixty; while those who are married hunt for cooks who never over-roast the meat, or oil the melted-butter, "faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw," or strive to brighten plain children into beauties, or dull ones into prodigies, or emulate the gay parties of some fashionable contemporary, and spend three hundred and sixty-four days of the year in contriving plans for cheating, or coaxing, or worrying, or scolding their husbands into giving a ball that shall half-ruin them on the three hundred and sixty-fifth.

Young ladies ought to be happy; they have always some innocent little pursuit in view, besides the great object of their existence, which, like the under-plot in the play, may fill up the dull moments of their drama of life, and occupy the attention till the hero of the piece appears. Sometimes they collect impressions of seals; sometimes surrounded by new bread and Prussian blue they make the seals themselves; sometimes they fill a dozen fairy music-books with the scarcely visible notes of waltzes and quadrilles, or cover the beautiful paper of a large and splendid volume with old bon-mots and stupid riddles and silly songs. Others imitate Indian work, or Brussels lace, and injure the brilliancy, and diminish the use, of their eyes, while they pore over the minute tracery of a cabinet, or the miniature embroidery of a veil; others again paint velvet by wholesale, and look forward with high ambition towards the glorious time when the curtains, and sofas, and cushions of their mother's drawing-room shall be flaring with poppies and piones, yellow lilies and flaunting tulips, all the produce of their own fingers—the offspring of their own labours.

Some degree of difficulty, however, is necessary, in order to give interest to an object and eagerness to our pursuit of it; and it is the ease with which the rich and the great obtain all they

desire, which so frequently renders their lives vapid and spiritless, and sends them to the gambling-table for excitement and animation. There, and perhaps there only, they are placed on an equality with their companions; chance is no aristocrat, the dice stop not even by the command of a sceptre; there they experience the alternations of hope and fear, the excitation of danger and of doubt; and while love palls because it always smiles, luxuries are insipid because they court acceptance, and the path of life is rendered dull by the very pioneer who makes it so invariably smooth; they rush like madmen to the table where the choking interest of an hour may be purchased at an enormous price—may be followed by ruin and by death.

Most true it is that Happiness most frequently takes up her abode in the middle ranks of life. The mind of man is so constituted as to take more pleasure in anticipating a future good than enjoying a present one: ease is ten times sweeter when gained by our own exertions; rest is never truly delightful till purchased by previous labour; what we procure for ourselves seems more precious than any inherited possessions; and the little acquisitions and indulgences, for which we work, and for which we economize, are pleasanter amusements in pursuit, and greater blessings in enjoyment, than all the luxury and splendour to which the rich and noble are familiarized from their birth, and which spring not in the remotest degree from their own merit or exertions.

(Literary Gazette, Sept.)

TRAVELS OF ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

There are some men whose names seem to irradiate the age in which they are born, whose every step in life forms an epoch in science, and who, as if Nature herself were sedulous to guard them as her historians, escape unhurt through perils that would alike appal the mind, and overwhelm the bodies, of less enthusiastic, less gifted individuals. Such is Humboldt, every addition to whose travels is an addition to our stock of knowledge. In him all the qualities that are requisite for a philosopher and a man of science are most happily combined, whilst the energies of his mind seem to transform themselves into physical powers of more natural strength, to enable him to follow whither his ardour leads him. The termination of his "Personal Narrative" has made its appearance, and the last part is no way inferior to the first, in vigour of research, truth of inference, and beauty of moral reflection. It is not easy for persons who stay quietly at home, to imagine the exceeding energy of mind which must be called up to bear the privations, the perplexities, of a man exposed to every variation of climate, and to peculiarities attendant on each, of which he may be totally ignorant. *N.M.M.*

A FEW weeks since, when this addition to the valuable labours of M. Humboldt appeared, we paid it that immediate attention which a work so replete with information demanded; and having conducted our readers through one of the two 8vo. vols. into which it is divided, we left the second for a future convenient opportunity. That opportunity the autumnal sterility of the press affords us, and we return with pleasure to an author than whom the present period does not possess one more full of entertainment and intelligence, though addicted in too great a degree to the formation of general systems, and given to too much technicality of expression.

Without retracing, to connect our statements, we will beg our readers to plant themselves at Esmeralda, on the Upper Oroonoko, the most solitary and remote Christian settlement in those regions. Here there is a bifurcation of the river, and the granitic mountain of Duida rises to the height of nearly 8000 feet. The mission contains about eighty inhabitants, and yet no fewer than three Indian languages are spoken—the Idapimanare, the Catarapemno, and the Maquiritan.

"Esmeralda, (says M. H.) is the most celebrated spot on the Oroonoko for the fabrication of that active poison which is employed in war, in the chase, and, what is singular enough, as a

remedy for gastric obstructions. The poison of the ticunas of the Amazon, the upas-ticute of Java, and the *curare* of Guyana, are the most deleterious substances that are known. Raleigh, toward the end of the sixteenth century, had heard the name of *urari* pronounced as being a vegetable substance, with which arrows were envenomed; yet no fixed notions of this poison had reached Europe. The missionaries Gumilla and Gili had not been able to penetrate into the country where the *curare* is manufactured. Gumilla asserts, that 'this preparation was developed in great mystery; that its principal ingredient was furnished by a subterraneous plant, by a tuberose root, which never puts forth leaves, and which is called the root, by way of eminence, *raiz de si misma*; that the venomous exhalations, which arise from the pots, cause the old women (the most *useless*) to perish, who are chosen to watch over this operation; finally, that these vegetable juices never appear sufficiently concentrated, till a few drops produce *at a distance* a repulsive action on the blood. An Indian wounds himself slightly; and a dart dipped in the liquid *curare* is held near the wound. If it make the blood return to the vessels without having been brought into contact with them, the poison is judged to be sufficiently concentrated.' I shall not stop to refute these popular tales collected by Father Gumilla.

"When we (he continues) arrived at Esmeralda, the greater part of the Indians were returning from an excursion which they had made to the east beyond the Rio Padamo, to gather *juvias*, or the fruit of the *bertholletia*, and the liana which yields the *curare*. Their return was celebrated by a festival, which is called in the mission *la fiesta de las juvias*, and which resembles our harvest homes and vintage feasts. The women had prepared a quantity of fermented liquor, and during two days the Indians were in a state of intoxication. Among nations that attach great importance to the fruits of the palm-trees, and of some others useful for the nourishment of man, the period when these fruits are

gathered is marked by public rejoicings, and time is divided according to these festivals, which succeed one another in a course invariably the same. We were fortunate enough to find an old Indian less drunk than the rest, who was employed in preparing the *curare* poison from freshly-gathered plants. He was the chemist of the place. We found at his dwelling large earthen pots for boiling the vegetable juice, shallower vessels to favour the evaporation by a larger surface, and leaves of the plantain-tree rolled up in the shape of our filters, and used to filtrate the liquids, more or less loaded with fibrous matter. The greatest order and neatness prevailed in this hut, which was transformed into a chemical laboratory. The Indian, who was to instruct us, is known throughout the mission by the name of the *master of poison* (*amo del curare*;) he had that self-sufficient air and tone of pedantry, of which the pharmacopolists of Europe were formerly accused. 'I know,' said he, 'that the whites have the secret of fabricating soap, and that black powder, which has the effect of making a noise, and killing animals, when they are wanted. The *curare*, which we prepare from father to son, is superior to any thing you can make *down yonder* (beyond sea.) It is the juice of an herb which *kills silently*, without any one knowing whence the stroke comes.'

"This chemical operation, to which the *master of the curare* attached so much importance, appears to us extremely simple. The liana (*bejuco*,) which is used at Esmeralda for the preparation of the poison, bears the same name as in the forests of Javita. It is the *bejuco de mavecure*, which is gathered in abundance east of the mission, on the left bank of the Oroonoko, beyond the Rio Amaguaca, in the mountainous and granitic lands of Guanaya and Yumariquin.

"The juice of the liana, when it has been recently gathered, is not regarded as poisonous; perhaps it acts in a sensible manner only when it is strongly concentrated. It is the bark and a part of the alburnum, which contains this terrible poison.—Branches of the

mavacure four or five lines in diameter, are scraped with a knife; and the bark that comes off is bruised, and reduced into very thin filaments, on the stone employed for grinding cassava. The venomous juice being yellow, the whole fibrous mass takes this colour. It is thrown into a funnel nine inches high, with an opening four inches wide. This funnel was, of all the instruments of the Indian laboratory, that of which the *master of poison* seemed to be most proud. He asked us repeatedly, if *por allù* (down yonder, that is in Europe) we had ever seen any thing to be compared to his *empudo*. It was a leaf of the plantain-tree rolled up in the form of a cone, and placed in another stronger cone made of the leaves of the palm-tree. The whole of this apparatus was supported by slight framework made of the petioli and ribs of palm-leaves. A cold infusion is first prepared by pouring water on the fibrous matter, which is the ground bark of the *mavacure*. A yellowish water filters during several hours, drop by drop, through the leafy funnel. This filtered water is the venomous liquor, but it acquires strength only when it is concentrated by evaporation, like molasses in a large earthen pot. The Indian from time to time invited us to taste the liquid; its taste, more or less bitter, decides when the concentration by fire has been carried sufficiently far. There is no danger in this operation, the *curare* being deleterious only when it comes into immediate contact with the blood. The vapours, therefore, that are disengaged from the pans, are not hurtful, notwithstanding what has been asserted on this point by the missionaries of the Oroonoko. Fontana, in his fine experiments on the poison of the *ticunas* of the river of Amazons, long ago proved, that the vapours rising from this poison, when thrown on burning charcoal, may be inhaled without apprehension; and that it is false as M. de la Condamine has announced, that Indian women, when condemned to death, have been killed by the vapours of the poison of the *ticunas*."

The juice is thickened with a glutinous substance to cause it to stick to

the darts, which it renders mortal; but taken internally, the Indians consider the *curare* to be an excellent stomachic. "Scarcely a fowl is eaten (adds our author,) on the banks of the Oroonoko, which has not been killed with a poisoned arrow. The missionaries pretend, that the flesh of animals is never so good as when these means are employed. Father Zea, who accompanied us, though ill of a tertian fever, caused every morning the live fowl allotted for our repast to be brought to his hammock, together with an arrow. Notwithstanding his habitual state of weakness, he would not confide this operation, to which he attached great importance, to any other person.—Large birds, a guan (*pava de monte*) for instance, or curassoa (*alector*), when wounded in the thigh, perish in two or three minutes; but it is often ten or twelve before a pig or a pecari expires."

M. Humboldt does not seem to be acquainted with any certain antidote, if such exists, to this fatal poison. Sugar, garlic, the muriate of soda, &c. are mentioned doubtingly. In London, some very curious experiments were tried on animals, somewhat resembling those used to restore suspended animation by drowning. By keeping up a constant motion of the lungs (by inflation with bellows and expiration through pressure,) for many hours, it was supposed that the creature apparently killed by the *curare* would revive: we are not informed whether the operation ever succeeded, but we believe that several dead horses and asses *refused* to come to life again! But to return to the narrative.

"The old Indian, who was called the *master of poison*, seemed flattered by the interest we had taken in his chemical processes. He found us sufficiently intelligent to have no doubt that we knew how to make soap, and, next to the fabrication of *curare*, this art appeared to him one of the finest inventions of the human mind. When the liquid poison was poured into the vessels prepared for this purpose, we accompanied the Indian to the *festival of the juvias*. The harvest of *juvias*, or fruits of the *bertholletia excelsa*,

was celebrated by dancing, and the excesses of the most savage intoxication. The hut, where the natives were assembled, displayed, during several days, a very singular aspect. There was neither table nor bench, but large roasted monkeys, blackened by smoke, were ranged in order, resting against the wall. These were the *marimondes* (ateles belzebutli,) and those bearded monkeys called *capuchins*, which must not be confounded with the weeper, or sai (*simia capucina* of Buffon.) The manner of roasting these anthropomorphic animals contributes singularly to render their appearance disagreeable in the eyes of civilized man. A little grating or lattice of very hard wood is formed, and raised one foot from the ground. The monkey is skinned, and bent into a sitting posture; the head generally resting on the arms, which are meagre and long; but sometimes these are crossed behind the back. When it is tied on the grating, a very clear fire is kindled below. The monkey, enveloped in smoke and flame, is broiled and blackened at the same time. On seeing the natives devour the arm or leg of a roasted monkey, it is difficult not to believe, that this habit of eating animals, that so much resemble man in their physical organization, has, in a certain degree, contributed to diminish the horror of anthropophagy among savages. Roasted monkeys, particularly those that have a very round head, display a hideous resemblance to a child; the Europeans therefore, who are obliged to feed on quadrumanes, prefer separating the head and the hands, and serve up only the rest of the animal at their tables. The flesh of monkeys is so lean and dry, that Mr. Bonpland has preserved in his collections at Paris an arm and hand, which had been broiled over the fire at Esmeralda; and no smell arises from them after a great number of years.

"We saw the Indians dance. The monotony of this dance is increased by the women not daring to take a part in it. The men, young and old, form a circle, holding each other's hands, and turn sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, for whole hours, with

silent gravity. Most frequently the dancers themselves are the musicians. Feeble sounds, drawn from a series of reeds of different lengths, form a slow and plaintive accompaniment. The first dancer, to mark the time, bends both knees in a kind of cadence.— Sometimes they all make a pause in their places, and execute little oscillatory movements, bending the body from one side to the other. These reeds, ranged in a line, and fastened together, resemble the pipe of Pan, as we find it represented in the bacchanalian processions on Grecian vases. To unite reeds of different lengths, and make them sound in succession by passing them before the lips, is a simple idea, and naturally presented itself to every nation. We were surprised to see with what promptitude the young Indians constructed and tuned these pipes, when they found reeds (*carices*) on the bank of the river. Men, in a state of nature, in every zone, make great use of these gramina with high stalks. The Greeks said with truth, that reeds had contributed to subjugate nations by furnishing arrows, to soften men's manners by the charms of music, and to unfold their understanding by affording the first instruments for tracing letters. These different uses of reeds mark in some sort three different periods in the life of nations. We must admit, that the tribes of the Oroonoko are found at the first step of dawning civilization. The reed serves them only as an instrument of war and of hunting; and the Pan's pipes, of which we have spoken, have not yet, on those distant shores, yielded sounds capable of awakening mild and humane feelings."

Mr. H. gives an interesting account of the Juvia, (chestnut-trees,) the harvested fruits of which cause the natives to rejoice so much; but there is another tree, the character of which is still more curious. It is thus described:—

"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida *shirt trees* fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment.

which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head: and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of *marina* in the rainy season: they have the form of the *ponchos* and *ruanas* of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of Nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of *marina*, 'in the forests of the Oroonoko, garments are found ready made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts the pointed caps, which the spathe of certain palm-trees furnish, and which resemble coarse net-work.

"At the festival of which we were spectators, the women were excluded from the dance, and every sort of public rejoicing; they were daily occupied in serving the men with roasted monkey, fermented liquors, and the palm

cabbage. I mention this last production, which has the taste of our cauliflowers, because in no other country had we seen specimens of such an immense size. The leaves that are not unfolded are counfounded with the young stem, and we measured cylinders of six feet long and five inches in diameter. Another substance, which is much more nutritive, is obtained from the animal kingdom: this is *fish flour*. The Indians in all the Upper Oroonoko fry fish, dry them in the sun, and reduce them to powder without separating the bones. I have seen masses of fifty or sixty pounds of this flour, which resembles that of cassava. When it is wanted for eating, it is mixed with water, and reduced to a paste. In every climate the abundance of fish has led to the invention of the same means of preserving them. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus have described the *fish bread* of the ichthyophagous nations, that dwelt on the Persian gulf, and the shores of the Red Sea."

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A LADY AT BATAVIA.*

April 5, 1820.

WE are now at Rysewick, about three miles from Batavia, which renders our situation more healthy: for my part I have not yet felt the heat more oppressive here than upon a hot summer's day in England, and in some parts of the day it is even cooler. This is owing to the west or *wet* monsoon, which generally commences about the end of November, and continues till March or April. During this season the inhabitants are exposed to sharp winds and violent torrents of rain. Thunder storms, accompanied with vivid lightning, are very frequent, especially towards the close of the monsoon. Batavia is very fertile; the whole year is one perpetual spring; the interior is quite the garden of the east: fruit is abundant, but few are equal in flavour with that produced in England.

Our house is surrounded with cocoa

nut trees and plantains, two of the standing fruits of the country, and of the greatest importance to the natives, as with the addition of rice and salt they supply them with almost every thing which they deem the necessities of life. Cocoa-nut trees grow in almost every field around us; however, the table of an European does not seem complete without a dish of boiled rice and currie, both for breakfast and dinner. We lately purchased a milch goat with a kid for two rupees and a half, and eight fowls may be had for a rupee. Pork is not difficult to obtain, but other meat is scarce, and not equal to what we have in England. The cows are very poor looking animals, and yield very little milk; goats are substitutes both for sheep and cows. Butter is extravagantly dear, and good cheese is a scarce article. Wines are quite moderate; the Cape wine is nine rupees the dozen. As to our situation, we reside

* Mrs. Phillips, wife of an English Missionary.

in a house principally constructed of bamboo, in a pleasant green lane about three miles from Batavia; it is about 44 feet long and 35 wide, with a veranda before and behind. The centre is a large hall with folding doors opposite each other, which admit a free current of air; on each side is a sleeping room and a study. The walls are bamboo; the posts of teak; the floor is paved with square bricks, and the roof thatched with palm leaves. You may think it strange to hear of a house without an upstairs room, a pane of glass, or a single chimney; yet this is exactly the case, and it makes a pretty appearance. The contrast of the white walls with the green trees which surround it, gives a cheerful aspect to the whole. The sentinel tree, which presides over our gate of bamboo, is a majestic tamarind, now loaded with fruit. The front veranda looks into a garden, the back into a poultry yard. My little canary bird, my companion for fifteen thousand miles, hangs in the front veranda, and has never ceased warbling from cock-crowing till sunset. The value of this little bird is equal to three houses in this country.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

THE MOUNTAIN-KING. FROM A SWEDISH LEGEND.

One is surprised that the legendary lore of Sweden should be so little known to the rest of Europe; for, although in a country less explored by travellers than any other so far advanced in civilization, there is a penetrating spirit in popular poetry, that usually enables it to make its way, under every disadvantage.

The incidents in the following tale are taken from an old Swedish Ballad, founded on a superstition common in ancient times to that country, and our own; the mythology of both nations having peopled the interior of their mountains with a powerful, vindictive, and mysterious race—objects always of terror, and sometimes of unwary love, but usually fatal to those by whom they were not sedulously shunned.

“Open, open, green hill, and let a fair maid in,” with the subsequent admittance of the damsel, according to her invocation, in one of our nursery-tales, is evidently akin to the fate of Isabel.

THE MOUNTAIN KING.

SHE heard the bell toll, and went forth at the dawn—
It is not to matins the maiden is gone:
The mother believes that her child went to pray—
No prayer did fair Isabel utter that day.

Where, through the grey twilight, did Isabel go?
Alas to the mountains with helmets of snow,
Whose dark brows seem to frown o'er the laurel and rose
That so lovingly under their shadows repose.

On the highest of hills did fair Isabel rest,—
Her delicate fingers had tapped at its breast;
“Rise, King of the mountains! unbar thy green door,
I have seen thee in dreams! I must see thee once more.”—

“Cease, Isabel, cease! I refuse for thy sake;
That maid is my bride who beholds me awake:
And some cruel infliction the Fates ever bring
To her who espouses the pale Mountain-king.”—

“Let my fate be the darkest thy caverns have seen,
I will brave all its horrors to move as thy Queen;
Then rise! Mountain-monarch! unbar thy green door,
I must gaze on thy terrible beauty once more.”—

The lightning flash'd blue, and the thunder spake loud
The sun was obscured by an ominous cloud;
The doors of the mountain, in darkness and storm,
Flew open,—and closed over Isabel's form.

In a palace of splendour, received as a Queen,
A rich robe is clasp'd round her by handmaids unseen ;
And the gems of her crown are selected to vie
With her sun-shine of smile, and her soul-speaking eye.

Sweet voices, responsive, breathe softly around,
And pour on her name all the treasures of sound,—
Now harmoniously blending, now pearly and bright,
Falls each delicate note, like a drop of pure light.

Now they linger and fade, like a lover's last sigh,
And now the full chorus floats proudly on high,
Where, like Iris in hue, shedding odours divine,
Lamps nourish'd with perfumes eternally shine.

But the wild rush of hope that check'd Isabel's breath
Closed her ear to soft tones, like the dull ear of death ;
And she mark'd not the splendour that glitter'd around,
Her eye sought but one object—her ear but one sound.—

'Twas a moment, no more—yet seem'd ages to fleet,
Ere the pale Mountain-monarch appear'd at her feet ;
He knelt at her feet, and he whisper'd soft vows—
Words, man dare not utter, have made her his spouse.

His subjects are thronging with looks of surprise,
And fix on her face their inquisitive eyes ;
They drew near with respect, yet she met them with awe,
For a likeness in each to their monarch she saw.

And wherever she turned, some lines were impress'd
Of the visage imprinted so deep in her breast ;
So sweetly majestic—so mildly severe—
That her tremulous love often thrill'd into fear.

But he calms her in whispers, and gems her dark hair
With treasures, and wonders—the beauteous—the rare—
Sought in darkest recesses of desolate caves,
Paved with jasper, and cover'd with deep-flowing waves.

Her life one smooth ocean of boundless repose,
Without chance, change, or time, like eternity shews,
Save that eight smiling infants successively shine,
Flashing star after star in their beauty divine.

When she drank the deep love of their fathomless eyes,
Feeling Heaven's own breath in their infantine sighs,
These ineffable stirrings of nature awaken
The deepest remorse for a mother forsaken.

In the full tide of passion did Isabel fling
Her fair form at the feet of the pale Mountain-king ;—

“ A boon from my lord and my husband I crave,
Let me kiss my fond mother, or weep o'er her grave.”

“ Then go to thy mother,—in sadness bereft,
But say not a word of the babes thou hast left.”—
Soon was Isabel lock'd in a parent's embrace,
And the tears of forgiveness fell fast on her face.

“ Oh ! remain, my lost bird, in the haunts of thy youth,
Nor again fly the precincts of honour and truth ;
Though the gardens of Error are perfum'd with flowers,
The adder and snake lie conceal'd in her bowers.”

“ With the blushes of shame had her cheek ever burn'd
To her home had fair Isabel never return'd ;
By the King of the mountains selected as queen,
The truest and fondest of wives have I been.

“ In his realms neither sorrow nor sickness appear—
I had nearly forgot—almost long'd for—a tear ;
And our bridal is bless'd by the bounty of Heaven—
I have one peerless daughter—my sons they are seven.”

Then strode o'er the threshold the pale Mountain-king—

“ Why standest thou here, thus presuming to fling
Such aspersions on me as I ne'er can forgive ?—
The revealer of secrets deserves not to live.”

" No aspersions on thee have these lips ever thrown,
I have dwelt on thy love and thy kindness alone."
" Thou hast mention'd the babes with thy venomous breath—
Thou fool ! that vain boast hath condemn'd them to death.

" Forewarn'd thou hast broken the merciful spell
That permits in our palace those children to dwell,
Whose existence has never been whisper'd on earth—
Oh ! accursed the hour I rejoic'd in their birth !"

Then he struck her fair face as she knelt at his feet—
" Oh the death-blow," she cried, " from thy hands will be sweet !
Since the deep chords of love thus mysteriously thrill,
While I suffer in patience resign'd to thy will."

" In this ill-fated mansion no more shalt thou stay,
Where thy crime was committed :—Away ! then—Away !"

" Farewell, my dear father !—farewell, my fond mother !—
Farewell, weeping sister !—farewell, infant brother !—

" Farewell, ye high Heavens !—farewell, thou green earth !—
And farewell, thou sweet home, the dear place of my birth !—
For the King of the mountains I left you before,
And for him, in his anger, I leave ye once more."

Horrid laughter appears in the Monarch's dark face,
While nine circles round the tall mountain they trace,—
And the tears on fair Isabel's bosom fell fast,
As smaller each circle became than the last.

The glad sun in the blue depths of heaven shone bright
As she gaspingly sought the last ray of its light ;
Her young daughter beheld her with terror o'ercast—
" Oh, mother, dear mother ! repose thee at last.

" Beneath this gold canopy lay thy pale head,
Where cushions of crimson profusely I've spread."

" My child ! give me wine—bring the cup of my death—
Then close my sad eyelids—receive my last breath.

" A more tender farewell thy poor mother would take,
But fear, my sweet daughter, thy young heart 'twould break."
She drank—and to ice a more warm heart was chill'd,
Than by love's richest treasures had ever been fill'd.

Thus from home and from happiness Isabel stray'd,
And thus the pale Monarch her passion repaid ;—
Like a lily she sank when a pitiless shower
Has unsparingly beat on the delicate flower.

(Literary Gazette, Sept.)

MASSACRE AT MANILLA.

THOUGH this dreadful tragedy has been slightly mentioned in the newspapers, we do not remember to have seen any detailed account of it ; and the following from the pen of Mr. Prince, one of the sufferers, will, we think, be found interesting as a sketch (a horrible sketch) of society :—

" On the 1st or 2d of October, the inhabitants of Luconia experienced one of the most severe hurricanes they had ever known. Previous to its commencement, the marine barometer fell, in the short space of one hour, from 29. 80 to 28. 70, and, during its continuance, fell still lower. All the low country about Manilla was inundated.

The river became of a milky white colour, from the vegetable putrefaction washed from the high lands ; trees that had withstood the fury of gales for numbers of past years, were torn up by the roots and laid prostrate. The gale continued with great violence about 36 hours, when it moderated, and was succeeded by a series of fine, clear, though sultry weather. The flood immediately subsided, but the river still remained swollen beyond its usual size, and its waters continued to flow, discoloured by particles of decomposed vegetable matter. The vapours that were now continually arising from the drenched earth, combined

'with the free use the poorer class of inhabitants made of the river water, soon produced disease. That scourge of India, the Cholera Morbus, made its appearance among them, spreading with incredible rapidity. The people became panic struck; almost every person seized with this dreadful disorder died. A splendid ball, which was to have been given in honour of the new constitution, was, by order of the government, postponed; and a consultation was called by the authorities, to decide upon the best method to check the progress of this messenger of death. A mixture of alcohol and laudanum was ordered to be prepared and distributed gratis to the poor inhabitants, from the shops of the apothecaries and houses of persons pointed out for the purpose; this was accordingly done indiscriminately to all those who chose to call for it; the people flocked with their vials and cups to the appointed places; the medicine was given them, but not a question asked, as it regarded the age, constitution, or disorder of the patient. An infant of two days old, with the complaints incidental to the early stage of infancy, would receive the same dose of physic as would be delivered for an adult, lying on the point of death, with the Cholera Morbus. Those who fancied they had the disorder, or wished to guard against it, would procure and swallow the same quantity and sort of medicines as those dangerously ill.—Beneficial effects were, no doubt, felt from this in some instances, but, in others, it was productive of the most fatal consequences, and, upon the whole, I candidly believe, occasioned much more harm than good.

"During this trying period, many of the foreign gentlemen that commercial and other pursuits had drawn to this country, actuated by motives of humanity, visited the sick, distributed, at their own expense, medicines proper to counteract the fatal tendency of the disease, and, in many instances, saved whole families from its baneful effects.

"Taking advantage of the terror and desperation of the moment, evil disposed persons circulated, among the poor and ignorant inhabitants, reports

that barrels of poison had been found in the river; that the strangers had poisoned the water; that every evening they scattered venomous powders in the air; that the very atmosphere they breathed was poisoned; that the foreigners were not affected themselves, as they possessed antidotes. These, and a thousand other reports equally idle, but of a like evil tendency, were firmly and easily credited by the coloured population of Manilla and its environs. An unfortunate event that transpired on the morning of the 9th, served but too strongly to confirm them in their opinions. A young French surgeon, Mons. Godefoi, (who had rendered himself very conspicuous, by his humane attendance and visitation of the sick,) had left a quantity of medicine at the house of a person where several people were lying sick, giving directions as regarded the manner of administering, and the quantity necessary for each invalid. No sooner had Godefoi left the house, than a small dog was procured, and the medicine poured down his throat—as might be expected, he soon died. The account of this transaction spread like wildfire; the inhabitants sallied from their houses, armed with pikes, knives, and clubs, overtook poor Godefoi, whom they cut and mangled in a shocking manner, leaving him for dead; his body was picked up and conveyed to a house opposite the Dragoon barracks near the little bridge of Santa Cruz, where he soon shewed signs of life—his hands were tied behind him, and he was placed in the prison of the Corregidor, where he remained 24 hours, without receiving any assistance; he was afterwards sent to the hospital, and I am happy to say, was recovering fast when I left Manilla.

"The news of this atrocious act soon spread among the foreigners, but the person of the sufferer was not correctly reported. It was generally believed that I was the unfortunate person. Capt. Nichols, on hearing this, started immediately to my assistance, leaving a short note to Capt. Warrington and Mr. Wilson, informing them of the occurrence, and requested them to follow him to St. Miguel's. Those

gentlemen received this shortly after, when they proceeded towards the place where I resided. In front of the apothecary's shop, in the Escalta, they met with the American consul, (Mr. Stewart,) and Capt. Ballston, of the English country ship *Edward Stettrell*; they informed them that Nichols had fallen in with Godefoi, the naturalist, who had informed him of the attack on his brother; that both those gentlemen had gone to the palace to demand protection and assistance from the governor. While they were conversing, the two gentlemen returned; they had seen the governor, and all the satisfaction they could get from him was, a promise that he would 'consider of it.'

"The whole company, (with the exception of Stewart and Ballston,) started to visit the wounded Godefoi.

"A few minutes after, Warrington was called back by Stewart, and strongly advised not to proceed, but he had determined; jumping into his barouche he ordered the coachman to hurry forward and overtake his companions, (who were walking;) this he was unable to do, for, by the time he was abreast the church of St. Cruz, the mob, (that was momentarily increasing and becoming more outrageous,) made several attempts to drag him from the carriage; the driver became alarmed, turned back, and before Warrington was aware of it, had re-crossed the small bridge, stopping again at the apothecary's, where he here rejoined Stewart and Ballston. In a few minutes after, the mob turned, coming towards them, shouting and making a great noise; they could distinctly see Nichols, Wilson, and Godefoi, whom they were bringing along with them, prisoners; to escape themselves was now the only resource; Stewart entered the house of a Spanish merchant, where he concealed himself; Warrington and Ballston, a house occupied by some Persian merchants, who put them in a back room. They had scarcely entered when they heard the Persees exclaim, 'They have cut poor Wilson in the neck and have murdered him.' 'Now,' exclaimed they, 'they have stabbed Nichols in the back;' and, a moment after, 'The Frenchman is

down; they are cutting him to pieces, dragging him about like a dog.'

"The transaction took place in front of Mons. Guillot's house, (which stood opposite that of the Persees,) they immediately attacked it—Guillot was at the window; he was fired at by a sergeant of the Spanish regulars, from the street, and either killed or wounded; the house was immediately forced and plundered, Guillot cut to pieces, and his body dragged about the streets. An Armenian gentleman, Mr. Baptist, who had long been a resident, and was married in the country twenty years before, escaped from the house badly wounded.

"It would have been supposed that the massacre of these innocent men would have satisfied the savage disposition of the populace, but, on the contrary, that innate principle, that thirst for blood and rapine, which a Luconian possesses from his cradle, was roused and guided by the constitutional cowardice they draw in their infancy from the breasts of their mothers; they rushed on to murder the defenceless, and glut their ferocious appetites with new scenes of horror and atrocity.

"The Persian merchants expecting an attack on their houses to follow that of Guillot's, Warrington and Ballston were obliged to descend into the common sewer, where they remained, in all manner of filth, till night. They afterwards escaped in a close carriage to the city.

"The hotel for foreigners, kept by Bernard Hantleman, a German, who held a commission as lieutenant in the Spanish marine, was next attacked. The mob, which had greatly increased, filled the street on which it fronted. Hantleman went to the door in full uniform, thinking they would respect him as a Spanish officer, but he was deceived; they cut him down, left him for dead, and rushed over his body into the house. At this time, fortunately, there were only four gentlemen, (of the numerous boarders,) at home, viz.: Foulon, Gautrin, Vose, and Duperat. Vose immediately leapt from a back window into the yard of a Spaniard, and concealed himself under a plat-form, between which and the mud be-

neath it, he could just force himself. Here he lay till night, when, disguised as an Indian, he entered the city.—Duperat was instantly butchered; his grey hairs could not excite the pity of the blood-hounds of Manilla; Foulon and Gautrin were in the same room, they took leave of each other, the former concealed himself under the bed, the latter covered himself with a mat. The mob rushed into the room, discovered Foulon, and killed him by a thousand wounds; but they did not perceive Gautrin. Shortly after they left the room, and again returned, but did not discover him; all except one villain again disappeared; this fellow, in searching for any thing that might be left behind worth taking, saw Gautrin, who immediately, being a stout, powerful man, knocked him down, though not before he had given the alarm; the mob returned, when with his fists only, this gallant Frenchman fought his way through the crowd, receiving at every step dreadful wounds from the pikes, knives, and clubs of the assassins. Just as he cleared the mob that were close in pursuit, sight failed, when he was seized by a Spanish police officer, who tied his hands behind his back, led him to the guard-house, where, shameful to relate, he was put in irons by the *Spanish officers*, and the soldiery wished to finish the work but too dreadfully commenced. He demanded a confessor; while they sent out for one, Mr. Olere, an officer of rank, came in, and humanely sent him to the hospital, and saved his life from the brutality of the soldiers. Every article in the hotel was plundered or destroyed; even the horses, dogs, and other animals belonging to, or in the service of foreigners, were cut to pieces by these *brave* Luconians.

“A simultaneous attack now commenced on all the houses where foreigners were known to reside. The house of Monsieur Pasquet in San Gabriel’s, was immediately forced. Here Mons. Debar was cut to pieces; Pasquet escaped to a Spanish house adjoining, and concealed himself. The plunder of this house was immense, of which 26,000 dollars was in specie, and more

than that amount of indigo and nankeens was thrown into the river, or burnt in the streets.

“At the house occupied by Messrs. Warrington, Nichols, and Wilson, they found no blood to shed, the servants, and a lad belonging to the Addison, had escaped to adjoining houses; so furious were they at this, that not an article did they leave undestroyed; even the ceiling and window-frames were backed to pieces. Among the papers destroyed in this house, were the registers and other vouchers of the ships Addison and Merope.

“Mr. Dunsfeldt’s house was assailed about 2. p. m. That gentleman unfortunately invited several friends to dine. Some of them were in the house, together with several Frenchmen, who had left an adjoining house and entered this for safety. The door of this house was very strong, and resisted the efforts of the mob three hours. About 3 p. m. the governor, Don Mariano Fernandez Folgueras Manandez de Godan Fernandez del Reguero Valca Flora, knight of several orders, &c. &c. &c. (I write his name at large, to assist, as far as lays in my power, in handing it down to the infamy he deserves,) arrived, with a guard of infantry, besides his usual body guard of cavalry, in front of this house; he begged the populace to desist and retire to their homes; but he was hooted at, and some of the mob even threatened him with their pikes. When, instead of ordering his troops to disperse the assailants, which one discharge of small arms would have done effectually, he sneaked off, leaving the unfortunate gentlemen to their fates.—This pusillanimous conduct of the old wretch can neither be excused nor palliated in the least point, as it is a notorious fact, that at this time there were from 4 to 5000 regular troops quartered within a few furlongs distance, that might have been brought forward to his assistance in fifteen minutes, and yet it was near two hours after this before the mob were enabled to force the door with large pieces of timber, brought from some distance for the purpose. Every person in the house was immediately massa-

cred ; their bodies, cut and mangled in such a manner as not to be distinguished, were thrown from the windows, and dragged through the streets, the mob piercing and jumping upon them till they lost all appearance of their ever having been human beings. The head of Shaffalitzky was cut off and kicked about the street. In this house, A. Shaffalitzky, T. Dunsfeldt, Mons. Estoup, Mons. Arnaud, Mons. Martin, and Justin, a French lad, belonging to V. Alexandre, and a French cook, Joseph, were murdered.

"The house of the Russian consul general, P. Dobell, Esq. was attacked at 1 P. M. by a detachment of the mob from Escalta, after the butchery of Nichols and Co. Fortunately, the consul and his family were at Macoa, with the exception of Mr. James Bennett : at this house I resided. Several of the police officers of this pueblo (San Miguel) came to the door and advised Mr. B. to open it, promising to protect him ; this was accordingly done ; the mob rushed in with the officers, but from the room we were in they succeeded for a short time in keeping them, but from time to time several of them entered. The officers rallied round Bennett, and I was driven from the windows of the second story, at the point of their knives ; from the yard I had immediately to swim the river, amid a shower of stones and clubs. Landing at the gate of a large distillery on the opposite side, which was shut, I had to scale a wall 15 or 16 feet high ; no sooner had I shown myself on the top of which, than I was attacked by the workmen of the distillery, and knocked off the wall by clubs, fell into the yard, and was made prisoner. Previous to the opening of the door to the mob, Mr. B. and myself had stripped to our flannels, to swim the river, intending to ask the advice of an Armenian merchant, who lived on the opposite bank ; but altering our minds, I had no opportunity to dress myself, and consequently had only a flannel shirt on when taken. My arms were lashed behind me with cords drawn so tight as to completely stop the circulation of the blood, and soon

became excessively painful. They now put me into a canoe, and re-crossed the river. As I passed the house, I saw my property had been thrown from the windows, and what the mob could not carry away lay in a pile in the street, together with the poor majordomo of the house, (whom the assassins had also driven from the windows of the second story ;) he had broke both legs in the fall.

"The foreman of the distillery had prevented my immediate massacre when I was taken ; he continued with me during the time I was dragged through the streets of St. Miguel, and preserved my life, although he could not prevent several heavy blows, or the heaping of mud and dirt on my head. At the bamboo hut of the Gobernardo Cillo of the Pueblo, to which they conducted me, I found Mr. Bennett, who had been carried there before me ; we were both immediately put in the stocks, in company with an Indian arrested for robbery. The villains soon began to conclude on the mode of taking our lives, which they were not long in settling. At this critical moment B. with great presence of mind, exclaimed—' We are Catholics ; kill us without a confessor, and the whole of you will die before morning.' Superstition induced them to believe this, and for a time saved us from violence. During the whole time, till late in the evening, the mob continued in front of the house, demanding us of the police officer. Many of the assassins entered and sat round us ; we expected every moment some of these would plunge their knives in our bosoms, or that the crowd would force the house, and nothing short of the interference of Divine Power prevented it.

"Between 4 and 5 P. M. we were terribly alarmed by the shouts of the mob, and the cries of *Marta, Marta*, together with groans and the sounds of heavy blows. A moment after Mons. D'Arbell was brought into the house, mangled and cut in the most shocking manner, covered with blood, and disfigured with wounds in such a manner as to prevent my recognizing him for a number of hours. A few minutes after

a poor Lascar, belonging to the *Merope*, was brought in, dreadfully bruised, but not cut.

"About dusk a guard came from the city to convey Mr. Bennett to a place of safety, by orders of the governor; but he nobly refused to go, unless they took all of us; and the guard returned. He was taken from the stocks, and soon after taken from the house, under pretence of visiting a sick person, but in fact to be killed on the dead body of a woman who had just expired. A serjeant of the regular troops saved his life by advising the people to take him to a house where a person lay at the point of death, and oblige him to cure her. The woman was quite cold at the time he began, but, by dint of exertion, he preserved her life. During this time the villains sat round the bed, with their knives ready to plunge in his breast the moment she expired. Finding her getting better, they agreed to go back to where we were confined, murder us, and retire to their homes, as night was far advanced. B's presence of mind again saved us; 'Touch one of those persons,' said he, 'and this woman dies.'

"My own situation was extremely unpleasant, especially after Bennett left the house. I supposed he was murdered, and the men who surrounded me, using every method, short of taking my life, to distress me. 'Should you recollect my face, (said one of them to me,) so as to inform against me in case we should spare your life?' 'Prepare for confession, (said another,) you have half an hour only to live.' These, and many other remarks and questions of a like tendency, served not a little to aggravate my sufferings, saying nothing of lying nearly naked, under an open window, through which a cold drizzling rain beat in on me, as I lay on the open bamboo floor of the hut, for 10 or 11 hours.

"About midnight I was greatly relieved by an old washer-woman, whom I employed the first time I visited Ma-

nilla. She came with her whole family to see me, bringing a suit of clothes belonging to one of the murdered Frenchmen, and soon after sent me a cup of warm chocolate.—At 1 A. M. I was taken from the stocks, and allowed to lie down in a more comfortable apartment; and at 8 A. M. Bennett, to my great joy, was brought back. The serjeant was still with him.

"We were shortly after put in boats, and conveyed to Santa Cruz, and placed in the house of the *corregidor*.—The populace were sadly disappointed in missing their expected prey; they had assembled in great numbers, filling the streets they expected us to pass, from St. Miguel's through the towns of Caipo and Santa Cruz. By going down the river we avoided what would have been inevitable—the fate of our companions.

"About half past 11 A. M. we received accounts that the mob were murdering and plundering the Chinese merchants in the *Escalta*; there shortly after appeared a great deal of confusion among the white Spaniards, who, with their families were getting inside the city as fast as possible.

"The following evening, D'Arbell and our wounded friends were removed into the hospital, and on the morning of the 11th we were conducted, to our great satisfaction, inside the walls, and placed in the fortress of Santiago for safety; where we found 20 or 30 ladies and gentlemen, French, English, Americans, &c. Our arrival afforded great pleasure, as I had been two days on the dead list, and Mr. Bennett's fate was also a mystery."

A list of the murdered is added; it includes Capt. Nichols of the *Merope*, and ten English seamen; Godefoi, the naturalist, sent out by the French government, and several French captains of vessels, &c.; two Danish merchants, six Europeans, unknown, three Spaniards, killed by mistake of the mob, and from 80 to 100 Chinese. The bodies were carried to the sea-shore, and buried in a heap.

ENGLISH EATING.

—Bene qui cœnat, bene vivit—lucet—eamus
Quo ducit gula—piscemur—venemur.

Horace, Epist. 6. lib. 1.

PRAISED forever be thy obstinate virtue, merry old England: for, to this hour hast thou magnanimously contemned the vanities of cookery. No, the specious miracles of Italian science, the bedizening of Monsieur Very's coquinnarial millinery, has no charms for thy downright simplicity of stomach. Thou hast set thine honest face against the proselytism of beef and mutton into ragouts, soups and other mysterious disguises; and wouldst hold no communion with the rash inventors of metaphysical dishes, and their disciples. Honest, unsophisticated food, such as his father throve upon, will John Bull stand up for, to his last breath. Next to the glories of roast and boiled, I prize the culinary history of my native country. The Romans, when they came over to look for pearls, found us in possession of choice beef and mutton "*multus numerus pecoris,*" is the expression of Cæsar; and I may as well add here, the testimony of another foreigner—Voltaire, who thus historically speaks of us in the reign of Elizabeth:—

*De leurs troupeaux feconds, leurs plaines
sont couvertes. Henriade.*

All that the Romans could do, could not induce our ancestors to look straight at one of their cooks. Roasting and boiling required no great clerkship to understand them. We were not very choice; but we fed copiously and satisfactorily, and cared for no man. It was no uncommon thing, in those days, for a young princess to take her turn at the spit; and a commander-in-chief was not ashamed to exchange his truncheon for a basting-ladle. Who would not envy them the natural beauties of their unpremeditated dishes? what palate would not long to snatch a taste of the rude energy of their extempore dumplings? In these primitive times,

two meals was the order of the day; but every man brought to the table a full-grown appetite. There was then no hypocritical earnestness in the countenance and action of a guest, to justify the praises of the viands; no fraudulent concealment of the morsel of which the world seem to have legitimately disposed. The sincerest interest in the business in hand, pervaded the industrious circle; and till repletion gave the alarm, never did hands or jaws "give o'er their functions." Eating was then the most important concern of life. Nothing in the way of politics or morals (as has since been the case) could be effected without a feast. A treaty of peace, or adjustment of a village quarrel,—a marriage, or a campaign, was not undertaken, as in the Roman times, without a savoury sacrifice, proportioned to the occasion. Cæsar observes, that neither hares, hens, nor geese, were used at the tables of the Britons. The Druids, in excluding these articles from consumption, did no great violence to the taste of the people. Their preference was fixed upon beef; and that national dish, whose pedigree has been calumniously dated from Henry VIII.'s time,* owes its birth to the free and early adoption of the Britons. After the extinction of the Druidical superstition, the prejudice against poultry continued; and it was in vain that the example of the Romans recommended to us the use of the cuckoo and the peacock,—the latter being but recently brought under the attention of that people, at a feast given by Hortensius the orator, to the clergy of Rome. The Saxons, with a judgment worthy of their high character, concurred in, and even improved upon the British choice. They broke through the effeminate practice of parcelling out limbs and steaks; and setting at

* Vide last No. Edinb. Review, art. Cookery.

nought the dictates of an illiberal discretion, they made the table groan, not with the *disjecti membra* of an ox, but the mighty length and breadth of that noblest of quadrupeds, "one entire and perfect." The Danes are said to have communicated to us the art of gormandizing. I do not think this assertion has been well considered; the only advantage which I can find they had over the natives was, that their bill of fare included horse flesh. The conqueror, owing to the decided and well-directed efforts of the royal purveyors, was a very corpulent man. The circumstance is authentically known to us, in consequence of its having been made the subject of an unlucky joke by the King of France. William kept his bed for some days, and was informed, that Philip had inquired if he was not yet delivered of his great belly. The angry monarch vowed that ten thousand lances, instead of the usual tapers, should attend his churching at Notre Dame; and he made good the pledge conveyed in this metaphorical threat. The return of the great religious festival was celebrated chiefly by feasting. Great piety, and a love of eating, were by no means incompatible things.—Christmas was a period the most favourable to the indulgence of the one and the other; and it was no uncommon thing for a very devout man to die of a surfeit. Easter was not such a time for gormandizing: the good folks, however, *insinuated* good cheer into that festival; and it was generally acknowledged, that the only sure way a man had to acknowledge that he was no Jew, was to pay his hearty respects to a gammon of bacon. We are told of a feast, at a great castle, that happened in those times, which lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon to midnight; and to the luxuries of which, six remote cities of the East contributed their choicest products. This was a time of innovation on the simple and substantial national meal.—Henry II., I am afraid, was partial to the *cæna dubia*, which nature and morality alike condemn.—He vindicated his lineage by his fondness for cranes:

during his expedition to Ireland he astonished the natives of that country, by the number and variety of his dishes,—the titles of some of which only have reached us, such as karumpie, dellegroust, &c. Indeed, William of Malmesbury marks his sense of the growing luxury of the times, in terms of the most justifiable wrath. Richard II. was a monarch of very liberal notions upon the subject of eating: not a man less than 10,000 a-day called for meat at the kitchen of the royal household. The Earl of Lancaster distinguished himself amongst the nobles, by the most honourable profuseness. He devoted about 100,000*l.* a year, modern currency, to the manly expenditure of his table. Edward III. ridiculously enough, thought to lower the average of consumption, by the enactment of sumptuary laws; the first violater of them was his own son, Lionel of Clarence. The marriage of this prince was celebrated by thirty exquisite courses; and the fragments of the wedding feast fed no less than 1000 very hungry people. In this reign it was that the Earl of Warwick (Neville), one of the greatest *fathers* of eating that England has seen, rendered himself so beloved by the people, in consequence of the grand scale of his entertainments. Stow mentions that whenever he came to London, he kept such a house, that six oxen at a breakfast was considered very moderate indeed! It was usual for the great barons of those days to feast their retainers in the halls of their castles. Nor should we insult the memory of our ancestors, by supposing that their entertainments, like those of the Romans, were mere titular feasts, where a man was expected to eat and drink a good deal less than he spoke and listened. They did not esteem it of so much importance to inquire, with whom, as upon what, they had dined; and never made the ridiculous mistake of calling for a catalogue of guests instead of a bill of fare. Such an officer as an *Anagnosten** was never heard of in England. The usual two meals a day were now split into four, and the latter escaping under the

* His function is fully explained in a note to the life of Atticus in Cornelius Nepos.

gentle title of a livery. An unhappy love of variety (as great an enemy as disease to the ability of the stomach) then gathered force. The Archbishop of York, at his installation feast, left to his guests the range of 104 oxen, 1000 sheep, 2000 pigs, and a due proportion of other constitutional commodities. The day might have lived in our admiration, but for an unlucky appendix of 104 peacocks, and 400 swans. But, oh, the revolutions of tastes! The ordinary breakfast of an earl and his lady, we are told, in those days, consisted of bread, meat, (salt-fish on days of abstinence), beer, and wine! You might offer any sum for a lady subject to the vapours, without the least risk of losing your money. The more ambitious part of the nobility permitted the introduction of fancifully-manufactured pastry at their dinners. The most venerable characters in paste were sacrificed without mercy; sex or age was not spared; and one common death awaited a demon and an angel. The accession of Henry VIII. ought to be marked in white by all the lovers of good-eating. It was in his reign that the policy of suppressing the system of purveying began to show itself in the glowing and pathetic sirloin, that rendered us the envy of all our neighbours. The fear of the purveyor, it would seem, caused the remarkable neglect of ox-breeding, in the early part of our history. In a remonstrance to Edward I. by the barons, clergy, and commons of the great hardships imposed upon them by aids, tallages, and contributions of provisions, the necessity of supplying salt beef seems to go nearest to their hearts. In Henry II.'s time an ox was worth but three sheep; before that, it was never valued at more than six. The extinction of the race of purveyors allowed the greatest attention to the feeding of the ox; and consequently, in the reign of Henry VIII. the ox, on the average, was worth fifteen sheep. Families of distinction lived chiefly on salt-meat and fish during winter, with which they consumed inordinate quantities of mustard. Happily the rage for cooks had not been introduced. The Earl of Northumberland, as appears by his

household book, employed but two cooks, for a retinue of 200 persons. Fowl, which had been forbidden to any under the class of lords, did not form a frequent dish even at their tables; although the list of poultry, as well as other dinner articles, was signally increased in this reign, as appears from the authority of the following verse:—

Turkeys, carps, pickerel, and beer,
Were brought into England, all in one year.

In consequence of a temporary famine about this period, the common council of London, by a formal order, confined the Lord Mayor to seven dishes a-day, and prohibited the use of cranes and bustards, under a penalty. The English found out the use of a variety of roots in this reign. Queen Catharine used to send to Flanders for a sallad, but now it could be had for a song in London. The histories of this time teem with complaints of the luxury of the clergy. Indeed we owe it to the profession to state, that they have been, at all times, the most liberal patrons of good eating. Whatever they might say in theory, they certainly admitted, by their practice, the truth of the ancient maxim, that a perfectly wise man should be as expert in the use of pleasures, as in the discharge of any of his duties: "*Cui cor sapiat, ei quoque sapiat palatus*:" a sentiment no where more openly acknowledged than at the Inns of Court. Elizabeth, in the magnificence of her soul, encouraged the spirit of feasting. She was a mortal enemy to fasting, as appears from the curious preambles to some of her acts.—Hollinshed marks the rise of the taste for corrupt cookery in his time, by a complaint, that the nobility began to employ "musical-headed Frenchmen." James I. was no great friend to the pleasures of the table. The country gentlemen did themselves honour, meantime, by their virtuous fidelity to the traditions of their fathers; for we find a member of Parliament, of that time, declaring that a justice of peace, in his day, was a sort of animal, which for half a dozen chickens, would dispense with a dozen penal laws. The great national spirit of eating was asleep in the reign of

Cromwell; and after the Restoration, when it began to peep forth occasionally at a wedding, a baptism, or a wake, the imprudent monarch pursued it by penal statutes. The last century, which may be called the dark age of eating, is eminently relieved by the circumstance of six Lord Mayors of London dying in office, in the interval of 30 years.

Where is there a nation, then, that can exhibit such a spotless shield as England? Greece and Rome affected poverty and frugality, forsooth. Milo, and some think Epicurus, saved the credit of the former. There were some redeeming characters also amongst the Romans. With what exquisite glee does Horace chuckle over his sleek and portly person; and he positively tells us that no one could escape him during his fasting moments. "Impransus non qui civem dignosceret hoste." But the Emperor Vitellius, in my fancy, was wrong all that sat on the same throne before and after him. His brain was not turned with sauces; it was all glorious substantial eating with him. Seven millions British, *per annum*, was his rate of expenditure. What a reign for the gastronomic department! What a time of saturnalia for the masticators and their dependences! The oldest people in the world, the Chinese, are the greatest flesh eaters, and do honour to their

meritorious citizens chiefly by cramming them. The practice of sacrificing animals to the gods, proceeded from the experience which men had of the appeasing properties of a dinner. The English is the only nation which has kept off cookery and despotism. Our liberties and our dishes are placed on a permanent basis: they mutually preserve each other, and are allied in the superstitious regard of the worshipful people of England. Perhaps it is this prejudice that the legislature means to compliment, by the custom of making laws only after dinner. Among the Romans, the circumstance of eating salt together bound strangers to each other. In England, a dinner has almost a sacramental obligation. The policy of English monarchs has continued the coronation feast for wise purposes. I have heard a friend boast, that the late venison feast at Westminster hall, would have inoculated the severest republican with loyalty to George IV. Happy England! secure alike from hunger and from slavery; may the spirit of Eating, and of freedom never forsake thy sons! May glory in arts and arms be theirs—an uncorrupted taste—keen appetite, and the huge sirloin, in which they may

With desperate knife

The deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory ne'er to be defaced,
While hence they borrow vigour.

(Literary Gazette, Sept.)

VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

CHAP. V.

The Columbia takes in a cargo for the Russians at Norfolk Sound.—Russian Settlers for the Sandwich Islands.—Arrival at Columbia River.—Sail for Owyhee.—Trade with the Natives.—Russian settlers on Owyhee.—Sail for Canton.—Return to Columbia River.—Arrival at Norfolk Sound.

HAVING returned to Columbia from Monterey, we speedily discharged our cargo, and took on board a fresh one for Norfolk Sound. The 16th of September, having completed our wood and water, we sailed for that place. On anchoring in Norfolk Sound we found four American vessels lying there, from whom we learnt that the

war with America was at an end. One of these, the Pedlar, was seized by the Russians for selling powder to the natives in the Sound, but was given up before we sailed, (after several attempts to get out,) on the 17th of October, 1815. The ship *Isabella* sailed at the same time, with Dr. Shefham, a Russian, and some settlers for the Sandwich Islands; it being their intention to obtain footing there, as they had done on the coast of New Albion, the N. W. coast of America, of the whole of which I am of opinion the Russians will possess themselves in time.

On the 25th of October, we again

entered the river Columbia, and sent the furs on shore to be re-packed. In November, nine bark canoes arrived with furs from the interior; on the 10th we received our cargo on board with stores, &c. and on the 13th, made sail for the Sandwich Islands. Nothing remarkable occurred on our passage, and on the 10th of December we made the island of Owyhee; the ship was surrounded with canoes filled with articles of trade. On the 12th we came too off the village of Tyroa, half a mile from the Morai on the point. Found the American ship *Milwood* here, purchasing sandal wood at the rate of 7 dollars for 133lbs. The King, *Tameahmeah*, came on board with the gentlemen we left last year, who had been well treated by the natives and wanted for nothing. On their first landing, the King had houses built for them, and gave them servants to attend on them. His Majesty and the Queens were rejoiced to see their old friend, Captain Jennings, and after taking a good proportion of wine they went on shore together. The Prince *Reoreo* and his step-sister *Maroo* also visited the vessel; the Prince was accompanied by one of the chief priests; he was highly tattooed, and would not go under deck for fear the sailors or natives would walk above him. Being the greatest man on the island, no person was allowed to put even a hand above his head on pain of death. His sister was not so ceremonious, but came below and took her wine with me, and pressed me very much to remain on Owyhee.

The Russians had arrived and were on shore. Dr. *Shefham* assured the King that he merely came to collect plants and see what the Islands produced. During our whole stay, our decks were continually crowded with natives. We shipped a large quantity of island rope, which makes excellent running rigging; and the people were employed killing and salting pork; the King, Queens, Prince and Princess coming on board daily and remaining until evening. Wanting to overhaul the rigging and caulk the ship, we determined to run down to *Woahoo*, where there is a fine close harbour.

We acquainted the King with our intentions, and he sent one of his hika-nees or confidential men on board, named *Kenopoo*, to accompany us and see that we should get what we wanted. On the 16th of December we took leave of *Tameahmeah*, and with the ship full of men, women, and children, made sail for *Woahoo*, passed the islands of *Tahoorooa*, *Raini*, and *Morokoi*, and on the 18th arrived at *Woahoo*. We were boarded outside by *John Young*, a white man, who had lived on these islands upwards of 33 years: he piloted us into the harbour and we moored close to the shore, where thousands of the natives were collected, and soon crowded us. Mr. *Manning*, a Spaniard, and Mr. *Harrbottle*, an Englishman, who had been on the island for many years, came on board, as did also a number of respectable white men. This being Sunday we gave the people liberty to go on shore; one of the men, who left the *Forester* at Owyhee, came back with them, and remained. Next morning at sunrise we fired two muskets and sent the women out of the ship, and at sunset did the same as a signal for them to come on board; this practice we continued, and by that means kept the ship clear of natives. By the 29th of December we had completed repairing the rigging, caulked and painted the ship inside and out, and salted a quantity of pork; we then left these friendly people, and made sail towards *Mooi*, another of the group. 1st of January, 1816, we were close in with the village of *Whymea*; the natives came off in great numbers, bringing hogs, goats, and vegetables to barter. The King, *Tamoree*, did not make his appearance, but sent his head man to measure the schooner. On the 4th our gentlemen came on board, and we sailed for China, where we arrived on the 11th of February. The grand mandarin came on board to measure the vessel, and made the usual present of two lean bullocks, ten jars of sour stuff misnamed wine, and ten bags of something they call flour; they were not worth the trouble of taking on board, and I sold them to the compridore for two dozen geese.

April 30th.—Weighed and made sail from Macao towards the N. W. coast of America. On the 23d of May we passed Ormsby's Peak, a very high rock that makes like a ship in full sail, and is quite covered with birds, latitude 30d. 48m. north, longitude 217d. east. Our passage was the quickest ever made. July 11th, we saw Hallibut Island; also a remarkable volcano on the main land, from which a column of smoke ascended. Stood along towards the Straits of Oonalaska, and next day were close up with the island of that name.—Tacked one mile from the west side of the Straits, wind blowing in hard squalls from N. W.; all the islands in sight were covered with snow; three bodarkees, with Oonalaska Indians, came on board, abreast of Cook's-harbour. They had been out fishing, and were returning home; they gave us some fish, and we gave them rum in exchange. July 17th, off the Island of St. George, we were boarded by two bodarkees, with one Russian and four Indians; next day we got off the landing-place where there was a considerable store, a large bodarkee came on board and took the cargo on shore, and by the evening we had taken on board 313 bales of fur seal-skins. The Russians brought us off plenty of gull's eggs, salted ducks, and a number of young sea lions, which we found very good eating. The Islands of St. Paul and St. George are within sight of each other; the Russians keep 12 men on each, for the purpose of curing the fur seal-skin, with which these islands abound. They take 40,000 annually, and still the seal does not decrease. The mode they pursue is as follows:—The seal comes on shore to pup in July, and stays the whole summer, (leaving a sufficient number of clasp-matches and wigs;) the hunters drive up the last year's pups like a flock of sheep, out of sight and hearing of the old ones, and knock them on the head; taking care not to let one of those driven up escape. Each summer's pups go to sea and come on shore next summer, and are fit to kill. They leave the islands in November very lean; they take in several smooth stones

about the size of an egg, I suppose for ballast. I could never find out where the seal winters; but certain it is, they must have a place where they remain during that season and feed, which has not yet been discovered. The people on these islands live under ground; they collect drift-wood enough in summer to last the winter; they live chiefly on sea-lion meat jerked, pickled ducks, gull's eggs preserved in oil, &c.

On the 24th we saw the ship-rock, and could hear the roaring of the sea-lion and elephant, long before we could see the rock, it being very foggy. On its clearing away, we saw the Island of Oonalaska, and stood towards Cook's Straits. The next day it came on to blow hard from S. E.; made sail for the harbour, black whale blowing in all directions; we found a snug town, church, &c. the natives were all employed drying salmon for the winter. Captain Jennings and the gentlemen accompanied the governor on shore; they took some rum with them to treat the Russians, who have a numerous herd of cattle and make excellent butter and cheese. They keep two skin-boats constantly employed in summer, collecting the drift-wood about the island, which is the only fuel they have. We lay here until the 29th, when we made sail towards Cook's Straits.—While we lay about these islands we had not more than three clear days.

The Island of Oonalaska is in the latitude of 53d. 55m. north, and longitude 166d. 22m. west. This island is the chief depot for all the furs collected on the Aluthean Islands; and appears quite barren, without the least sign of wood. There is an excellent harbour off the N. W. side, capable of holding seven hundred vessels, and completely land-locked. The town consists of about twenty houses, a church, and some large sheds for the purpose of drying salmon and other fish. There are about twelve Russians here; the remainder of the inhabitants of the town are Kodiacks, and natives of the island, all converts to the Greek church. The natives of this, as well as of all the Aluthean Islands, are low in stature, broad, flat faces, with black eyes, and coarse black hair. Their dress

consists of a loose frock, made of the skins of ducks and other birds, sewed neatly together; this part of the dress is the same in both sexes. When the men go in their canoes to hunt or fish, they wear a dress of the entrails of the seal; it is made like a large loose shirt, with a hood, and is water-proof. They also wear trowsers and boots, made from the throat of the sea-lion or elephant, which are water-proof also.—They are extremely fond of ornaments, particularly of beads, with which they ornament their garments and person; they wear them round the neck, and pendant from the nose and ears, through which many holes are made. The men have a helmet or cap, ornamented with the beard of the sea-lion and with seed-beads. All the natives use paint. There are several villages about the harbour, but the island seems very thinly peopled, owing, I suppose, to the number that are employed by the Russians on their establishments on the N. W. coast of America. Their canoes or bodarkees, are made from the skins of the hair-seal, stretched over a light wooden frame, leaving one, two, or three holes on the top for the sitters; the frame is sometimes of whalebone, and the vessels are from 10 to 16 feet long, and about three feet wide in the middle, gradually tapering towards the ends. They are pulled with great swiftness by a double paddle, about 12 feet long, with a blade at each end, and held by the middle; they are generally made of ash. The canoes perform voyages along the coast for several hundred miles, for the purpose of hunting the sea-otter and seal; they also kill black whales, which are about these islands in great plenty. If in their hunting excursions they are overtaken by a gale of wind, they lash all their canoes together in form of a raft, and in this manner float lightly on the top of the sea without the least danger. The large boats, or bodarkees, are made from the skins of the sea-lion or elephant, stretched over a stout wooden frame, open at the top, and are capable of carrying 50 or 60 men. In these boats they go to all the Aluthean Islands, to collect the furs; and sometimes to the main land for timber. In

catching the sea-otter and seal, these people are very dexterous; they conceal themselves behind the rocks, and throw out a seal-skin blown, with a line affixed, and draw it gently towards the shore: the seal or sea-otter following till within reach of their spears, they are easily captured. In hunting, they wear masks and skins to represent the beasts they are in pursuit of; they always carry a rifle with them, in the use of which they are very dexterous. All of them are extremely fond of rum, and they often part with their garments and hunting utensils, to purchase a small quantity. Their principal food consists of the black whale; also, salmon, cod, halibut, herrings, &c. When these fish are in season, they cure sufficient to last them through the winter, by drying and smoking them, without salt; they also eat their victuals without it; and the reason they give is, that it hurts the sight. Whether this be the case or not, all the natives are very sharp-sighted. On this island they have about 40 head of fine cattle, first imported from the Spanish Maine; they have also some large hogs, which are fed on fish, and consequently not very delicate.

CHAP. VI.

The Winter of 1816, on the Columbia River.—Sail for the Sandwich Islands.—Account of the Columbia.—Manners and Customs of the Natives.

IN August, 1816, we once more touched at the Columbia, unloaded, and refitted. We lived in tents on shore, within a fence erected to keep the Indians from stealing our tools. On the 9th Sept. two canoes, belonging to the N. W. Company, arrived from the interior; they had left the brigade, consisting of nine canoes and about seventy men, encamped at Oak-point, sixty miles up the river. On the 1st of October, the whole brigade of canoes arrived with furs: and, on the 5th, they again sailed (well armed) with stores for the interior, under the direction of Mr. M'Kenzie.

While here, I employed an Indian hunter; who, with my finding powder and shot, supplied the ship with ducks, geese, and swans, for one blanket.

On the 10th Jan. we crossed the bar and got safe to sea.

The Columbia river is full of sandbanks, formed by the numerous small rivers that branch off in various directions from the main one. The country, on both sides, is formed of impenetrable woods, chiefly pine, elder, maple, and birch trees; further up, there are plenty of good oaks and ash. The first tribe of Indians we saw were called the Chickeloes, under a chief, named Calpo. They come from a place called Casset, to the northward of the river, on the sea coast, and bring otter and beaver skins to trade at the fort. They encamp in Baker's-bay, and continue, from June to October, curing salmon and sturgeon for the winter. They are a very warlike people, and extremely dangerous, taking every advantage if you are off your guard. So hostile and treacherous were they, that we never allowed the men of this tribe to come on board.

About five miles up the river, on the north side, stands the Chinook village. The king of this tribe is called Com Comly, or Madsaw, which, in the Chinook tongue, signifies Thunder. The village consists of about thirty houses, built of wood, and very large; they are formed of boards, with the edges resting on each other, and fastened with stripes of bark to upright posts, which are stuck in the ground on either side of them. Some have ridge-pole and rafters, but the chief part are nearly flat on the top; they have old mats spread inside and out, to keep out the wind and rain. In every house there are from five to fifteen families, and each family has a fire in the middle of the building. On the sides they have their bed places, raised about a foot from the earth, and covered with mats; where they *pig in* all together, men, women, and children. The houses are decorated with rude carved images, which they call *clamas*, or gods, but they do not seem to pay any kind of homage or attention to them. Their furniture consists of boxes or chests, hollowed from the solid wood, of all sizes, and curiously carved; and a number of baskets, which they work so close as to hold water. In the boxes

they keep their property and spare garments, and also their dry provision. When the Indians shift to their winter quarters, they carry all the planks and mats of their houses with them, leaving nothing but the rafters and frame standing. They are filthy to the extreme; allow whole piles of fish entrails and other uncleanness to lie in the middle of the houses, never attempting to clear it away. Even in their eating they are very nasty; I have frequently seen them with a piece of meat, half roasted, in the dirt and ashes, lying on the ground with their feet on it, and tearing it like wild beasts with their teeth. After their fish is boiled, they turn it out on a mat, or, if they have not got one readily, on the ground, and collect round it like a pack of hounds, devouring dirt and all. Their mode of boiling fish, vegetables, &c. &c. is rather singular, and deserves to be related. They put whatever is to be cooked into a basket, and, nearly filling it with water, place it on the ground; they then proceed to boil or sodden it, by putting in red hot stones (of which they have a number for the purpose) in quick succession, until the victuals are done to their satisfaction.

The chief employment of the men is to hunt and fish; they are, however, generally speaking, very lazy, and their young men lie basking in the sun, on the sides of the river, for hours together. The women and girls are employed in making hats, mats, &c. and in collecting berries and wood. These people have not the least notion of tilling the ground; they trust to Providence for every thing, and derive their chief support from the river and sea. They collect plenty of berries and fish in summer to last them through the winter. The former they preserve by mixing them up with salmon or seal oil, and, making them into lumps, set them to dry in the sun. When sufficiently dry, they are laid by in boxes and baskets for winter. The salmon they cure by splitting it up into four slices, and running splinters of wood across them. These they also dry in the sun, and then hang them up in the houses, where they are soon smoked and laid by for use. They are cured

without salt, which is never used. The Indian women are complete drudges, yet they seem to work cheerfully.— They have a root here like the potatoe, called by the natives wapitoe; it grows chiefly in swampy ground, and is collected in September.

The men are very stout and hardy; their height from 5 feet to 5 feet eight inches, well proportioned, and with very little beard. They wear a dress made of the skins of the wood-rat, sewed neatly together and thrown over the shoulders: this garment is the same in both sexes, with the addition of a petticoat, which the women wear. It goes under the right arm and above the left, where it fastens with a wooden skewer, being open down the side, so that it leaves both arms at liberty for the use of their weapons. Their ears are perforated in many parts, and small bits of leather fastened in, from which hang shells in shape not much dissimilar to a game cock's spur, and about one inch in length. These shells are called hiaqua. The nose is also perforated, from which beads are suspended; and sometimes a large goose or swan's quill is pushed through. They anoint their bodies with a sort of red ochre and seal oil; and are very expert in the use of the bow, bludgeon, and dagger. Their bows are made of pine, about four feet long, and, in the middle, two inches broad, tapering off towards each end. The sinew of the elk is laid on the back of the bow, which bends it the contrary way, and strengthens it; the string is also made of the sinew of the elk, and it requires a man of some strength to string them. The Chenooks are very expert in the use of this weapon; they will stand on the deck and stick an arrow into the truck with ease. Their arrows are made of light wood, and pointed with stone, bone, glass, ivory, or iron.— Those barbed with ivory I have seen pierce a three-quarter of an inch plank at twelve yards distance. One day some of our people were practising the bow on board; they stood aft, and endeavoured to strike a small looking-glass placed on the bow of the vessel, but none of them could succeed. An

Indian, who was standing by, laughed most heartily at them, and taking up his bow, stood on the stern, and shooting, broke the glass in pieces, at a distance of 95 feet, the mark being about three inches square. The bludgeon is made of bone or iron, about two feet long, and stout in proportion, and handsomely carved and ornamented; the daggers are made of flint-stone or iron, and are held by the middle, so that they use both ends. The natives have a kind of loop to the bludgeon and dagger, which goes over the wrist, to prevent their being wrenched out of their hands; and they never stir out without one of these weapons. Their original tools are chisels made out of the pine knot, axes of stone, and stone mallets. With these they split large cedar trees into planks, with which they build their houses. Their canoes are very simple; some are large enough to carry 30 people, being about 40 feet long, the middle nearly 6 feet broad, and becoming gradually narrower towards the end. They are about two feet deep, handsomely ornamented and painted; the ornamental parts are the teeth of the wolf and sea-otter, which navigators have taken for human teeth. The paddles are made light and small, the length generally 6 feet, of which 2 1-2 feet forms the blade: the lower end is forked like a fish's tail, and the upper end is *crutched* very neatly. In the canoes they keep nets, hooks, harpoons, and fish-gigs, &c. also long spears for spearing salmon. The Chenook women are short and very stout, with thick and often bandy legs. Their hair, which is jet black, they allow to hang loose all round their heads and over their shoulders, never cutting it off unless at the death of some near relative. They wear, as I have noticed, a petticoat made of rushes twisted over a string, with ends hanging loosely down. This garment reaches the knee, and keeps them very warm.— The war-dress of the men is made of the elk-skin, which is dressed in the interior; it is very thick and yet pliable; an arrow cannot penetrate it, and I have even tried with a pistol ball at the distance of twelve yards without

effect. It is worn exactly as the common dress, but is doubled about the body. The men also wear a hat in the shape of a cone, with a string that fastens under the chin. These people have a horrid custom of flattening the heads of infants. When a child is born, they lay it in a small canoe or cradle made for that purpose; they then fix a pad on the forehead and bind it tight down, and keep it so till it broadens the face and forces the eyes out, giving them a most ferocious appearance. When the child screams with pain, they loosen the bandage and

hold it to the breast; the flatter the head is, the greater the beauty in their estimation. Polygamy is allowed, and they keep three or four wives; they are not jealous, and so far from being at all delicate, they allow their women to go on board ship, and remain for weeks, taking care, however, to be well paid beforehand. Their mode of burying the dead is to fasten them in a small canoe with all their property, and hang the vessel up between two trees or stakes; they then cover them with mats.

ERLKÆNIG.

BY GËTHE.

Who rides so late through the tempest wild?
'Tis the father who bears his darling child;
As the thunders roll and lightnings glare,
He presses more closely his anxious care.

"Oh! save me from him," the infant cries;
"Look, father, where yonder Erlkænig flies—
Grim King of terrors, with crown and spear—"
"Peace, peace, dear child, there is nought to fear."

"My prettiest boy, wilt go with me?
Thy life shall be pleasure and revelry;
With sweetest of flowers I'll dress thy head,
And the daintiest fairies shall guard thy bed."

"My father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What Erlkænig is whispering soft in mine ear?"
"Courage, dear boy, it is only the trees,
As their dry leaves in murmurs thus answer the breeze."

"Come with me, come with me, thou prettiest boy,
The pleasures of fairies with me thou'lt enjoy:
My daughter shall love thee—shall sing thee to rest;
Thy day shall be happy, thy night shall be blest."

"Oh, father, dear father, look yonder, where lo!
Sits Erlkænig's daughter in garments of snow."
"Cheerily, boy, 'tis the lightning's gleam,
Through the ancient willows which droop o'er the stream."

"Young urchin, I love thee, then haste to obey:
And art thou not willing, I'll tear thee away."
"Oh, father, dear father, now guard me from ill:
His eyes flash with fire, his grasp is so chill—"

The father was troubled, and hurrying wild,
Pressed close and yet closer his anxious child.
He gains with transport the friendly door—
He gaz'd in his arms—but the child was no more!

CANT.

"Gratiano says an infinite deal of nothings,
More than any man in Venice."—*Merchant of Venice*.

MR. EDITOR,

DO you wish to know what cant is? 'Tis what Hamlet studied, 'Words, words, words,'—not *Wordsworth* (as a gentleman of my acquaintance would say, who has the gift of making the very worst puns possible,) for there is no worth in them. They stand for no ideas, or rather stand for all. They are expressions to let, and are taken into the service of those muddy conceptions, that are beyond the reach of all ordinary language. Were writing and speaking confined to their legitimate ends, there would be no such thing; but where quill and tongue go for the writing and speaking sake, there is no way of getting over the breaks, the puzzles, and the dubiosities, of meaning, without a copious vocabulary of cant. It is like its parent—a many-headed monster; and from the cobbler to the king, each calling bath its stock. With but this difference between the kinds, that the more vulgar are the more expressive—nothing being so dull, so stupid, and utterly *fâde* as the cant of high life.

The only person free from this habit, and independent of this auxiliary, is the citizen of the world; but he is almost an imaginary being. We are a universe of tradesmen, and all delve at something; there are labourers in the palace, as well as in the vineyard. We are each surrounded with our little atmosphere, of which the atoms are mighty to us: the objects with which we are there conversant, are ever present to our senses,—become a part and parcel of our minds, and when we take distant and more general views of things, we tacitly refer them to, and illustrate them by those lesser objects, which are hourly before our eyes.—Hence the expressiveness of the vulgar, who apply the homely and the tangible, where the learned and fashionable use the affected and ideal.—Cant with the vulgar is metaphor; with others, conceit—as a term of reproach, indeed, it should be applied only to the latter.

Those who lay most claim to be considered citizens of the world, are travellers; yet among this class are to be found the oldest and most egregious of canters—from Sir John Mandeville to Tom Coryatt, and from the much-abused author of the *Crudities* to any one you please. Travel, I fear, wears out more shoes than prejudices:—as the greatest and most startling novelty to the voyager is the language and strange sounds of foreign countries, he catches words first, and leaves ideas to follow at their leisure—often omits them altogether, *by particular desire*. Much in the same way with all of us, when we travel into life and knowledge: we are taught vocabularies—made to repeat whole dictionaries by rote—learn explanations ten times more formidable than what they explain, *ignotum per ignotius*, and get our ideas of things by the same method that, folks say, lawyers get to heaven. No wonder if we cant and babble nonsense. We are taught dead languages and dead sciences, and are left to catch the living principles, the vital knowledge of humanity, from unmeaning conversation, and from the worthless stray volumes on the subject which may fall into our hands. We are left for all this discipline—this nurture of the soul, in boyhood and youth to sanguine fancy and untempered passion; and, as years roll on, are compelled to learn from that hard, cold teacher, Experience, the futility of former hopes and old ideas. We are led thus to judge of things that *are* to be, by the things that *were* to be: we learn the vanity of hope, but, in learning the harsh lesson, we lose the mental strength, the independent, self-subsisting spirit, which might have enabled us to do without it. Thus cheated of the future, we turn our views upon the past—our reflections upon ourselves. We consider our race of existence as run; and, with the spiritual pride of beings that have fulfilled their period of existence, we turn philosophers, and

speculators, and teachers. Our feelings and perception, dormant upon one another, lie rankling and rotting into morbidity and corruption. Ever contemplating our own confused minds, and their more confused copies of things, we grow dizzy, as we flatter ourselves we grow wise. A haze spreads itself between us and the world of intellect; yet we talk on, as if the objects were as distinct as ever. The crazed mind, from which has been blotted every idea, clings in vanity and dotage to the words, and the sounds, with which it has been familiar; and in pleasing and happy self-delusion takes sound for sense, and cant for philosophy,—like Lear with his straw sceptre, it ‘is every inch a king.’ It is often the *primates* of intellect who are thus visited; but it is some consolation to them, that the world can scarce perceive their aberrations—there is no measure by which they can be meted. If their effusions be unmeaning, a spirit still glows through them, which affrights the vulgar from questioning, and makes them esteem it profane to attempt unveiling the nothingness that is enshrined within.—There is generally a slight glimmer throughout that looks like Platonism, and is more striking from the surrounding darkness. With the vulgar reverence for obscurity, we are at first more inclined to attribute the unintelligibility of a work to our own dulness than to that of the author, till we take up books of philosophy and perspicacity united, which shake our worshipful opinions of the obscure.

“The works of Des Cartes,” says Le Clerc, “were the first books that brought Mr. Locke (so he himself told me) to the study of philosophy: for though he did not assent to the truth of all his notions, he found that he wrote with great clearness, which made him think that it was the fault of the authors, rather than his own, that he had not understood some other philosophical books.”

If we proceed from hence to poetry, we shall find cant more at home: it is here in its original signification of song, and not inexpressively derived, bearing as it does, even in its most prosai

taste, such a resemblance to those popular snatches of tune, which

“We whistle as we go, for want of thought.”

There are many who could no more live without the favourite tune or favourite line of the hour, than they could without the morning newspaper; it is to them just what tobacco is to the poor artisan—a soothing employment, a gentle opiate,

“To steep the senses in forgetfulness.”

We are such unspiritual beings, that thought requires some mechanical accompaniment; some people, even of intellectual habits, cannot raise an idea while they sit—their minds won’t go without their legs. We know an author who regularly destroys a pair of gloves—literally eats them—for every song he writes; and another, who always sits down to a lathe, as a preparative for composition. For those whose cogitations do not tend paperwards, a tune is the simplest spell of the kind, at once soothing and exciting. But we have heard or read somewhere, that medical men look upon a person’s having one of these snatches continually in his head, as a symptom of some disorder. I have not had much experience in this line, but I have found, that people thus affected are generally very much inclined to commit verse.

The fashionable catch the air from the last opera, and the expression from Boxiana or Cribb’s Memorial. The Savoyards have been a national benefit in this way, and have furnished matter for humming to all the boys about town: this humming is at first an accompaniment, and afterwards a substitute for thought. Exactly the same, but without the music, are the thousand species of expressions, adages, and illustrations, which on their first application, no doubt, meant something, but which have long since laid aside the useful property of meaning. Those sweet words are to the author what the favourite tune is to the saunterer—a stop-gap in cogitation and in sentences. A reader may be puzzled to find out the association; but the difficulty is solved, when he learns, that, like the *Pax vobiscum* of Wamba, it is a *passe-partout*.

Cant is the epidemic of periodical

essayism (we have no doubt of this very page practising what it preaches;) but with a "*mî ignosco meis vitiis*," it is very allowable. Who could be for ever writing sense? or who would, when nonsense will do better? A lively gentleman, with a stock of egotism, and the old dramatists common-placed, will write more popular essays in a week than Bacon and Clarendon excogitated in a year.—Cant is current coin, as Langland would say; sense is your heavy ingot, that nobody will carry, or take the trouble of assaying. Wisdom will not be listened to, unless ushered in by nonsense; and the only way to convey instruction is *par parenthèse*, surrounding it with drollery, like the knowing fellow's mode of passing a bad guinea, "Slip it between two halfpence, and it will pass without challenge."

There are some species of cant extremely amusing, from the impudence with which it is endeavoured to pass them for something better: they stare you in the face, like a lawyer of empty bag, with most vacuous importance. Of these the most insignificant are the most barefaced—witness the *dash*, and the letter *I*. Of the pages of modern composition they have more than one-half in their own possession, yet the sum of their signification is nothing. How is it that our ancestors were content with colon and semicolon, and yet contrived to be abundantly witty? That the dashless Addison was facetious, elegant, philosophic—all in the way of plain punctuation? But taste is changed: we read, think, and talk hurry-scurry, and should never get to the end of a speech or paragraph without the assistance of —, parenthesis, and quotation:

Hail, thou inscrutable prosaic Muse,
Where'er thou dwell'st,—in would-be poet's dream,
Or essayist's, or preacher's sonorous theme;
Welcome to all, 'tis hard for thee to choose.
And yet I ween, ne'er did thy wing delay
To visit with thy sage and sapient store
Of common-place books and compiled lore,
(Comma'd and noted well, "old book," "old play,")
Me, thy long-studious votary, that have
In all thy temples been, and sung the Pæan,
Which erst to thee black-letter'd Phœbus gave,
And in the realms Cottonian and Harleian
Daily resounds in mild and musty song
To thee, Goddess of the quill-driving throng.

MOUNT ETNA AT DAY-LIGHT.

ANXIOUS expectation more than doubled the time in which we waited for the appearance of the sun; but we felt none of those unpleasant sensations in a difficulty of respiration, which are said to arise from the tenuity of the atmosphere, and of which many travellers have complained: at this amazing altitude the mind seems more affected than the body; the spirit appears elevated by the change, and dismissing those cares and passions which disturb its serenity below, rises from the contemplation of this sublime scenery to the adoration of its divine Architect.

At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, announced the approach of the great luminary of day; and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported, as it were, on a throne of golden clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky his rays glittered on the mountain tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. This effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the island may be described, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast,

with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not, on this account, doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so : the Lipari islands were very much approximated to view by the refreshing power of the atmosphere, as also was the Calabrian

coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued ; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chesnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable : on the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains ; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and beautify the ground.—*Hughes's Travels in Sicily, just printed.*

Reminiscencia,

OR, ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

THIS "Dante of the arts," (Il dan-
te delle belle arti) the pride of sculpture, of painting, and of architecture, possessed also a singular talent for poetry, and his mottos have been considered equal with those of the Greek authors we read of in Dati, as possessing all the acumen of wit and the fire of imagination. Lorenzo the Magnificent, the patron of all that is splendid in design, of extensive in execution, was so well pleased and convinced of this, that he took Buonarroti into his own house, made him the confidant of the learned, the friend of Poliziano, and even the companion of his own sons. Michael Angelo derived the most invaluable advantage from such distinguished protection, and divided his studies between the antient marbles with which the house of Lorenzo then abounded, and the composition of sonettos. He was most particularly partial to that songster of hidden learning, Dante, and has celebrated many of his sublime images in a code which has perished to the heavy loss of the art. Gori says in his illustration of the life of Condivi, that the soul of Michel Angiolo was so much enraptured with the almost incomprehensible effusions of the divine poet, that he not only wished to adorn his memory with a magnificent sepulchre, as appears from a supplication made to Leo the Tenth, but also when the Medicean Academy demanded the bones of the illustrious bard, the name

of Michel Angiolo, with his superb offering, was read amongst the subscribers. "La cui memoria volle ornare con un magnifico sepolero, siccome costa da una supplica a Leon X. Ivi l'Accademia Medicea richiede le ossa del divino poeta ; fra 'soscrittori si legge il nome di Michel Angiolo e la sua offerta."

His sculpture. It may be accounted, perhaps, a propitious occurrence for the future excellence of Buonarroti, that Dominico Ghirlandaio, the master of this angel in sculpture, not less than in painting, jealous of the too visible superiority of his splendid genius in the latter art, succeeded in his endeavours to direct his uncommon disposition towards the former. Whoever has seen his Moses at the sepulchre of Julius the Second, at St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, his Christ at the Minerva, or his Pieta at the Vatican, to say nothing of those statues which Florence possesses of him at St. Lorenzo, and the various palaces of the sovereign, must confess with Condivi and others, that, however towering upon the summit of the three arts, his chisel is still preferable to his pencil. Herein, indeed, he appears certainly to have exerted himself the most to the purpose, and to have laid the foundation of his never-dying fame. It would be too much to follow Vasari, who speaking of the great David, placed near the old palace, (Palazzo Vecchio) of Florence, says, "that it took away the reputation from all antient or modern statues, Greek or

Roman, as they may be (*tolse il grido a tutte le statue moderne ed antiche, Greche o Latine, ch'elle si fossero.*) Nor should Bottari be too much indulged, whose opinion is, that Buonarroti has very much surpassed the Greeks, whose statues, however larger than nature, have not succeeded so excellently, "*ha saperato d'assai i Greci, le cui statue, quandoo sono maggiori del naturale, non sono riuscite così eccellenti,*" but without trespassing upon the splendid fame of Greek masters, by comparing moderns with them, it may be safely asserted, that the boldness and life of the proportions, the attitude, the majesty of deportment in that colossal figure, have rarely been surpassed. In all his works of sculpture, there is a grandeur united with nature most happily his own. So anxious was he about this noble art, and so delicate was his taste in the utensils even that he employed, that no workman could satisfy him, and his own hands made every wimble, every chissel that he used, accounting no labour too great that had for its object the attainment of that almost preternatural excellence in which he is a prince, and which has formed so brilliant a school for the sculptors of our own days.

His painting. Thus Michel Angelo, without a rival in sculpture, dreaded the possibility of appearing in painting in a second or third character. Few are his designs, and the greater part of his compositions have remained traced out only by him, whilst succeeding artists have followed to the completion of his grand beginnings: hence many of the paintings given for those of Buonarroti in the galleries, are almost all of them of other masters. Not so, however, in the various pontificates which followed Pope Julius the Second, when the indifference towards painting of Michel Angelo, occupied always in works of sculpture and architecture, may be well conceived by the frequent unavailing entreaties made to him to resume the pencil, by sovereigns and by princes. Still Clement the Seventh, wishing to have represented by him in the Sixtine chapel, (*cappella Sistina*) of the Vatican, two great histories, that of the Fall of the Angels, over the

door, and the Universal Judgment on the opposite front, over the grand altar, prevailed upon Michel Angelo to study for the latter, which, upon the decease of Clement the Seventh, was abandoned; but Paul the Third, who had come to the knowledge of it, after various ineffectual persuasions, finally resolved upon entreating him to the conclusion, by going personally to his house accompanied by ten cardinals, an honour without example in the history of artists, however great, and altogether unique in the glories of the art. Michel Angelo, however, although obliged to yield to such splendid solicitations, evinced that independent and lofty spirit which his happy pre-eminence in sculpture had assured to him, by replying to the Pope, that he would not undertake the conclusion of the work at all, unless on fresco; that oil painting he deemed a fit occupation for women alone, and for persons of an easy and slothful genius. The Friar Sebastiano del Piombo had prevailed so far with Paul the Third, as to permit him to prepare the plaster for Michel Angelo; this the latter immediately ordered to be destroyed, and, making a rough cast after his own disposition, he finished this stupendous achievement of the art in the space of eight years, and uncovered it in the year 1541. In this immense picture he had been fully able to content himself, and to display to the astonished world, the real grandeur of his worth; for that place may be said to have become peopled by him, and that he raised to that sanctuary the most superb and best adapted monument the proudest production of the ability of man. The innumerable figures awakened at the sound of the last trumpet: the hosts of good, and the bands of wicked angels; men elect and reprobates; some issuing from their tombs, others standing, some hastening to their reward, others dragged to punishment, are at once the most sublime, the most terrible display of a genius so incomprehensibly vast, of a mind so exalted on the summit of conception, that it could neither be awed by the appalling subject of the wrath of God, or by a history which had for its

basis, a world of men who rise again. But this unequalled work on fresco has not escaped the criticism to which all good works are subject; and Vasari, who participated even in most of his views and intentions, tells us in page 245 and 253 of his life, that Michel Angiolo, "intent upon the principle of the art, which is the human body, left aside the beauties of colours, of caprices, and of new fancies." "*Inteso al principale dell' arte ch'è il corpo umano, lascio da parte le vaghezze de' colori, i capricci, le nuove fantasie*;" and again, that there are neither landscapes, nor trees, nor houses, nor even certain varieties and beauties of the art seen there, because he never attended to them, as one who did not choose to debase his great genius by similar things. "*Nè paesi vi sono né alberi, né casamenti; nè anche certa varietà e vaghezze dell' arte vi si veggono perché non vi attese mai, come quegli che forse non voleva abbassare il suo grande ingegno a simili cose.*" But why suppose Michel Angiolo, (a man gifted with every grand quality,) capable of so foolish a pride of mind? or why disinclined to arrive at perfection in an art which, having for its object whatever there is in nature, was not to be limited by one thing alone, such as is the naked or natural (*nudo*) or to one character, which is the terrible? True it is, that his character was the terrible, and his object was the *nudo*, and it is most probable, that seeing himself so strong therein, he sought no other, from the well known conviction, that perfection is rarely or never attained in all. His chief misfortune was, that he held no bridle to his fancy in the choice of the *nudo*, that he neither acknowledged limits nor measure, that the nudity to which he had given such unbounded scope in the grand work of the Judgment, had nearly lost to him the work; for succeeding popes, ashamed of the indecorum in the sanctuary, wished it to be washed over; nor was it but with great difficulty that Paul the Fourth was satisfied that its improprieties should be corrected by some veils added by Daniel of Volterra, which has preserved this splendid master-piece to the admiration of posterity.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVIII. AND GENERAL RAPP.

General Rapp being on duty attending the King at St. Cloud, was informed of the death of Buonaparte while he was breakfasting with his Majesty. At first the General would not credit the intelligence; but on the King's assuring him that he had received official information of it the night before, the General could not restrain his tears, and audibly declared, that the death of his former General, whose Aide-de-camp he had been for fifteen years, most sensibly affected him: "I am not an ungrateful man," said he, and immediately retired home. The King, pleased with the faithful conduct of the General, sent for him after mass, and kindly addressed him in the following manner: "Rapp, I know that the news I have received has been very afflicting to you; it does honour to your heart; and I love and esteem you the more for it."

NEW METHOD OF REFRESHMENT.

J. Monro, in the Narrative of the Military operations on the Coromandel Coast, speaks of the Gentoo and Malabar barbers cracking his joints very dexterously, and as displaying much art. "The operator, (he says) first seizes a person by the ears, and giving a sudden twist to the neck, makes it crack in a manner sufficient to frighten a stranger; he thence descends, in regular order, to every joint in the body and limbs; making each of them crack as he goes along, finishing at the great toe. This greatly refreshes a person after walking, or any exercise of fatigue."

This joint-cracking might have been very agreeable to Mr. Monro: the detail reminds us of the Chinese champagne. In this northern climate, our joints are so knit, that the refreshment may be very well dispensed with.

BON MOT.

The keeper of a billiard-table at C——m had the good fortune to win so large a sum, on one occasion, that it enabled him to build a pretty house with a neat lawn; a wag has christened his residence *Cue Green*!

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

The trial of an indictment, the *King v. Betty Townshend*, in 1816, developed some disgraceful circumstances of the credulity of the mass of the people. The prisoner was 77 years old, resided in the parish of Taunton, and by the superstitious and ignorant had long been considered a *witch*. Her appearance was calculated to sanction the idea, and her levees were much frequented by those who chose to pay for a peep into futurity. The prosecutor, Jacob Pool, was a poor man residing in the hamlet of Taunton, and was in the habit of sending his daughter, about twelve years old, with apples in a basket to Taunton market. In January of that year, the child met the old woman, who stopped her, and after examining her basket, asked "hast got any money?" the child answering in the negative, she ordered her to get some and bring to her, threatening to "kill her by inches," if she disobeyed. The terrified child borrowed two shillings of Mr. Bruford, druggist, in Taunton, which she gave to the prisoner; and afterwards, in consequence of similar threats, borrowed 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* of the same gentleman, at six different periods. At length Pool called on Mr. Bruford to pay him a bill, and was informed of the sums his daughter had borrowed "to go to market" with, and on questioning the child, the threats of the "witch" had made so strong an impression on her, that it was with great difficulty that she could be brought to disclose the truth. Pool's wife and a woman named Johnson then went to the house of the prisoner, and interrogated as to the facts; she swore and raved in a violent manner, and vowed that if they dared to accuse her, she would make them "die by inches." Mrs. Pool replied, "no, thee shalt not; I'll hinder that;" and taking a pin from her clothes, she scratched the *witch* from the elbow to the wrist, that by *drawing her blood* she might dispel the power of her incantations! The prisoner being found guilty, the judge observed, that her extreme old age alone prevented him from pronouncing upon her the severest sentence of the

law. He ordered that she should pay a fine of 1*s.* and be imprisoned in the house of correction, and there kept to hard labour, for six callendar monthis.

PHYSICIANS—QUACKS, &c.

Dr. Garth speaks of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, thus:

Where stands a dome majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a golden pill!

Dumoulin, the famous French physician, at his death, observed that he left behind him two famous physicians: upon being asked who they were, regimen and river water.

A very healthy old gentleman was asked, by a king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. Sire, replied the gentleman, my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass.

A rich valetudinarian called in a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and enquired, Do you eat well? Yes, said the patient. Do you sleep well? I do. Then, said the Esculapius, I shall give you something to take away all *that*.

Dr. Moore (author of *Zeluco*) used to say that, "At least two-thirds of a Physician's fees were for imaginary complaints." Among several instances of this nature, he mentions one of a clothier, who, after long drinking the Bath waters, took it into his head to try the Bristol hot wells. Previous, however, to his setting off, he requested the physician to favour him with a letter, stating his case to any brother Galen. This done, the patient got into a chaise and started. After proceeding about half way, he felt an itch to pry into the contents of the letter, when the following words presented themselves:—"Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him." It is unnecessary to add, that his cure was at that moment effected, as he ordered the chaise to return, and immediately proceeded home.

But physicians are generally flattering. "Here am I, (said Pope, in his last illness,) dying of a hundred good symptoms!" This was just after the

Doctor had been telling him that he was glad to find that he breathed so much easier; that his pulse was very good; and several other encouraging things.

In modern days, we find Dr. Willis, for his successful attendance upon his Majesty King George the third, had the remuneration of 1500*l.* per annum for twenty-one years, and to his son 650*l.* per annum for life. The other physicians had thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. Dr. Willis had also the good luck to be sent for to the late Queen of Portugal, and to return loaded with bars of gold, and adorned with diamonds. What rewards would have been bestowed upon him had he proved successful! But the Queen's malady was incurable; her majesty was firmly persuaded she was in hell, saying, that a skilful physician can sometimes cure madness, but never can reverse the decrees of fate. The Queen's disorder was first occasioned by a plan contrived by some monks and waiting-ladies, for reversing the bloody decree respecting the families of D'Aveira and Tavora.

Occasionally, however, doctors may be unfortunate, for when the fair Austrigilde was on her death-bed, she prevailed on her husband, King Gontran, to cause the two physicians who attended her in her illness to be put to death, and buried along with her. These, I believe, says St. Foix, are the only two gentlemen of the faculty who were ever privileged to lie in the tombs of kings: but I have no sort of doubt that many others have justly merited the same honour. On the other hand, the death of Pope Adrian caused such joy at Rome, that, the night after his decease, *they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription, 'To the deliverer of his country.'*

Frightening the Gout.

Fabritius makes mention of a gentleman, with whom he was familiar, who, being unjustly suspected, was tortured upon the rack, and, when released, found himself quite cured of the gout, which was, *before this violent remedy, very troublesome.*

* Ague may also be frightened away. An honest servant of the Marquis of Ferrara, (who had been long afflicted this way,) after taking every precaution, *i. e.* of having a boat ready, pushed his master into the river, and ran away. The Marquis was immediately taken out, frightened and cured, but vowing revenge. At length the servant returns, is apprehended, and ordered to prepare for execution. The Marquis, however, whose resentment had abated, was determined to save him, though he seemed to resolve that the law should take its course. At length the day of execution arrived; he was conducted to the scaffold, and there protesting he had no other motive than the cure of his master, laid his head upon the block, and gave the fatal signal. The executioner at that instant, according to his orders poured some cold water on his neck, and this was no sooner done than the colour left his cheeks, his eyes sunk in his head, and he died in a few moments without uttering a word.—Coming nearer home, we find that Mrs. Mantle, wife of Mr. Justice Mantle, who lived next door but one to a house then on fire, and who had been lame for twenty years, and unable to help herself to or from her bed, miraculously found the use of her legs, and ran from Mr. Mantle's house in Mount Street, unknown to any of the family, who had given her up for lost before they thus saw her.

A gouty man has got up and run away on the house being on fire; epilepsies and agues have disappeared upon some sudden fright; and a fainting fit has rapidly disappeared upon an ill-natured threat of the lancet, or even an insinuation about its reality.

The Head Ache. It is a custom with the Africans, when affected with the head ache, "to lie upon the hearth before a large fire, having a heavy stone laid upon one side of the head." This remedy not having been tried in this country, may be adopted by those whose skulls are able to bear any thing. The following is an instance of a head-ache got rid of, as well as a lameness of the writer and rider's horse at the same time; it is from Mr. Wesley's.

Journal, from Oct. 27, 1743, to Nov. 17, 1746 :—"My horse, (he says) was exceedingly lame : we could not discern what it was amiss, and yet he could scarce set his foot on the ground. My head ached more than it had done for some months (what I here aver is the naked fact ; let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any ! Immediately my weariness and head ache ceased, and my horse's lameness the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next."

Lameness. Schenekius, in his Medical Observations, says, that Nicholas, an architect, falling from an high tower, recovered the use of his leg, which, before that tumble, used to halt. A very extraordinary mode of cure, which cannot, however, be safely prescribed.

Phlebotomy. An Italian, mentioned by Solenander, was on his death-bed : presently comes in a man whom he had aggrieved, and although told he was in a dying state, resolved, in the Italian way, to do the business with his own hands. He enters the chamber, gives the sick man a desperate stab, and so departs. By the flux of blood that issued from the wound,

(for it seems he required bleeding,) he quite recovered ; his foe was his physician, who would not let him die, as die he would without this coarse phlebotomy.

Vaccination had, of course, its many enemies, in the infancy of its science ; among others Dr. Mosely, who described, in technical style, a whole tribe of cow-pox diseases ; and Mr. Stuart, as a brutal degeneration of the human species. "The cow-pox, (said they) mange, or farcy, cow-pox, ulcers, with pus, green—green *as grass*, clearly demonstrating their bovine origin ; cow-pox evil or abscess, cow-pox mortification, are nothing in comparison to the brutalization of the noblest work of creation."—"Among the numerous shocking cases of cow-pox which I have heard of, I know not if the most horrible of all has yet been published, viz. of a child at Peckham, who, after being inoculated with the cow-pox, had its former natural disposition absolutely changed to *the brutal* ; so that it run upon all fours like a BEAST, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull. For my part, (it is added, with philosophical scepticism) I can scarcely think it possible, *having had no time to ascertain the truth !*"

O Mosely ! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures ;
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.
There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe, and Mary ;
On their foreheads—oh horrible !—crumpled horns bud ;
Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud.

But many disorders are cured by being charmed away : as, a wedding-ring of gold, rubbed on a sty upon the eye-lid, used to be esteemed a sovereign remedy ; but—it must be applied nine times !

Children may cut their teeth beautifully, by wearing an anodyne necklace, a specific which we have fortunately had among us for this hundred years ! Cato taught, that a fractured limb might be healed by a green reed and a charm. Even Galen taught, that certain remedies lost their efficacy, if they were pounded by a person who had any iron about him. Digby and Van Helmont had their sympathetic pow-

ders. In the journal, *Les Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, for 1767, several remarkable cures were attributed to the Abbé Salle, who had founded the schools, *Freres ignorantins*. Brother Giles was cured of the head-ache by applying, to the part affected, a *letter* he had received from his superior.—Brother Timothy, who had a white swelling on the knee, by the *sign* of the cross made over it, was made whole.

How many ages passed (says Pasquier) supposing that a child ought not to be blooded until it had attained the age of fourteen years ; and that bleeding of them before that time, was not a cure, but their death ? a heresy

which we should have lived in to this day, if it had not been for Averroes, an Arabian, who ventured to make the first experiment of it on a son of his, aged about six or seven years, whom he cured of a pleurisy.

Wesley (who wrote a book on physic) had strong notions of diabolical agency in respect of diseases. He imputed to it many of the accidents and discomforts of life,—disease, bodily hurts, storms and earthquakes, and nightmare, epilepsy and madness.

Let us now quote a universal panacea, out of one of those good old housewifery books, which formed at once the Buchan's Domestic Medicine and Domestic Cookery of our forefathers. The receipt, to be sure, is somewhat barbarous, because a charm seems to be annexed to the OIL OF SWALLOWS.—In a work in Sion College library, 1683, quarto, we find the following receipt to make oil of swallows, which when made, “is exceeding sovereign for any broken bones, bones out of joynt, or any pain or grief, either in the bones or sinews :”—

Receipt.—“To make oil of Swallows. Take lavender, cotton, spike knot-grass, ribwort, balm, velerian, rosemary-tops, woodbine-tops, vine-strings, French mallows, the tops of alecosts, strawberry-strings, tustan, plantane, walnut-tree leaves, the tops of young beets, isop, violet-leaves, sage of vertue, fine Roman wormwood, of each of them a handful; camomile and red roses, of each two handfuls; *twenty quick*, i. e. *live swallows*, and *beat them together in a mortar*, and put to them a quart of neat's-foot oyl, or May-butter, and *grind them all well together*, &c. &c. &c. !”

The same author, in a remedy for deafness, shews the same partiality for live creatures.—“Take a gray eel, with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot, *quick*, and stop the pot very close : then dig a deep hole in a horse-dunghill, and set it therein for a fortnight ; then take it out, and clear out the oyl which will come of it, and drop it into the imperfect ear, or both, if both be imperfect.” Here is also a receipt to preserve us from the infection of the plague, by “smelling a

nosegay made of the tassel'd end of a ship-rope.”

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF EARLY TALENT.

At Copenhagen, is the youngest female writer, probably, now living.—Her name is Virgilia Christiana Lund, and she is not above ten years of age. Last year she published a family picture, “Clotilda, or Two for One ;” and lately she has published a dramatic piece, called “Infidelity detected.”

Natural History.

AN ANT HILL.

In crossing a field lately, says a correspondent, I felt my foot suddenly sink into a heap of soft earth ; an incident which, though it might appear harmless and indifferent, was fraught with consequences the most alarming and destructive. The unguarded step was followed by the slaughter of incalculable numbers, and the awful convulsions of a whole empire ! It was a *nest of ants* ; and the measures pursued by the citizens on this calamitous occasion were so curiously interesting as to arrest my attention for a whole hour. As soon as the first terrors occasioned by the shock had subsided, I could surmise that an express was despatched to the residence of the king, to acquaint him with particulars, and in less than two minutes he made his appearance on the scene of distress and ruin. He was a fine looking fellow, and though I could perceive his majesty much agitated at this unexpected disaster, yet he convoked his senate without delay to deliberate upon the best means of retrieving the loss. There was a very full attendance of members, and one above all seemed to attract extraordinary attention, who was unquestionably the Nestor of the tribe. This gallant officer rushed out of the assembly, galloped through thick and thin into the city, upset three or four old females with eggs on their backs, knocked down a fat pismire, and darted down a narrow lane that I afterwards found led to the corn-market ; there I lost him.

What a fine field was opened to philosophical and contemplative persons, to whom I recommend the further study and application of the subject.

Literary Intelligence.

The Recreative Review, or Eccentricities of Literature and Life.

[A new Magazine, under this title, has just issued from the press in London, the first Number of which will be republished by MONROE & FRANCIS, Boston, on the 1st of January next, and be continued in monthly numbers, at \$5 per ann. The following is the preface to this facetious work :—]

ABOUT a month previous to the publication of our commencing part, we issued the following prospectus, which may be quite proper to give here entire.

“The adjective *Recreative* is defined by DR. JOHNSON to be “refreshing, giving relief after labour or pain, amusing, diverting.”—So much for our title.

“When we step into the British Museum, in Russell-Street, we do not expect to see sparrows, hens, geese, or horses stuffed; we go to inspect the extraordinary, the out-of-the-way productions of nature and art, rarely to be met with. Upon this principle is THE RECREATIVE REVIEW founded; for we profess to give *the Eccentricities of Literature and Life, of Art and Nature*, leaving all dry-as-dust, prolix, and prosing disquisitions upon everyday subjects to those who delight in them. What is customary, therefore, is rarely noticed; the erratic, the nearly incredible, whether of genius, or learning, or science, alone occupy us, whether discovered in the pages of books, or of human existence. The *deliramenta doctrinæ*, the wild speculations of the learned, are here noticed; for

We love, in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the gravest face.

And among the misfortunes we struggle with, it is one comfort for us to know, that all the world laugh at one another, and—perhaps ever will. To this end, all possible variety is given of the Gallimatias done, rumoured, and written. The *nugæ facetiæ* and the *tristia*, the nips, scoffs, conceits, and quackeries of the *clever*, familiar or sublime, particularly of those who have

been eminent in the art of doubting, who strangle us with their waste fertility, yet leave us as ignorant as ever; for men so employed, says Erasmus, may be said to teach a hen to cluck, to be writing on the surface of the water, boiling a stone, shaving an ass, setting an ox to catch a hare, &c. seeming to be at their wit's end, which by the by is no great journey. But if anecdote in general, or personal ones, of eminent men, their pursuits, their propensities, their incidental or intellectual excellences or defects, their literary peculiarities, have any charm, then will our work claim some favour from the public. If genius is made a playmate and a companion;—or, if to bring authors and writings into your parlour, as Boswell did Johnson;—if we see how poets and prose-writers express themselves, and even amuse themselves;—if, in fact, literature itself be served up in the way of the *petit soupers* of the Trianon, instead of the formality of a *set dinner*;—if scenes of ever-varying hue can please, without too much of any given colour pervading (the *sombre* especially);—if innocently to smile at the grave follies of the wise, without being malignantly satirical, be a recommendation with our readers, then will our attempt be approved and sanctioned. Neither have we been busy about trifles: being no idolaters even of talent—if misapplied, keeping an observant eye upon all that may affect the felicity of mankind, whether by the infirmity of human purpose, or otherwise.

“This is a work that may be opened at random, and by any *party*, for (wonderful!) it is not a political review. It is of that class which *may* cause some of our pleasantest hours, because viewed in the light of relaxation from severer duties and studies; and yet to the student himself *some* trouble is saved. Wisdom and pleasantry may herein look one another in the face; for there is moral enough, if the reader chooses to extract it: but for us to speculate in putting the world to rights, reminds us of the

bill-sticker at the last election, slyly tearing down his opponent's bill, for the purpose of sticking up his own, and the rival bill-sticker slyly coming and catching him in the act. The public good of mankind may be performed two ways—by instruction and diversion : or, as mankind is now disposed, perhaps he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed. We wish to build the structure, including *all* points, by a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce* ; and, in doing this, we shall perhaps shew *nulium magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ*, that there is nothing great without a tincture of madness. Besides, Buonaparte tells us, *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas !* And, lastly, that there is not such a vast difference between people's parts as the world imagines. In the RECREATIVE REVIEW, consisting of table-talk and light reading, the lounge may skim the surface, or dip into, *ad libitum*, for knowledge or amusement ; for we have rarely presumed to scatter the gems of *our own* genius in these pages : we have simply done (through a life of laborious literary reading) like Julius Cæsar and Tacitus, viz. kept a common-place book of the pointed sayings of others ; the essence of which is now presented, as condensed as possible, hating prolixity and all its works, and ceremony also ; for dulness and gravity, like the two Sosias in the play, resemble one another so much, that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Sir Thomas More tells us, that the Utopians, both at dinner and supper, began with some lecture, that is read to them ; *but it is so short, that it is not tedious nor uneasy to them to hear it*. In addition, also, to the wonders recorded in this work, we present a new one, viz. the actual authority, which we have been *candid* enough to give in ninety cases of a hundred."

Now whether or not we have kept up to, or fallen short in, our pretensions, a discerning public alone must decide ; still we have some evidence in our favour, that our work does not smell of mortality ; viz. the unexampled sale of our first part, for which our warmest gratitude is due : we con-

ceive the most strenuous exertions to be demanded from us, by this very success, to ensure continued patronage, by endeavouring to make each future part more interesting than the preceding. This is the best way in which we could shew a proper sense of obligation to a generous public ; it is the mode we shall adopt.

In this age of "Reviews," it was hazardous to bring one more into the market, especially as our Review (some think it improperly named) is of subjects mostly eccentric, and not every-day ones ; instead of this or t'other publication, "which struts and frets its hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more." We are, however, prepared to defend our title, although that ought to be utterly immaterial, so long as the contents are of the right stamp, genuine, and free from dross. That it is a Review of Literature and Life, each under its proper head, and that in the strictest sense of the word, each page must testify ; inasmuch as the opinions of wiser heads than our own are brought into bearing, and as candidly set forth by name and reference, quoted after the luminous and satisfactory manner of Bayle. It were peculiarly insidious to palm off as our own what is quoted in illustration, though a very common practice ; and though our work may by the ignorant, on this account, be deemed *but* a compilation, it is an honest proceeding, for which we doubt not the man of reading will thank us.

Those who aspire to a solid erudition, must undoubtedly take severer methods to acquire it. They have their labour and their merit. But there are readers of another order, who must not be left unprovided : for such readers, it is our province, occasionally, to collect matters of a lighter nature ; but pleasing even by their levity, by their variety, and by their aptitude to enter into common conversation.—Things of this sort often gradually and imperceptibly insinuate a taste of knowledge, and in some measure gratify that taste ; they steal some moments from the round of dissipation and pleasure ; they relieve the minds of men of business (who cannot pass

from severe labour to severe study) with an elegant relaxation; they preserve the strenuous idleness of others from a worse employment.

The advantages we flatter ourselves we possess, arise from our own extraordinary attention and industry. We have put into order and rank the floating facetiæ of times past; we make the moderns as familiar with the ancients, as the inhabitants of old houses who shake hands out of their garret-windows. We aim at uniting the plan of the Magazines with that of the Reviews; not servilely copying what has preceded us, just like the two kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay; and though it is a plan tolerably well calculated for a literary amusement, we do not pretend that the public will not have something to excuse, as well as to applaud.

But some will say, To what purpose so many quotations, so many merry thoughts, so many philosophical reflections? Those who make complaints of this sort, want the most necessary notion to pass a right judgment upon this work. They don't consider that it ought to be of some use to all sorts of readers; and that if it had been entirely framed according to the taste of the nicest judges, it would go out of its natural sphere. We would have them consider, that if we had kept to their notions of perfection, our book might indeed have been very acceptable to them; but then many others had been displeased with it, and it had remained in the dust of the booksellers' warehouses.—Please people of gravity and exquisite taste indeed!

Lastly, we may be permitted to hope that this Review, Miscellany, Collection of *Contes à rire*, or whatever else it may be christened, has some claims on the public attention; for, 1st, it is free from party or political asperity. 2d, it is free even from the very semblance of irreligion and immorality. 3d, It is neither tedious nor prolix, 'the common vice o' the times;' for we come at once to the matter in hand without preambles or postambles. And lastly, the whole is arranged on a cheerful or recreative principle, whereby, if we are so dispos-

ed, many a solitary hour may be beguiled of its *ennui*, aye, if even the mind is as gloomy as Spencer's cave of despair. Besides, Swift says, things of this sort have nobly triumphed over time, have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. We must, however, refrain from adding another word, for a long preface is a crying evil.

NEW WORKS IN SEPT. 1821.

We feel a pleasure in directing the attention of the lovers of poetry to the second part of *Poems for Youth*, by a family circle. The reception given by the public to the first part of this work was very flattering, and its readers will not we think, find any diminution of interest in the continuation now offered to their notice. A considerable portion of this delightful volume is occupied with a pastoral masque, entitled *Amarylhis*; and the remainder consists of smaller pieces, from which we select, as an agreeable specimen, the following stanzas:

I'll be a fairy, and drink the dew,
And creep thro' the honied flowers,
And sleep in the violet's tender blue;
And dance in the evening hours.

My music shall be the soft low gales
Which sigh thro' the dark green trees,
And heaven's breath swell the gossamer sails
With which I swim the breeze.

The glow-worm shall be my gentle light,
And a lily's cup my bed;
And I'll warm me in the sweet moon-light,
And on fallen roses tread.

And ever fresh the grass shall grow
Around my mystic ring,
And little murmurs, sweet and low,
Shall answer when I sing.

And I will hold a fairy court,
And call each slumbering lay,
And wild and gaily will we sport,
As the twilight fades away.

I'll be a fairy, and drink the dew,
And creep thro' the honied flowers,
And sleep in the violet's tender blue,
And dance in the evening hours.

We believe it is generally understood that this little volume is the joint production of several members of Mr. Roscoe's family.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time: by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.

No. I. of the New Edinburgh Review, (to be continued Quarterly.)

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1817.

No. I. of Flights of Fancy, a series of Illustrations from familiar phrases, exhibiting Life and Character, and adapted for the amusement of the Snap-Book; by an Amateur.

Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures, with the Masque intended to have been presented before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, in 1575. Small 8vo.

The View, and other Poems ; by Chandos Leigh, esq.

Poems Divine and Moral, many of them now first published ; selected by John Bowdler.

Part 6. Vol. V. of the Journal of Modern Voyages and Travels, contains Monttule's voyages to North America and the West Indies, with numerous plates.

Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present state of Social and Political Institutions, the Agriculture, Manufacture, Commerce, Education, Arts and Manners of the country, particularly of the Kingdom of Hanover ; by Thomas Hodgskin, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. FRENCH, late of the University of Edinburgh, announces a Translation of *TELEMACHUS* into *Latin*, and has circulated a specimen of his performance. No task would be more acceptable to the schools of all Europe. "It is with peculiar pleasure," says the Classical Journal, "that we observe the beauties of a really excellent modern author clothed in an unfolding garb. Perhaps of all other works, *Telemachus* is best adapted for this purpose, and we are surprised that a Latin translation was never before attempted, though we are not sorry that it has been left to the elegant pen of Mr. French. The beautiful simplicity of its style, the classical nature of its subject, and the classical form of its construction, alike render it plastic to the skilful hand that would recast it in a Latin mould. No book can be found better adapted than *Telemachus*, translated in a pure and simple manner, for a text book to be put into the hands of a tyro in Latin. Its delightful story, the purity of its morality, the wisdom of its precepts, unperplexed by doubtful readings and uncertain meanings, would present a most alluring vestibule, through which the youthful scholar might pass to the higher departments of classical literature."

Mr. Simonde de Sismondi, the well known author of the History of the Italian Republics, is engaged in a work of the first importance, the want of which has been long and universally acknowledged—a Complete History of the French Nation. The patience and sagacity displayed by the author in his multifarious researches, his perspicuous style and excellent arrangement, and above all the spirit of liberty which never ceases to animate him, afford abundant proof that, if he lives to complete his design, he will raise a literary monument worthy of his own reputation, and of the great nation whose deeds he is about to commemorate.

NOVELS.

Abelhamer ; an Eastern Tale ; by Henry Donovan, 8vo.

Bigotry ; or, the Warning Voice, 4 vols.

Rosario ; a Tale ; by Napoleon Buona-partre, translated from the French.

Memoirs of a Man of Fashion, 3 vols.

Lorin ; or, the Wanderer in Wales ; a Tale ; by Joseph Jones, 8vo.

Edinburgh ; a Satirical novel, 3 vols.

The Life and Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache, or the Spanish Rogue ; translated from the French of M. Le Sage, by J. H. Brady, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Freebooter of the Alps ; a Romance : by James Griffin, 2 vols. 12mo.

OPTICAL PROPERTIES OF LEUCITE.

Dr. Brewster has succeeded in separating the two images formed by the double refraction of Amphigene, and has ascertained that it has *two axes*. It cannot, therefore have the cube with either one or three axes as its primitive form. The circumstances of Haüy having assigned to it two primitive forms, viz. the cube and the rhomboidal dodecahedron, points it out as a remarkable mineral. It must now take its place under the prismatic system of Mohs.

ROMAN BRIDGE.

The Roman Bridge, which was discovered in Holland in 1818, is now wholly cleared from the turf with which it was surrounded. It is three miles long, and twelve feet broad. It was laid by the fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marshes, in which deep beds of turf have since been formed, and, in all probability, gradually sunk into the marsh by its own weight.—The resinous particles which are in the marshy soil have probably contributed to preserve the bridge, which is entirely of wood. Every six feet there were posts to support the railing, as may be judged by the holes in which they were fixed. This great work, which consists of a judicious number of beams, appears to have been wrought with very large axes. The workmanship is admirable.

MAGNETIC MASSES.

Col. Gibbs, in vol. I. p. 242 of the Edin. Phil. Journal, has noticed this subject. Sir C. Giesecké observed similar effects in Greenland. All the basalt of Disco Island is magnetic.—That which is found in the most elevated situations is most so, the fallen masses dispersed around the base of the mountains having more power over the needle than others.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1821.

[NO. 5.]

(London Time's Telescope, for December, 1821.)

December.

I love to listen when the year grows old
And noisy, like some weak wrinkled thing
That vents his splenetic humours, murmuring
At ills he shares in common with the bold.
Then from my quiet room the Winter cold
Is barred out like a thief ; but should one bring
A frozen hand, the which DECEMBER's wing
Hath struck so fiercely, that he scarce can hold
The stiff'ned fingers tow'rd the grate, I lend
A double welcome to the victim, who
Comes shivering with pale looks, and lips of blue,
And thro' the snow and splashing rain could walk,
For some few hours of kind and social talk ;
And deem him more than ever now my friend.

B. CORNWALL.

THERE cannot be a more effectual mode of dissipating the reserve of an English constitution, than by subjecting it to the influence of a brisk fire during the dark evenings of December. We may venture, indeed, to remark, that, like the hoary vesture of a winter's morning, exhaling in the solar light, so vanishes this repulsive frost-work of the soul before the exhilarating illumination of the social hearth. It is also curious and pleasant to trace the effects of such relaxation on the two great classes of mankind ; to compare the tranquil and elegant gratifications of the educated circles of both sexes in the middle order of society, with the hearty but too often boisterous mirth of the honest peasant in his chimney corner. With both, however, rest those feelings of homefelt enjoyment, which so generally shun the halls of grandeur and of wealth, and which, most assuredly, keep far aloof from the mansions

of dissipation and vice. We can picture, without incurring any charge of romantic exaggeration, the cottage hind hanging over his blazing faggots, telling or listening to the tales of faithful love, or goblin fear ; or recounting, with blithesome glee and reiterated peals of laughter, the frolics of his earlier days ; nor heeding, unless to enhance the comforts of his warm retreat,

The storm that blows

Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

We can also paint, with equal facility and truth, the gaiety, the wit, and humour that sparkle by the fire-side of him who, with a few friends, alike distinguished for their worth, their wisdom and their taste, knows how to illuminate the dreariest night of winter

With mirth that, after, no repenting draws.

But where, except in the abodes of rustic honesty or educated virtue, shall we find that heartfelt exhilaration, or

those pure and attic pleasures, which have given to the fire-sides of our countrymen a character so enviably sacred? Highly privileged as we are in this respect, let us show our gratitude to Him who affords us these blessings, by extending our assistance to the poor cottager, who is now, perhaps, stretched on the bed of sickness, and is surrounded with a starving family. Think of *his* sufferings, at this inclement season, and let the perusal of the following eloquent, but not exaggerated, descriptions of them, induce you to give your mite towards their relief.

The WOODMAN.

Now driving *sleets* and piercing whistling *wind*
Through every cranny a rude entrance find,
Chilling the cottage hearth, whose stinted blaze
Half warms the urchin that around it plays.
The *trying* season came, and, sad to tell,
Rheumatic agonies on *Basil* fell,
And with a rude, unsparing, withering hand,
Cast him a wreck on life's hard frozen strand !
No more his vigorous arm can strike the blow,
That lays the monarch of the woodland low ;
No more, alas ! no more his daily toils
Feed his poor babes, and wake their grateful smiles ;
The hand that fed the little white-haired race
Lies motionless, in one sad resting-place,
And keen varieties of woe combined
Prey on his flesh, and lacerate his mind.

Paulding's Backwoodsman.

The WINTRY DAY.

Is it in mansions rich and gay,
On downy beds or couches warm,
That *Nature* owns the *Wintry Day*,
And shrieks to hear the howling storm ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where *mis'ry* feels the shaft of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children, not a friend to save,
Unheeded go !

Is it in chambers, silken drest,
At tables with profusion's heap ;
Is it on pillows soft to rest
In dreams of long and balmy sleep ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure
Where *poverty's* low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet, mute, recline,
O'erwhelmed with woe ;

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh and feast and dance and sing,
And crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the room with revels ring ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor,
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar,
'Tis when the *sea-boy*, on the mast,
Hears the waves bounding to the blast !
And looks below !

Is it in chariots gay to ride,
To crowd the splendid midnight ball,
To revel in luxurious pride,
While pampered vassals wait your call ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis in a cheerless, naked room,
Where *mis'ry's* victims wait their doom !
Where a fond mother famished dies,
While forth a frantic father flies,
Man's desp'rate foe.

Is it where, prodigal and weak,
The silly spendthrift scatters gold,
Where eager folly hastes to seek
The sordid, wanton, false and bold ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where, forced all sorrows to endure,
Pale *Genius* learns, oh lesson sad !
To court the *vain*, and on the *bad*
False praise bestow !

Is it, where gamblers flocking round,
Their shining heaps of wealth display ?
Where fashion's giddy tribes are found
Sporting their senseless hours away ?
Ah ! no !

'Tis where neglected genius sighs,
Where hope exhausted silent dies ;
Where merit starves by pride oppressed,
Till ev'ry stream that warms the breast
Forbears to flow !

Rain and wind are now very prevalent ; and as severe frost seldom sets in till the latter end of the month, December may be reckoned the most unpleasant of the whole year. At other times, November is better entitled to this appellation, and ice and snow contribute to give to *Christmas* that union of frost and good cheer which form the usual character of this season. December has, occasionally, put on a milder form. In the year 1760, in this month, many pear-trees in the gardens about London appeared in blossom, and others were bursting into leaf ; primroses and daisies were seen in the fields, and other indications of approaching spring. In a gentleman's garden in Cumberland there were marigolds and ten different kinds of flowers in full bloom, and all the trees in the garden in bud. On the 23d of January following, at Swansea, a gooseberry bush was observed with gooseberries on it, as large as cherry-stones ;

and had the mild weather continued, it was thought that several sorts of summer fruit would have been ripe before Easter. This extraordinary season will remind the reader of a 'winter in Italy,'

Where no perpetual drizzle drives or soaks ;
Where skies are blue, and suns give light and heat ;
Where the wind woos you lovingly, and where
Wit walks the street, and music's in the air.

'The above lines (observes a modern traveller, in a letter dated from Venice in December 1817) comprise, in my opinion, the principal attractions of Italy, and I ought to confess, that I have found all these without going farther south than Venice in pursuit of them. Till within these three days, we have had the weather of an English May, with its accompaniments of green peas, strawberries and roses.

'Italy's skies and suns have passed into a proverb : but I have never yet heard her comparative *calm* commented upon, though she affords a strange contrast in this to England ; which may be compared to the island of Ruach, whose inhabitants, Rabelais tells us, "eat nothing but wind, drink nothing but wind, and have no other houses but weather-cocks." Not only England ; I think every part of Europe which I have visited is more swept by winds than Italy, where continued gales are unknown ; such rarely continuing, even in the season of the equinox, for more than three or four days without intermission, so that a winter's gale of wind is here little more than what seamen call a *summer's gale* in England. A striking proof indeed of comparative calm may be observed in the public gardens of Venice. These are situated on the sea-side of the town, yet their acacias are neither bent nor broken. Something of which may be observed of the bays of Naples and Genoa, along both of which are thousands of trellised galleries, covered with the vine or the oleander, whose foliage remains undishevelled by the wind.'

From the fall of the leaf, and withering of the herb, an unvarying deathlike torpor oppresses almost the whole vegetable creation, and a considerable part of the animal, during this entire portion

of the year. The whole race of insects, which filled every part of the summer landscape with life and motion, are now either buried in profound sleep, or actually no longer exist, except in the unformed rudiments of a future progeny. Many of the birds and quadrupeds (as the frog, lizard, badger, hedgehog, &c.) are retired to concealments, from which not even the calls of hunger can force them ; and the rest, intent only on a joyless life, have ceased to exert those powers of pleasing, which, at other seasons, contribute to their mutual happiness as to the amusement of their human sovereign.

The *evergreen trees* with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued. In the warmer countries, where shade is more desirable, their worth and beauty are more regularly appreciated. Virgil talks of the pine as being handsomest in gardens : and it is a great favourite with Theocritus, especially for the fine sound of the air under its kind of vaulted roof. But we have *flowers* as well as leaves in winter-time ; besides a few of last month, there are the acornite and hellebore, two names of very different celebrity ; in addition to some of the flowering shrubs, which put forth their beauty at Christmas. The *evergreens* and *winter flowers* are like real friends, who, whatever be their peculiar disposition, whether serious or gay, will never forsake us. Even *roses*, with which we are apt to associate summer weather, flourish from May to December inclusive ; and, during the winter months, will live and prosper in apartments. We need not be without them from the first day of the year to the last.

LINES

Sent with a Cluster of December Roses.

I gathered these roses, my love, in July,
When the roses were thick on the trees,
As sweet to the scent, and as soft to the eye,
But, oh ! not so lovely as these.

For they were but one in a crowd of delights,
The children of sunshine and dew,
When the days were all blessed, all blessed the
nights,
And the sky an unchangeable blue.

But these, when December is dark over head,
And the garden all leafless around,

We cherish these buds as a voice from the dead,
As a well in the summer-scorched ground.

As the prisoner would cherish the strugglings of
light,

That found their way into his cell,
Telling yet of a world that is blithesome and bright,
A world where the happy ones dwell.

Cornelius Neale.

There is one portion of the winter (observes an amiable writer) when the fire-side, from the customary convivialities of the period, becomes peculiarly attractive. I allude to the season of *Christmas*, a festival which, from a vivid recollection of the manner of its celebration in the North about forty years ago, has been indissolubly associated in my mind with all the delightful reminiscences of early life; blending the rainbow visions of youth and unalloyed hope, with those religious feelings and innocent recreations which give to the close of the year so hallowed, and, at the same time, so exhilarating an aspect. 'With what a soothing melancholy, as the blast sweeps across my shutters and whistles round my room, do I often sit by the fire-side on the dark nights of December, and call to mind the festive pleasures of a northern Christmas eve;

The happy night,

That, to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down;

when, after having surrounded the yule-clog, as it lay in ponderous majesty on the kitchen floor, and each had sung his yule-song, standing on its centre, we consigned it to the flames that

Went roaring up the chimney wide,

and, tripping across the hall, sprang with joyous faces into the parlour, where the tale, the dance, and the game, the minced-pie, and the spiced bowl, rendered doubly sweet by the approving smiles of our delighted parents, completed our satisfaction.

'It is in combination with imagery such as this, which, in the morning of life, spread as it were a fairy mantle over the severest rigours of the season; that winter, independent of the attractions arising from its awful and sublime scenery, ever after charms.'

They should have drawn thee by the high-beap'd
hearth,
Old *Winter*! seated in thy great arm chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October, brown and bright.

In concluding our *eighth* annual survey of frost and snow, of fruits, and flowers, and shrubs,—of birds and insects,—and of the various beauties and curiosities of the Creation,—we cannot, we think, render a more acceptable service to our readers, than earnestly to recommend to them *the study of Natural History*. It is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning man;—the engaging companion of every rural walk,—courting his attention with unceasing variety, and raising the humble mind to the first GREAT CAUSE, with more gentle and sweet satisfaction than any other of his permitted resources; excepting, perhaps, *Astronomy*,—a science too sublime for the contemplation of common man.—Young minds cannot be too early impressed with the simple wonders of Creation by which they are surrounded; in the race of life they may be passed by, the occupation of existence may not admit attention to them;—they may not be sufficiently heeded among the unceasing cares of the world, but yet will not fail to give *some bias* to the reasoning mind,—and may contribute to soothe the gloomy hours of adversity.

I love to mark the *flow'et's* eye,
To rest where *pebbles* form my bed,
Where *shapes* and *colours* scattered lie
In varying millions round my head.

The soul rejoices when alone,
And feels her glorious empire free;
Sees GOD in every shining stone,
And revels in variety.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her *changes* flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

I grant that *Summer heats* will burn,
That keen will come the *frosty night*;
But both shall please: and each, in turn,
Yield *Reason's* most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,

That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE FLORIDA PIRATE.

A SERIES of misfortunes had unexpectedly thrown me upon a foreign land, and entirely deprived me of the means of subsistence. I knew not where to apply for relief, or how to avoid the alarming evils that threatened me on every side. I was on one of the Bahama islands. I could not enjoy the temporary asylum I then possessed longer than two days, without involving myself in debts which I was unable to pay, and consequently bringing my person under the power of individuals, who, I was inclined to suspect, had nothing humane or generous in their characters. I wandered along the seashore, sometimes shuddering at the dreariness of my prospects, and sometimes trembling lest the horrors of want should urge me to obtain the necessities of life by concealing from others that I was in absolute poverty.

When about a mile distant from the small town where I lodged, my attention was attracted by a schooner lying at anchor behind a projecting point of land. I knew that vessels did not usually moor in such a situation, and inquired at a fisherman, whom I met on the beach, if he could tell me what the schooner did there? "I am not quite sure," returned he, "but I rather suspect she's a pirate. Those on board of her are mostly blacks, and they seem very anxious to keep out of sight. Had she been a fair trader, she would have come into the harbour at once."

This information startled me a good deal. I became excessively agitated without knowing the reason; and felt an anxious desire to repress some idea, that had, as it were, arisen in my mind, without my being conscious of its existence.

I left my informant, and seated myself under a cliff. Half of the sun had disappeared below the horizon. I watched his descending orb, and wished I could retard the flight of time, when I reflected, that, after the lapse of two days, I should perhaps be destitute of an asylum, and perishing from want. "Some-

thing must be done," I exclaimed, starting up: "If these are pirates, I will join them. My profession will enable me to render them valuable services. I shall be guilty of no crime in doing so;—the law of nature compels me to violate the laws of man." I looked anxiously towards the schooner, which lay within half a mile of the shore, in hopes that I should see her boat approaching, and thus find means of speaking with the person who commanded her.

I waited upwards of an hour, but could not discover that those on board made any preparation for coming ashore. It was now dark, and the beach was silent and deserted. I found a small boat lying upon the sand; and, having pushed her off, I cautiously embarked, and began to row towards the schooner—but, after a few strokes of the oars, my resolution almost failed. I shuddered at the idea of forming a league with the outcasts of society, and rendering myself amenable to the laws of every civilized nation. The gloom of the night, the calmness of the ocean, and the brightness of the sky, seemed to urge me to reflect upon what I was doing. I did reflect—I looked towards the town—a sense of the wretchedness of my condition struck irresistibly upon my mind, and I pushed furiously forward.

When I had got within a short distance of the schooner, one of her crew called out, "Avast, avast! who have we here?" On reaching the side of the vessel, I said I wished to see the captain. "What do you want with him?" demanded the same voice. "I must speak with him alone," answered I. The questioner retired to the stern, and I heard the sound of people talking, as if in consultation for a little time. I was then desired to come on board; and, the moment I stepped upon deck, a negro led me towards a man who stood near the helm.

He was very tall and athletic, and of a jet black, and wore only a shirt and white trowsers. His face had a bold

and contemplative expression, and he wanted his right hand. "I presume you are the commander of this vessel," said I. He nodded impatiently. "I understand you are going upon an expedition."—"I don't care what you understand—to your business, master," returned he, haughtily. "I know you are pirates," continued I, "and it is my wish to attend you in the capacity of a medical attendant." He surveyed me with a look of astonishment, that seemed to demand an avowal of the motives that had prompted me to make such a proposal. "You surely will not decline my offer," said I, "for you must be aware that I am able to render you very essential services. I have been unfortunate every way, and——" "O, you be unfortunate ! and seek relief from a black man—from a negro !" interrupted he, with a scornful laugh. "Well, stay on board ; you cannot leave this vessel again. Remember, we are not to be betrayed." "But I have something on shore that I wish to carry along with me." "I will send one of my men for it," replied he, "tomorrow morning at dawn."

He walked coolly away to the bows of the vessel, and began to give some orders to the seamen, who formed a very numerous body. Most of them were loitering together on the forecastle, and smoking segars, and they all seemed to be blacks. French and English were spoken indiscriminately among them ; and their conversation was incessant and vociferous, and intermingled with disgusting execrations. Several disputes took place, in the course of which the parties struck each other, and wrestled together ; but their companions neither endeavoured to separate them, nor paid any attention to the affrays. They appeared to have a set of jests, the spirit of which was only intelligible to themselves alone ; for they frequently gave way to violent laughter, when their conversation, taken in a literal sense, expressed nothing that could excite mirth.

When it was near midnight, the captain, whose name was Manuel, conducted me to the cabin, and made many inquiries, which evidently had for their object to discover if I really was what

I professed to be. His doubts being removed, he pointed to a berth, and told me, I might occupy it whenever I chose, and went upon deck again. I extinguished the light, and lay down in bed. The enthusiasm of desperation, and the pride of deciding with boldness and alacrity, had now subsided, and I could calmly reflect upon what I had done. My anticipations respecting the life I was now to lead were gloomy and revolting. I scarcely dared to look forward to the termination of the enterprise in which I had embarked ; but, when I considered what would have been my fate had I remained on shore, I could not condemn my choice. Contempt, abject poverty, and the horrors of want, were the evils I fled from—tyranny, danger, and ignominious death, formed those towards which I was perhaps hastening.

Next morning, Captain Manuel desired me to write an order for my portmanteau, that he might send one of his men to bring it on board. I obeyed him, and also enclosed the sum I owed the persons with whom I had resided. Shortly after the messenger returned the crew began to heave up the anchor ; and we soon put to sea with a light wind, and gradually receded from the shores of the island.

I breakfasted in the cabin with Manuel. His manner was chilly and supercilious ; and he had more dignity about him than any negro I had ever before seen. The want of his right hand made his person very striking ; and he seemed aware of this : for when he observed me gazing on the mutilated arm, he frowned, and enveloped it in the folds of the table-cloth.

We lost sight of land in a few hours, but I knew not where we were bound, and Manuel's reserved behaviour prevented me from making any inquiry. He walked upon deck all day with folded arms, and scarcely ever raised his eyes, except to look at the compass, or give directions to the helmsman.

The schooner, which was named the *Esperanza*, was about 120 tons burden, carried 6 guns, and had 43 men on board of her, and several boys. There appeared to be very little discipline among the crew ; all of whom amused

themselves in any way, and in any place, they chose, except when the working of the vessel required their attention. The presence of the captain did not impose any restraint upon them; and one, who was called the mate, snatched a chart unceremoniously from his hand, and told him he did not know what he was about, without receiving any reproof for his insolence. A number of the negroes lay round the fire, roasting ears of Indian corn, which were eagerly snatched off the embers the moment they were ready. An expression of disgusting sensuality characterized this part of the crew; and they looked as if they were strangers to retrospection and anticipation, and felt existence only in so far as the passing moment was concerned. One man, of a mild aspect, sat at a distance from the others, and played upon an old guitar. Many were half naked, and I could distinguish the marks of the whip on the shoulders of some of them. The limbs of others had been distorted by the weight and galling of fetters, as was evident from the indentations exhibited by their flesh.

On awaking the second morning of the voyage, I found that Manuel was still asleep. The difficulty of the navigation had obliged him to keep on deck all night, that he might direct the course of the vessel, and he was now reposing himself after the fatigue of his long watch. The crew were preparing breakfast, and conversing together.

Some dispute took place about the distribution of the provisions, and one of them called the other a rascally runaway. "You lie," cried the accused person, "I guess you are something worse yourself, Philip." "You had as well be quiet, Antony. Has any body any thing to say against me?"—"Why, that you're a Yankee slave, that's all," returned Philip.—"Damn you," cried he, "I am a free man—yes, free and independent." Here they all laughed loudly, and he demanded with fury who would venture to contradict him, or to assert that he had a master. "Why, we know well enough you ha'n't a master *now*, you pricked him under the ribs," replied one of the crew. This excited another laugh, and Antony cried, "Curse you for a *niger*—belike

I'll do the same to you."—"Don't be calling me a *niger*," said Philip, "I was born in the States."—"I won't believe it," said Antony, "for you know no more than if you was fresh off the Coast—You can't roast corn."

"Come, let us to breakfast," interrupted another, "and leave these two black sheep to fight together, as soon as they can pick up courage."—"I'm sure you've nothing to say, Mandingo," cried Antony; "you can't tell where you came from."—"To be sure I can," answered Mandingo, "I was very ill used by my master, and made my escape."—"Yes, from the gallows," cried one of the crew, to the great amusement of the others.

"I guess there's ne'er a man on board this schooner whose life can be better looked into than mine," said a negro, who had not before spoken—"I was born in a Christian country, and when I was 20 years old, a great army captain made me his servant. I had the care of all his money and clothes, and could do what I pleased. I went to plays and *consorts*, and was so like a gentleman that a white mistress fell in love with me, and we were married.—What a grand sight the marriage was! My master gave me a gold ring to put on my wife's finger."—"And did you put it on her finger?" demanded Antony.—"Why do you ask that?"—"because I guess from the look of your shins, that you put it on your own leg." The whole crew joined in a loud laugh, and looked at the limb of the first speaker, which was strongly galled by fetters. "It must have been a pretty heavy ring," said Antony, "and yet, for all the gold that was in it, I dare say you was glad to get quit of it."—"I've done," returned the object of their ridicule; "I'll say no more. I thought I was speaking to gentlemen."—"Never mind him. We are all liable to flesh-marks," observed Philip. "There now, what say you of our captain's wanting a——" "Hush, hush," interrupted Mandingo, "that is a sore subject."

In the course of three days, we came in sight of the north shore of Cuba; but to my great satisfaction had not met with a single vessel of any description. Manuel hourly became less reserved.

and we often had long conversations together; and one evening he promised to relate the history of his life to me, the first favourable opportunity.

After cruising about for a week, we cast anchor at the mouth of the Xibara harbour, which lies near the eastern extremity of Cuba. Our object in doing so was to obtain a supply of firewood from the banks of a small river that disembogues into the harbour. Manuel requested me to accompany the party destined for this purpose, as he was to command it; and at a late hour one night we set out in a boat, along with seven of the crew.

The weather was clear, calm, and delightful; and we soon entered the river, and rowed slowly up its windings. The banks were for the most part thickly covered with trees, which overarched us completely, and rendered it so dark that Manuel could scarcely see to steer the boat. We sometimes could discern far before us, a portion of the sky vividly reflected in the bosom of the stream—bright and dazzling, amidst the surrounding gloom, as the contrast of divine purity with mortal corruption. Not a sound could be heard, except the regular dashing of the oars, and the rustling of fields of Indian corn, shaken by the wind. The most delicious perfumes filled the air, and fruits of different kinds, that had apparently just dropt from the tree, floated past us, silently proclaiming the luxuriance of the region that bordered both sides of the river.

I sat in the stern of that boat beside Manuel, but neither of us spoke a word. The emotions produced by the surrounding objects were so delightful, that the mind contentedly remained in a state of passiveness, receiving, without resistance, every idea that presented itself. Within the space of an hour, I had exchanged the confinement and pitching of a vessel, the monotony of a sea prospect, and the noise and brutality of a set of criminals, for the harmony of wood and water—the richness of vegetable perfumes, and the quiet enjoyment of an inspiring summer's night.

When we had got about two miles above the mouth of the river, the men disembarked, and began to cut wood at

a little distance from us. "I believe my people are out of hearing," said Manuel, after a long pause, "and while we wait for their return I shall tell you something about my past life.

"I need not give you a minute account of my early years, as they were not distinguished by any thing remarkable. My mother came from the coast of Africa, but I was born in South Carolina, where my master had a large estate, in the cultivation of which more than 100 negroes were employed. My mother being a house-servant, was exempted from many of the hardships and privations to which the other slaves were exposed, but she owed the comparative comfort of her situation entirely to her capability of ministering to the voluptuousness of Mr. Sexton, who was much addicted to the pleasures of the table. He gave orders that I should be brought up within doors, as he intended me for a waiting man.

"After I had attained the age of sixteen years, I was obliged to be in continual attendance upon my master, and to submit quietly to all his caprices. The treatment I received from him, and the knowledge I acquired of his character, made me feel what a degrading thing slavery was. Had I been forced to work in the fields, like the other negroes, I might not perhaps have repined at my condition, because I would have known nothing better, and at the same time believed that my condition was irremediable, and consistent with the laws of nature. But being continually in the presence of Mr. Sexton, and of other white people, and daily hearing their conversation, I soon discovered that they were superior to us in nothing but knowledge; that they were mean, wicked, cruel, and unjust; and that they sometimes feared we would assert our rights, and overpower them by numbers.

"They seemed to consider negroes as creatures who were destitute of souls and understandings. Though I felt indignant when I heard these opinions uttered, I was aware that I derived some advantage from their being acted upon; for my master and his friends, not believing that I could comprehend a sentence of their conversation, felt no

restraint when I was present, and thus afforded me an opportunity of hearing their sentiments upon every subject, and becoming acquainted with their principles and characters.

"Often, while waiting at table, and listening to their disgusting opinions, I have been called forward by one of them, and struck severely on the face, for some trivial mistake I had committed in serving him with food or wine. In South Carolina, the guests do not hesitate to chastise their entertainer's servants, whenever they feel inclined; and a party of white people there, often make the cursing and beating of the slaves in attendance their chief employment during dinner. On such occasions, the burning tears of resentment would rush into my eyes, I would tremble with ill-dissembled rage, and implore the God of my fathers to let loose his rage upon my tormentors, although I should become its victim along with them.

"There was an old free negro upon the plantation, who had travelled thro' the Northern States of America. He could read and write tolerably well, and knew a good deal about the countries he had visited. I happened to become a favourite of his, and he often gave me minute accounts of the condition of the Africans who lived in New York, and contrasted their independence with the abject state of our race every where else. I listened to these details with the deepest attention, which pleased him so much that he offered to teach me to read. I gladly availed myself of his instructions, and profited so much by them, that in the course of five or six months, I was able to peruse the newspapers which my master received from different parts of the Union; many of them contained paragraphs upon the subject of slavery, and I was delighted to find that some men exclaimed against it, and denied that white people had the least right to tyrannize over negroes.

"I used often to steal into my master's room when he slept, and read the New York journals. One afternoon he caught me with one in my hand, and demanded angrily what I was doing. I told him I was reading. He struck me a violent blow on the head with his

cane, and said he would order me forty lashes if I ever again looked at a book or newspaper. He soon discovered that the old negro had been my teacher, and immediately sent him off the estate not being able to inflict any other punishment, in consequence of his having purchased his freedom.

"Next day, a neighbouring planter called upon Mr Sexton, and the latter, in the course of the conversation, said, 'What do you think I caught that young hell-dog doing the other night? He was reading a newspaper.' The other broke out into a loud laugh, and cried, 'why did not you kill him? Were any of my negroes able to read, I would soon flog the scholarship out of them. Why, the little devil will begin to direct you how to manage your estate bye and bye.'—'Oh, I'll bring him to his senses,' returned my master; 'Hark ye, fellow,' continued he, addressing himself to me; 'If you ever look at a printed paper again, I'll put out your eyes with a red-hot poker. The whole of your duty is to clean the knives, and wait at table. Damn me, if I don't make it pretty bad for any fellow of mine who does either more or less than I want him to do.'

"I easily perceived that my master and his friend were aware that their strength lay in our ignorance, and feared lest the slightest acquisition of knowledge should enable us to discover that they had not a shadow of right to enslave and tyrannize over our race. What excuse is there for the oppressor, when he is conscious of being guilty of oppression!

"As my ideas expanded, my situation gradually became more intolerable. I had no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts. My fellow-slaves were so ignorant and degraded, that I could hardly look at them without pity and disgust. I used to watch them when they assembled to receive their weekly allowance of provisions. Worn out by fatigue, clad in rags, and branded with lashes, they would wait for their respective portions with eager greediness, and then hurry away in a state of tumultuous delight, which was scarcely repressed by the clanking of the over-

seer's whip behind them. They had sunk so low that they seemed willing to accept life upon any terms.

"In the midst of my misery, I became attached to a young girl named Sabrina. She was a slave upon the adjoining estate, and therefore we seldom had an opportunity of seeing each other except by stealth. I used to leave my master's house at midnight, when every one was in bed, and go across the plantation to the huts in which Sabrina and her mother lived. But Mr. Sexton once awoke during my absence on one of these nocturnal visits, and the whole affair was soon discovered. He flogged me severely, and ordered me to remain at home in future; and the proprietor of the adjoining estate, to whom he made a complaint, caused Sabrina's hut to be burned to the ground; that it might no longer afford us a place of meeting. I became half-maddened with rage and misery. However, my feelings were unnoticed by Mr. Sexton, who, like other American planters, did not believe that negroes were susceptible of love or sorrow.

"Mr. Sexton had a daughter, who resided in the house with him, and took charge of his domestic affairs. The proprietor of the adjoining estate, whose name was Lusher, loved her, and wished to marry her, but Mr. Sexton would not consent to their union, and prohibited all correspondence between them. However, notwithstanding this, they sometimes met in secret, and often wrote to each other. Miss Sexton privately employed me to carry her letters to Mr. Lusher, promising that she would satisfy her father respecting my absence should he discover it, and likewise secure me from any risk of suffering punishment on her account. I willingly became a channel of communication between the two lovers, for I hoped by doing so to be able to forward my own views.

"One day I ventured to hint to Miss Sexton that I expected some little reward for my services, and begged her to entreat her father to purchase Sabrina, and bring her upon his estate, that we might get married. She engaged to propose the thing to him, and really did so; but he refused to agree to it, and, at the same time, told her, that he

suspected she had some private reasons for interceding so strongly in my behalf, and was resolved to discover what they were.

"Shortly after this, Miss Sexton desired me to carry a letter to the next estate, and bid me be extremely cautious lest her father should see me going there, but said that if he did, she would find means to shield me from all blame. I took a bye-path which led across our plantation, and reached Mr. Lusher's house without interruption; however he was not at home, and the servants pointed to a small building a little way off, and told me I would find him there.

"On entering it, the first object that struck my eyes was poor Sabrina, whom I had not seen for many weeks. She lay upon some planks which were covered with the dry husks of Indian corn, and seemed to be dying. The place had no window in it, and an old negro woman sat beside her, holding a candle, while Mr. Lusher and a medical man stood at the foot of the bed. The doctor muttered, 'She's been a fine slave—confounded pity to lose her—can't help it though;' and then began to whistle and play with his cane. 'What an unfortunate devil I am!' exclaimed Mr. Lusher, angrily, 'Hang her for falling sick—what right has a *nigger* to fall sick?—Ods, I believe she was not sound when I bought her—I'll trounce somebody for that—So you think there's no chance of her hoeing any more corn?'—'No, no,' returned the doctor, laughing; 'I wouldn't like to have as little chance of eating my dinner to-day as she has of living two hours.'

"I stood in agony, not daring to express my feelings. I advanced towards Sabrina, and took hold of her arm. She raised her eyes, but it was only that I might see their lustre extinguished, for in a moment or two she fell dead upon her pillow. 'Ah, she's given you the slip,' said the doctor. Mr. Lusher cried, 'Damn her soul to hell—there's four hundred dollars lost,' and hurried away, banging the door furiously behind him.

"However he soon returned; and seeing me gazing on Sabrina, asked what I did there. I said I had a letter for him, and delivered it. 'Oh,' cries he,

‘you’re the fellow that wanted that girl for a wife. I wish Mr Sexton had bought her, and then the loss would have fallen on his shoulders. Well, you may take her now, and bury her, or marry her—whichever you like—Begone, I don’t want you.’

“I hurried home, equally afflicted at the death of Sabrina, and enraged by the inhuman insults I had received from her master. When I had come within a little distance of the house, I observed Mr Sexton and his daughter walking towards me. ‘How do you do, Manuel?’ cried he, in that style of derision which he always assumed when infuriated with passion—‘I hope your walk has been a pleasant one. Be so good as suggest what improvements ought to be made on this estate. Do the crops look well!—Slave! baboon! imp of the devil! where have you been?’

“I made no reply, but looked to Miss Sexton. She coloured, and cried, ‘What does the wretch mean by looking at me? You surely do not say that I sent you any where.’—‘Answer me,’ vociferated her father, raising his cane. ‘Miss Sexton will inform you,’ returned I.—‘This is beyond my patience!’ exclaimed she. ‘I’ll tell you how it is, father—he has been paying a visit to Sabrina, notwithstanding your orders to the contrary, and wishes to make you believe that I sent him somewhere—Manuel, say instantly if you saw Sabrina this morning.’—‘Yes,’ answered I, ‘I did, but’——‘None of your buts, you equivocating villain!’ interrupted my master. Stung with indignation at Miss Sexton’s ingratitude, I cried, ‘Your daughter sent me with a letter to Mr Lusher.’—‘What! you give us the lie then?’ replied Mr Sexton, striking me over the head. I returned the blow with my fist, and he fell flat upon the ground.

“Miss Sexton shrieked loudly, and the overseer, followed by several slaves, hastened towards me with a drawn cutlass in his hand. I made no resistance, and was immediately seized and bound. My master received very little injury from the blow, but his lips quivered with rage; and having given orders that I should be put in confinement, he walked toward the house crying out, ‘Struck by a slave! struck by a slave!’

—It is impossible! Am I dreaming?—Does God Almighty really permit this?—A slave! a black! a negro!—Strike me—a noble Carolinian! Is there a law to punish this? Law—nonsense—Tortures, death, eternal curses!’

“I was immediately thrown into a dark apartment in a large store-house, and remained there all night without being visited by any one. In the morning the overseer took me out, and made one of the negroes flog me severely, in presence of Mr. Sexton and his daughter. My sufferings were dreadful. In short, I was indicted for striking my master, and tried, and found guilty. You know the punishment which the law awards in such cases—It was inflicted upon me.—They cut off my right hand!—they cut off my right hand!” Here Manuel stretched out the mutilated arm, and sobbed convulsively. “But thank God I’ve another,” continued he vehemently; “and may it never be better employed than in resenting the tyranny of slave-masters. Oh! that every negro in the Southern States would risk the loss of his right hand by doing what I have done! then would we prove that our race was not made to be trampled upon—but let me proceed.

“I was confined in jail for 3 months, and then sent back to my master. I anticipated a life of wretchedness, and was not mistaken. Scarcely a day passed, in the course of which Mr. Sexton did not find an excuse for punishing me. As the want of my hand rendered me unable to do the duties of a house-servant, I was employed in tending the cattle, and thus had many opportunities of conversing with my fellow-slaves who worked out of doors. I confided my thoughts to three of them, who seemed willing to attempt the execution of any project, however daring. In short, we determined to burn our master’s house, and spent much time in planning how we could best effect this without the risk of being discovered.

“At last we fixed upon a time for our revenge. It was a holiday among the negroes, who were all amusing themselves in various ways on different parts of the estate. My master was dining with a planter in the neighbourhood; and as part of his road lay through a

retired forest, we resolved to intercept him on his way home, lest his presence there should prove any hindrance to the success of our scheme.

"We had, at different times, placed combustibles in those parts of his house and offices that were least exposed to observation. About 8 in the evening we set fire to them, and then hastened to the wood, and stationed ourselves among the trees which bordered the road. We had scarcely waited half an hour when we saw smoke beginning to ascend from the house, which was nearly a mile distant, and heard a tumultuous noise of voices. I gazed and listened with silent satisfaction, till my master made his appearance. He was in a gig, and a negro rode on horseback behind him. Two of my companions seized the reins of the horses, and, assisted by a third, I dragged Mr. Sexton out of his carriage. He was almost speechless with indignation and terror, and doubtless supposed that I intended murdering him. He soon began to entreat for mercy in the most abject manner, solemnly promising that he would grant me my freedom if I allowed him to go home unmolested. 'You may well desire to be at home,' said I—'Look to the south.'—'Ha,' cried he, 'what do you mean?—Desperate wretch, have you taken your revenge already?—My house is on fire!—But if I cannot punish you, others will suffer for this!'

"We now bound him to a tree, with his face towards the conflagration, which had evidently increased very much. A bright glare of light extended far over the sky, and tinged the tops of the trees like the setting sun; volumes of smoke rose from two different spots; we heard the negroes shouting confusedly; and the crackling, crashing, and thundering of timbers falling to the ground, announced that the work of destruction made furious progress.

"Having secured the negro-man in the same way as Mr. Sexton, and tied the horses lest they should go to the house, and be the means of inducing the people there to set out in quest of my master, we left them, and plunged into the recesses of the forest. We travelled all night towards the sea-shore, but did not venture to pass through an

inhabited place. The want of my hand rendered my appearance too remarkable to allow me to hope that I would escape notice. I need not describe the hardships we encountered during our journey. In two days we reached the coast, where we stole a boat, and put out to sea, intending, if possible, to elude any search that might be made for us. We soon fell in with a pirate, who immediately took us on board, and I gradually acquired some knowledge of seamanship. We cruized about for a considerable time, and got a great many prizes, but our vessel at last became so generally known, that the Captain could not continue to sail her without running much risk of being captured. He therefore went into a port in one of the West India Islands, and managed to get her sold. He paid his crew very generously, and by means of his bounty, and a series of fortunate accidents, I was enabled to purchase this schooner, and to commence pirate myself. My mode of life is far from being an agreeable one, and I have as yet made but little of it. However, I have a more exalted object in view than mere gain. You must not judge of my character by that of the persons with whom you see me surrounded. I am well aware that my crew is composed of the lowest and most debased part of society, and often feel ashamed of the concessions I am obliged to make them. They consider themselves on an equality with me, and will not submit to any kind of discipline, beyond what mutual security and self-preservation render necessary. But I value and endure them only in so far as they are the means of forwarding my views. I would consider it an insult to be classed with such desperadoes."

Here Manuel ceased speaking. I did not venture to make any comments upon his story, and we sat in silence till the men came to the side of the river with a large quantity of firewood. We immediately took it on board the boat, and rowed down the stream, and reached the schooner a short time before dawn. At sunrise we weighed anchor, and put to sea again.

Next day, while walking the deck, I heard one negro say to another, "Mark, what was that you was telling me about

Cæsar having been hanged at Baltimore?"—"Why, only that he was hanged," replied Mark. "When I was last ashore, I heard so from one who had read it in a newspaper."—"What did they make him swing for?" inquired the first, whose name was Mendez. "Did he look sulky at his master, break a wine-glass, or bring him a knife when he wanted a fork?"—"No, no, he did nothing so bad as that," replied Mark, laughing. "He was a cruizer, like our Captain, and meeting with a vessel, he went on board, and helped himself to some biscuit and rum, and a little hard cash. Her crew wished to put him on short allowance, but he took what he wanted in spite of them all. He was afterwards caught by a Yankee ship-of-war, and carried to Baltimore. The folks there found him guilty of piracy, as they called it, and hanged him and some of his crew besides."

"Why, I think," said Mendez, "he had a right to taste the rum, if he had helped to make as much of it as you and I have done. We negers have a pretty time of it. They won't let us live by land or by water. I wonder if we could please our masters by flying in the air? Why, now, wasn't Cæsar hanged for what we've been doing?"—"To be sure he was," returned Mark; "we must keep a sharp look-out. I guess our best plan will be to hinder any one from ever becoming witness against us."

"How can we manage that?" demanded Mendez.—"Why, by *pink*ing a hole in the bottom of our prizes, and making those on board of them drink our healths in salt-water," said Mark. "Dead men tell no tales, you know."

"Well, I conclude it our only way," replied Mendez, "though I should feel a little strange about sending a crew of white men to hell in a moment."—"Why, they must all go there at last, you fool," returned Mark; "think of the floggings you've got."—"Ha, your words sound in my ear like the crack of a whip," cried Mendez. "But I wonder the Yankees don't know better than to hang us for being pirates. They can't suppose that we'll be soft *now* as to let away the people who fall into our hands, and so give them a chance of informing

against us. I'll bet you we'll kill five whites for every negro that is hanged."—"Ay, and more too, if we choose," said Mark. "Oh, we've a merry time of it, for most people think that we blacks do not deserve to live, unless we are slaves and beasts of burden. Faith, I'm getting tired of a sea-life. If I could but scrape together 400 dollars, I would give up cruizing, and go to St. Domingo."—"Why you could have made that sum when you was last in Charleston," returned Mendez.—"How so?" inquired his companion—"Wasn't you advertized as an outlaw?" said Mendez—"Wasn't there a price set upon your life? you should have cut off your head and carried it to the magistrates, and demanded the sum that they offered for it."—"Damn it now, Mendez, don't begin to run me," cried Mark laughing, "I would have been a pretty figure without a head upon my shoulders."—"Ah," returned the other, "if you ever had one upon them, you would not have let slip such a good opportunity of making money."

We had now been cruizing about for nearly three weeks, without ever seeing a vessel. The mental and bodily inaction which had characterised the course of my life during that period, were very depressing, and I began to wish for the appearance of a ship, almost as ardently as the crew, though from totally different motives. Manuel neither seemed to feel much weariness nor impatience. He spent most of his time upon deck, and when the navigation of the schooner did not require his attention, he lay along the companion, basking in the sun, and smoking a segar. He sometimes entered into familiar conversation with the seamen, though, on doing so, his object evidently was to keep them in good humour, rather than to amuse or gratify himself.

One morning, Manuel, after having looked through his glass at intervals, during two hours, announced that he saw a vessel off our lee-bow, and gave orders that the deck should be cleared, and the guns got ready for action. In a moment every thing was bustle and confusion. On the word of command being given, the negroes threw off a large part of their clothes, and dispersed over

different parts of the schooner, shouting to each other, and hurrying through their respective duties with a violence and eagerness which shewed how congenial the prospect of bloodshed, oppression, and plunder, was to their feelings. They soon began to converse gaily and unconcernedly. One talked of the resistance we should probably meet with from the vessel we were in chase of; another jestingly said, "he wished to write his will," and mentioned what articles he intended bequeathing to his companions, should he perish in the conflict; a third complained of the defective state of his wardrobe, and enumerated the additions he hoped to make to it, when the anticipated prize fell into our hands. Manuel walked anxiously about the deck, sometimes looking through his glass, and sometimes giving directions to the helmsman.

I alone remained unoccupied and unattended to amidst the general activity. The quiescent and monotonous life I had led since I came on board the schooner, had lulled me into a forgetfulness of my real situation, all the horrors of which now burst upon my mind with appalling force. I had outlawed myself from society. I was surrounded with wretches, with whom I could have no community of feeling. I was soon to become, as it were, an accomplice in the work of rapine and bloodshed. We might, perhaps, be overpowered by those whom we proposed to attack, and I should be seized and classed with pirates. There was no one to testify my innocence, to prove that I had no connection with the guilty, or to save me from an ignominious death.

We soon discovered that the object of our pursuit was a brig of about 200 tons burden. She seemed to suspect what we were, for she made all sail, and began to go large, altho' she had kept very close hauled before perceiving us; but our schooner, being very fast, and to the windward of her, gained upon her every moment. About mid-day, we came within shot of the brig, and Manuel ordered a gun to be fired, as a signal for her to heave to. She paid no attention to it, and her crew seemed to be preparing for defence. He then pointed a cannon himself, and sent a ball thro'

the lower part of her mainsail; but this not being what he wanted, he aimed again, and disabled her rudder.

She was now completely in our power, and we came within 30 yards of her. The boat being lowered down, Manuel, and 15 of his crew, under arms, embarked alongside of the brig, and ascended her gangway without meeting any resistance. The Captain immediately advanced towards them, and said, "What right have you to stop me on the high seas?"—"Right! right!" returned Manuel; "none that I know of—only I'm stronger than you—but shew me your manifest."—"That I cannot do," cried the Captain, "unless you promise"—"I'll promise nothing," interrupted Manuel; "yes, yes, one thing; none of you shall be maltreated, unless you offer to oppose my orders."—"Fine conditions, indeed!" exclaimed the Captain; "Be pleased to tell me what you want here?"—"Bring me your manifest," replied Manuel, "and then I'll inform you. I mean to take whatever part of your cargo I choose, and likewise all the specie on board. Come down to the cabin, I must not be detained."

They now both went below, and the negroes having received a signal from Manuel, ranged themselves on each side of the companion. They had scarcely done this, when a voice requested them to make way, and a gentleman, with a young lady leaning on his arm, and followed by a mulatto woman, came upon deck. They looked around them with an expression of terror and astonishment. The young lady, on seeing the blacks, turned pale, and clung tremblingly to her protector's arm, and said something to him, but in such a low tone of voice, that nothing but the word father was distinguishable. The gentleman once or twice seemed to be on the point of addressing the negroes, but he suddenly stopped, as if aware that interference was useless.

A dead silence prevailed upon deck for some time, but the countenances of the different parties who occupied it, expressed more than words could have done. The females discovered marks of deadening fear; the crew of the brig evidently struggled to resist the impulses of indignation, and the negroes

seemed full of hope and impatience. —The young lady wore a beautiful Indian shawl, and one of the blacks, smiling to his companions, stepped forward and pulled it off her shoulders. Her father, furious at this insult, seized a block that lay near him, and struck the daring wretch upon the face with so much violence, that he staggered back, and nearly fell into the hole. However, he quickly recovered himself, and rushing forwards, plunged his cutlass into the side of his antagonist, who dropped, apparently lifeless, upon deck. The seamen belonging to the brig, could no longer restrain themselves; a loud éy burst from them, and they hastily seized the murderer, and threw him overboard; but being an expert swimmer, he soon gained the surface of the water, and made furiously towards the vessel's side, with flashing eyes and loud curses. The noise of the affray brought the Captain and Manuel from the cabin, and the first object that struck the eyes of the latter was the wounded man weltering in blood, and supported in the arms of his daughter. "Who did this?" cried Manuel, with a voice half suffocated with emotion. The assassin was standing upon the chains, and endeavouring to climb over the bulwarks, when some one pointed him out. Manuel drew a pistol from his bosóm, and fired at the negro's head; the ball took effect. Its victim lost hold of the rigging, sprung convulsively upwards, and fell headlong among the waves. A murmur of applause proceeded from the crew; but the blacks shrunk away with baleful frowns from Manuel, who, turning to the Captain, said haughtily, "This is my discipline!" and then took a paper out of his pocket and began to read.

The young lady's father, whose name was Mr. R——, was now conveyed to the cabin, and accompanied by his daughter and her attendant, the Mulatto woman. Manuel then ordered his men to lift the hatches, and descended through one of them into the hold. After a little while he returned, and pointed out what articles he wished to have brought upon deck. The negroes set to work, and presently every part of the vessel was covered with bales, casks, and packages, while Manuel walked

coolly among them, and selected such as he conceived to be the most useful and valuable. His men would evidently have begun to plunder privately, had they not been restrained by fear; but the instance of their leader's severity which they had just witnessed, seemed to dwell upon their minds, for while occupied in getting out the cargo, they muttered threats, and viewed him with scowling and wrathful looks.

Manuel having collected together all the articles he wanted, ordered them to be handed into the boat, which he sent off with part of his men to the schooner. He retained in his hand a bag of specie, and several other things. The boat being unloaded, they returned to take him on board his own vessel, and as he was descending the gangway of the brig, he bowed to her Captain, and said, "I wish you a good voyage, sir."

On reaching the schooner, Manuel ordered the crew to hoist up the boat and to bear away; however, the wind was light and baffling, and we made but little progress. I fixed my eyes upon the brig as we gradually receded from her, and reflected upon the unhappy situation of Mr. R—— and his daughter, in both of whom I felt powerfully interested. I had several times been on the point of entreating Manuel to allow me to assist the wounded man; but he had always turned away, as if aware of what I intended, and unwilling to render himself chargeable with inhumanity, by refusing to grant my request. I now ventured to address him on the subject. "We cannot part with you," said he; "if we did, it might ruin us all. He who becomes a pirate, must die a pirate. There is no middle course. I fervently hope Mr. R—— may recover. I have at least executed justice upon his murderer. Perhaps you may think me a murderer myself, but I did no more than was necessary. My crew are not to be restrained except by very terrible means. And yet," continued he, starting, "in my anxiety to save others, I have perhaps brought destruction upon myself. I am guilty of murder; there are plenty of witnesses to prove it.—Oh that both my hands had been cut off, then I could not have committed this rash act, which at once

puts me on a level with my crew. Good night, good-night. Go to sleep."

About two hours after sun-set, I retired to my birth; but the events of the day had made such a strong impression that I could not sleep, and I rose at midnight and went upon deck. It was clear moonlight, and perfectly calm. On looking for the brig, I perceived, to my astonishment, that she lay within a mile of us, and had heeled over so much, that she seemed almost on her beam-ends. I immediately informed Manuel of this, and he looked at her thro' his night-glass, and said she was aground upon a sand-bank. "What is to be done?" cried I; "you surely will not allow those on board to perish?"—"Tomorrow's dawn shall determine that," returned he.

At day-break we found that the brig was still in the situation already described, and Manuel, accompanied by me and several of the crew, went towards her in the boat. The Captain seemed at a loss how to receive us, being doubtful whether our intentions were hostile or friendly; but when we had satisfied him on this point, he informed us, that his vessel having become quite unmanageable, in consequence of the loss of her rudder, had drifted away towards a sand-bank, and run hard aground the preceding night. We soon ascertained that her bottom was a good deal damaged, and that she could not be got off. "This brig will go to pieces the first time there is a heavy sea," said Manuel to the Captain; "and those who remain in her must perish. I will take you all on board my schooner, and put you ashore about 40 miles above Matanzas, seeking no compensation but part of the cargo, which you of course have no means of preserving." After some deliberation, this proposal was acceded to by all parties, and Manuel's crew again began to unload the brig.

While they were thus engaged, I went down to the cabin, and found Mr. R—— and his daughter there. The former had a look of ghastliness which gave me an unfavourable idea of the nature of his wound; and the latter sat beside his bed, and seemed at once hopeless and resigned. On seeing me, they both started, but said nothing. I told them, that altho' I came along with the

pirates, I had no connexion with such persons, and that my object in intruding upon them was to offer my professional services to Mr. R——. The young lady sprung from her chair, and expressed her gratitude in the warmest manner, while her father's flushed countenance and beaming eyes evinced that hopes of life began to revive in his heart.

When Manuel had carried away as much of the cargo as his vessel could conveniently contain, he informed us that the boat was ready to take us all on board the schooner; we accordingly embarked, placing Mr. R. upon a mat-trass, and rowed away from the brig, towards which the Captain and his crew directed many anxious and regretful looks. On getting on board the schooner, our first business was to contrive accommodations for so many new passengers. I resigned my birth to Mr. R——, and Manuel allowed the young lady and her attendant to occupy his state-room. The Captain and his crew reposed upon deck, but the latter were so indignant at the familiarity with which the negroes treated them, that they would have resented it by force, had not the fear of being overcome by superior numbers restrained their fury. However, the two parties poured out torrents of abuse against each other; and the clamour of their tongues, the groans of Mr. R——, the agonies of his daughter, and the confinement of a crowded vessel, all combined to render the day and succeeding night insupportably tedious and distressing to me.

In about 40 hours, we made the Pan of Matanzas, and Manuel told the Captain and the white crew to hold themselves in readiness, as he soon intended to put them ashore. At sunset we were scarcely two leagues from the coast of Cuba. The negroes lowered a small boat, and stowed a quantity of water and provisions in her; and Manuel came down to the cabin, and informed Mr. R—— and his daughter that it was time for them to embark. "Where?—What do you mean?" cried the young lady.—"Why, madam," returned Manuel, "didn't I say that all the people belonging to the brig were to put ashore here?"—"Oh, thanked be Heaven," exclaimed she; "then we

are near a harbour and a town?—My dear father!"—"No, no, interrupted Manuel, "the coast opposite is uninhabited."—"What do you tell me?" cried she, bursting into tears; "you surely cannot be so barbarous—my father is dying;—have a little pity. It is indeed dreadful to be here, to be among such people;—but what will become of my parent, if you send us away? I have no more money to give you, but perhaps—" Here she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so violently, that her whole frame trembled.

Manuel began to pace about the cabin; I saw that he was affected, and therefore did not venture to speak.

"Well, lady," said he, after a pause, "you may remain here. I will protect you and your father—yes, even though I should bring myself into difficulty by doing so." He then went upon deck and ordered the Captain and his crew, who had already seated themselves in the boat to row away. The clashing of their oars, which at first broke upon the stillness of the night, gradually became fainter, and soon subsided into almost undistinguishable murmurs.

In the course of the evening, Manuel asked me if I thought Mr. R—— would recover from his wound. I told him that I feared he would soon be relieved from the inconvenience of having such a passenger on board. "So I suspect," returned he; "but what is to become of his daughter and the Mulatto woman? I wish I had sent them off in the boat to-night."—"It would have been unmerciful," said I; "perhaps the seamen themselves may perish."—"Don't fear, don't fear," cried he; "I treated them very generously. Most pirates would have left the whole party to drown in the brig, and been glad of such an opportunity of getting them out of the way. I gave them a good boat and plenty of provisions; they will easily reach Matanzas. My crew are enraged at my conduct in this affair. I must be on my guard; and, listen to me, be you also on yours!"

A short time before midnight, Mr. R—— complained of the oppressive

closeness of the cabin, and begged to be lifted upon deck. We immediately complied with his wishes, and spread a mattrass for him near the stern of the vessel. Elizabeth, his daughter, seated herself beside his couch, and the Mulatto woman waited behind. I threw myself upon a *ceroon* at a little distance, and felt so fatigued, that I gradually began to slumber, although within hearing of the sick man's feeble groans and hurried inspirations.

I was suddenly awakened by the sound of light footsteps. I opened my eyes and saw Elizabeth. "My father is"—— She could say no more. I rose and followed her. Mr. R—— lay upon his back with half-closed eyes, and seemed scarcely sensible of our approach; but in a little time he turned his face towards me, and tried to smile. He then took hold of his daughter's hand, and attempted to greet her in the same way, but it was impossible; his lips trembled, and some tears rushed down his cheeks. None of us uttered a word, or even ventured to sigh.

It was the finest moonlight, and the whole heavens were covered with one continuous expanse of dappled white clouds. The celestial net-work, extending from horizon to horizon, floated in motionless repose, and the stars could be seen twinkling faintly through its apertures. The calm was such that our sails scarcely even flapped upon the masts, and our vessel lay as still as if she had been imbedded in a field of crystal. The balmy murmurings of the little surges upon the distant beach, swelled upon the ear, and died away again with a caprice that seemed in unison with the irregular motions of a tall cocoa-nut tree, which stood alone upon a projecting rock, and was waved in a melancholy manner by a land-breeze too feeble and unsteady to reach or affect us.

Elizabeth knelt silently beside her father, with clasped hands, and had that frozen look of condensed despair, which is almost too terrible for an inhabitant of this world. Her face and lips were colourless, and she seemed like a spirit waiting for a departing soul. None of us knew the exact mo-

ment at which Mr. R—— died. I soon after took his daughter by the hand, and conducted her to the cabin. She neither spoke a word nor made the least resistance, and I began to fear that grief had bewildered her perceptions. Her attendant followed us, and I left them together.

I did not attempt to sleep any that night. I was occupied in thinking of Elizabeth, who had soon awakened to a full sense of her misery, and whose sobs haunted my ears wherever I went. In the morning she sunk into a gentle slumber, which, after continuing two hours, left her in a state of comparative rationality and composure. I requested to see her, and we had an interview. I offered myself as a protector, and promised to do every thing in my power to extricate her from her present unhappy situation, and said I would escort her to a place of safety whenever I had the good fortune to effect this. I then told who I was, and related the circumstances that had induced me to seek an asylum among the pirates. In return, she thanked me for my unremitting attentions to her father, and declared that she fully believed me to be what I professed.

The calm continued during the whole of that day, and Manuel exhibited many signs of impatience at its long duration; and the more so, as the current was gradually carrying us towards Matanzas, a place which he wished anxiously to avoid. Next morning a gentle breeze sprung up, and we had scarcely begun to profit by it, when we discovered a small brig of war, with American colours, bearing towards us, under full sail. Manuel ordered his men to crowd all canvass, and tried various nautical manœuvres, in the hope of escaping her; but she gained upon us every moment.

The negroes, when they perceived that we could not get out of her reach, were thrown into a state of consternation and totally neglected their duty. They assembled together in groupes, and conversed with outrageous looks and violent gesticulations, occasionally throwing baleful glances at Manuel. He saw that a storm was gathering, and immediately went below, and se-

cured the door of the apartment which contained the arms. He then appeared upon deck, with a brace of pistols in his girdle, a dagger by his side, and a naked scymitar in his hand, and took his station beside the companion door.

The boldness of his deportment seemed to increase the fury of the blacks; some of whom called out, "Down with him! down with him! he has betrayed us." Manuel paid no attention to their cries, but ordered them, in a voice of thunder, to load the guns, and rushed forward, waving his sword in the air. They became intimidated, and hastened to obey him; and, while they were engaged in doing so, I ran down to the cabin, and armed myself as well as possible, at the same time comforting Elizabeth, and bidding her remain in her state-room.

When I went upon deck again, I found that the negroes had openly mutinied. They were ranged round the foremast, and stood glaring at Manuel, and at each other, like a set of demons. "Hell curse you, captain!" cried one of them, "what right had you to bring us here? Were we all to be sent to the devil, that you might put ashore them damned whites that you picked out of the brig?"—"Ay, ay, it was mercy that made him do so," said another; "but see if we'll get any mercy from the tyrants that are in chase of us. Ha, Mr. Manuel! I would almost be hanged myself, to have the satisfaction of seeing you swing by the throat!"—"They couldn't get him hanged," vociferated a third, "for he would always untie the rope with his right hand. Oh, captain, may the devil scorch your soul for bringing us here!"—"He thinks us a set of *niger* slaves," cried the first speaker, "who haven't spirit to do any thing but what he bids us—but we'll shew him another story. Come on,—let us have revenge! Down with him, and his companion!"

Several of the crew now rushed towards us with threatening gestures. Manuel fired a pistol among them, and wounded one with his scymitar, and I struck down another with the butt-end of a blunderbuss, and then acted upon the defensive. They were repelled;

but would apparently have made a second attack, had not a shot from the brig raked us fore and aft, and carried away the binnacle. "Now, now!" shouted Manuel, "if you are worth any thing, fight for your lives! The enemy is close upon us; we shall be blown out of the water!—Here is the key of the armoury—go and equip yourselves, and shew some real spirit."

The negroes were almost instantaneously animated by a new feeling. Some provided themselves with muskets and cutlasses, and others took their station at the guns. They all had a look of savage and determined resistance; which shewed that they would rather perish in battle, than run the risk of terminating their lives upon a scaffold.

The brig had now come nearly alongside of us, and her captain commanded us to heave-to, if we desired any quarter. He was answered by the discharge of four cannon, and by a shower of musket-balls. They gave a broadside in return, which carried away our mainmast, and then bore down upon the schooner, with the intention of boarding her. The smoke prevented the helmsman of the brig from steering justly, and he suddenly brought her so close to us, that she swept away our chains, and stove in our bulwarks, and dragged us through the water a considerable distance. The fight now became very desperate. The bayonet and cutlass had usurped the place of fire-arms, and the negroes, who were not provided with weapons of any kind, attacked the American seamen with their fists, beating them down, attempting to choak them, and pushing them overboard. They all the while animated each other with shouts, execrations, and blasphemous cries, and rushed furiously to the combat, half-naked, and covered with dust, and sweat, and blood.

I kept as near Manuel as possible. He sometimes fought vigorously for a few moments, and then stood idle, apparently irresolute what to do. At last he cried out, "It is easy to see how this day will end, but I must hasten its termination," and then hurried down to the cabin. I instinctively fol-

lowed him, and found Elizabeth and her maid nearly speechless with terror. Manuel tore open the hatch in the floor, and pulled up a small cask, the head of which he knocked in with his hand. It was full of gunpowder. He placed it upon the table.—I grew breathless. He put a steel between his teeth, and then seizing a flint, began to strike the one against the other. The pulsations of my heart ceased, and my eyes became dim. Manuel seemed suddenly to dilate into fearful and gigantic size, and to pour torrents of fire upon the gunpowder. My senses were suddenly recalled by a loud crash, and by the appearance of water rushing down upon us through the sky-light. I thought we were going to the bottom, and started up and pulled the fainting Elizabeth towards the gangway. There we encountered an American officer; he gave us a look of astonishment, and hastening towards Manuel, seized his arm, and said, "Surrender yourself—you are my prisoner."

Manuel did not attempt any resistance, but followed the officer upon deck. Having left Elizabeth, whose recollection was now pretty well restored, with her maid, I went there also. Every thing had become quiet. The American seamen were in possession of the schooner, and the negroes had been removed on board the brig of war. Her captain ordered Manuel to be put in irons, and directed that Elizabeth and I should have accommodations in his own vessel.

I was a good deal astonished to meet with several of the crew that had belonged to the brig we had plundered, and to hear them say that they were the means of capturing the schooner. Having been fortunate enough to reach Matanzas the day after Manuel had set them adrift in the boat, they found an American brig of war there, which had run into the harbour that she might repair some damage she had sustained while on her voyage from Jamaica to Charleston. They immediately gave her captain information respecting the pirate, and he set out in pursuit of them, making the seamen warp his brig along, till a breeze sprang up

which enabled him to come in sight of the schooner. During the battle, a young officer who boarded her along with the American crew, happened to observe Manuel's attempts to blow them up, and with great presence of mind, dashed his foot through the skylight, and averted the danger by pouring down a large quantity of water upon the gunpowder.

A few hours after the capture of the schooner, we set sail for Charleston, where the brig was bound. We reached that port in ten days. The pirate crew were immediately lodged in jail. I underwent an examination, and was then taken into custody, it being evident, from my own confession, that I had not been forced on board the schooner. Elizabeth, to whom I had hourly become more devoted during the voyage, found an asylum in the house of a distant relation, who resided in Charleston, and was summoned as a witness against the negroes. In three weeks their trial came on, and Manuel and seven others were condemned to death. No evidence appearing against me, I was liberated from confinement at an early period, by the intercession of several persons who appeared to take an interest in my fate. I supplied myself with means of support, by disposing of some valuables I had in my possession.

I was filled with sorrow when I heard that Manuel was condemned to death, aware that he deserved a better fate. I visited him in jail, the day after he had received his sentence. He was loaded with fetters, and occupied a small cell by himself, through which he paced as quickly as the weight of his irons would permit; though he had a subdued look, the expression of his countenance was neither abject nor sorrowful.

"Ah, is it you, sir?" cried he, advancing towards me, as I entered; "you are the person I most wished to see. How kind it is in you to visit a poor negro! For I am no more now. I am glad to be treated as a rational creature by at least one white man. I wonder they have let you escape. In this country it is a crime for a man to have any thing to do with blacks, ex-

cept in the way of flogging them."—"You do not deserve to die," said I, after a pause.—"Oh, perhaps not," returned he; "but law—law—law, you know—However, 'tis better I should. I had a weary life of it. I was chased from the land, and took refuge upon the sea; but, notwithstanding that, I could not escape the blood-hounds of the Southern States of America. But here I have written out something for you. Take this letter to Gustavus H——, and accept what he gives you in return, as a remembrance of me. But don't tell him that I am sentenced to death." He then presented me with a paper, and having given directions where I should find the person to whom it was addressed, bid me farewell.

I immediately proceeded in search of Manuel's acquaintance, and after some time, reached his house, which was situated in the most obscure part of a narrow and dirty alley. The door was opened by an old negro, and I enquired if Gustavus H—— lived there. "I am the man," returned he; "walk in, master." I entered, and gave him the letter, and at his request seated myself upon an old stool in one corner of the apartment until he read it. "Strange—very strange," muttered he, gazing on me intently. "How is Mr. Manuel?"—"Well enough at present," returned I; "but"—He stood still a moment, as if waiting the conclusion of my reply, and then went out of the room, but soon came back, carrying a bag, which he immediately put into my hands. Its weight was immense. "That's all," said he, "I guess Manuel don't intend that I should be his *bankeer* long. Good morning, sir."

When I returned to my lodgings, I opened the bag, and, to my astonishment, found it full of doubloons. I could not believe that Manuel intended leaving me such a legacy, and went to the prison in the afternoon, that I might see him, and converse with him upon the subject; but I arrived there too late; he had anticipated the law by putting a period to his existence.

Fortune had now bestowed upon me the means of returning to my native

country. I communicated this to Elizabeth, and entreated that we might make the journey of life together. She consented, and our mutual happiness

was soon as great as our individual misery had been, when fate first brought us together.

Poetry.

(English Magazines, September and October, 1821.)

LOVE IN A MIST.

SO teasing is the girl I love,
So cruel-kind I find her,
I would to Heaven she would prove
Or crueller or kinder.

Her lips forbid my hopes to rise ;
But whilst she's thus declaring,
A wicked something in her eyes
Prevents me from despairing.

Her eyes say yes, her lips say no ;
And so in doubt they steep me :
I wish that she would let me go,
Or pay the price to keep me.

To her is such attraction given,
In soothing or in scoffing,
She has hung me up 'twixt hell and heaven,
Just like Mahomet's coffin.

'Tis my belief, when women use
Us in this sort of fashion,
They hate the *man*, but would not lose
The *lover*, or the *passion*.

Haply with neither love nor hate,
Nor any passion breathing,
As anglers gravely hook their bait,
In spite of all its writhing,—

So it may be her thoughtless wish,
Regardless of my fate, to
Hook me, to catch some other fish,
Whom I may serve as bait to.

I fain would get the length of her foot,
But if I were not born to't,
It does not my free spirit suit,
To be the shoeing-horn to't.

THE MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

A Legendary Song.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN.

LORD LINDORF came when the moon was bright
To Adela's lonely dwelling ;
And he cried—" Oh waken thy looks of light,
The lamps of the heavens excelling !
For all are to me but a murky sky,
Till I gaze on thy matchless face,
And the hours move dreary and heavily by,
Till at midnight we embrace."

'Too deep, too deep into Adela's heart
Sank the vows of her lordly lover ;
And when he arose from her side to part,
And the sun broke his cloudy cover :—
" O Lindorf !—love !"—was her anxious cry,
" Thou light of this lonely place,
Return when the moon shall be riding high,
And at midnight we'll embrace."

" This night, my fair—in my father's hall,
The feast will be gaily flaunting ;
Where the dancers bound,—and the gallants call,
Young Lindorf must not be wanting :
But within three days I'll return to thee
By my hopes of immortal grace ;
Or else may thy spirit appear to me,
And at midnight my form embrace !"

The night came on, and the feast rose high,
 While beauty the scene adorning,
 Made Lindorf's vows and promises fly
 Like the dew of a summer's morning :
 When the sun breaks forth, and it melts in air,
 And leaves on the earth no trace ;
 For he gave his heart to a brighter fair,
 And another he did embrace.

But when the hour of midnight came,
 The lamps blazed dim before him ;
 And a deathly chilliness wrapt his frame,
 Like a cold damp shroud cast o'er him.
 Yet he broke the spell, and when rising day
 Appear'd with a cloudless face,
 His heart from Adela still would stray,
 And forgotten was her embrace.

To Loda, the Countess of Retzenvel,
 With courtlier beauties shining,
 The tale of his passion did Lindorf tell,
 While low at her feet reclining :
 Delighted so bright an alliance to gain
 With one of such princely race,
 That eve saw them link'd in the nuptial chain,
 And at midnight did both embrace.

Day follow'd day most heavily,
 And Adela sank in sorrow ;
 Still fondly hop'd that her tears would dry
 To smiles on the coming morrow ;—
 But hope declin'd, and at length despair
 Frown'd dark on her dwelling-place,
 Till death look'd down on the weeping fair,
 And clasp'd her in his embrace.

High was the feast, and many a guest
 View'd Lindorf's rank and treasure ;
 But there was a worm that gnaw'd his breast,
 And a blight upon all his pleasure.
 And oft would he wildly gaze, as if round
 Some phantom there seem'd to pace :
 And shudder as if in its arms he was wound,
 With a deathlike cold embrace !

The midnight came once more :—and the gate
 With the loudest blows was heaving,
 But none did appear to the liveried state
 Which came for the guests' receiving !
 Till Lindorf cried—" By the Heavens above
 I command thee disclose thy face."
 And a voice replied, " Then behold me, love !
 'Tis midnight,—and we'll embrace !"

Then Adela stood unto each one's view
 With grave-clothes white cast o'er her ;
 Her features look'd of a pallid hue,
 And Lindorf fell down before her !
 She raised him, and kiss'd his life away,
 While horror had blanch'd each face,
 Then sank through the earth with her lover's clay
 In a last,—and a cold embrace !

Stephensiana, No. I.

(Monthly Magazine.)

The late ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Esq. of Park House, Chelsea, devoted an active and well-spent life in the collection of Anecdotes of his contemporaries, and generally entered in a book the collections of the passing day ;—these collections we have purchased, and propose to present a selection from them to our readers. As Editor of the *Annual Obituary*, and many other biographical works, he may probably have incorporated many of these scraps ; but the greater part are unpublished, and all stand alone as cabinet pictures of men and manners, worthy of a place in a literary miscellany.

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

FREDERICK, Prince of Wales, father of his late Majesty, was a man of very elegant manners, but Walpole exhibits him in a point of view peculiarly unfavourable. He was particularly addicted to reading French memoirs, and had written those of his own time, under the name of " Prince Titu." The MS. was found among the papers of Ralph the Historian, and presented by the late Dr. Rose, his executor, to the first Earl of Bute, who without bestowing any remuneration or acknowledgment, conveyed them to his son, George the third. Prince Frederick also composed several French songs, in imitation of the Regent Duke of Orleans, a model no way worthy of imitation. Here follows the first stanza of a Bacchanalian relic :

" Chanson, par Frederic Prince de Galles.

*" Venez mes cheres desses
Venez calmer mon chagrin ;
Aidez, mes belles princesses,
A le noyer dans le vin.*

*" Poussons cette douce ivresse
Jusq'au milieu de la nuit ;
Et n'ecoutons que la tendresse
D'un charmant vis-a-vis.*

*" Quand le chagrin me devore
Vite à table je me mets," &c.*

An article has been devoted to his Royal Highness, in Park's edition of " Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors ;" and Warton has represented him in a way still more likely to confer immortality—as the friend and patron of men of genius :

*' For to the few, with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly
board :
Soothing with verse divine the toils of state ;
Hence fired, the Bard forsook the flowery
plain,
And deck'd the royal mask, and guil'd the
tragic strain.*

*LINES written on a DYING ASH. By the
late COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

Dear friendly Ash ! who long hast stood
Companion of unsocial care !
Best lov'd, of all the tufted wood,
No more your verdant charms you wear.
Ah ! must thou perish, beauteous tree !
Emblem of life's uncertainty !

Oft on thy bark, with sylvan pen,
The lover grav'd his am'rous thought :
Oft from the gay resort of men
Thy spreading boughs affliction sought ;
And pensive oft, to seek thy shade,
Perchance the falling Poet stray'd.

But now—or parch'd by sultry suns,
Or some rude blast's pernicious breath,
How fast thy vital moisture runs
And wets the sadden'd turf beneath ;
Untimely falls thy leafy pride
Adown the mountain's craggy side.

Yet do not droop ! reviving spring
Thy former health may still renew :
Mild Ev'ning softer gales may bring,
And wash thy wounds with tears of dew ;
Not so thy lot, frail man ! may be ;
Returning Spring ne'er blooms for thee.

MR. GIBBON.

When Mr. Fox's library was sold in 1781, the first volume of the " Decline and Fall" was brought to the hammer. It brought three guineas, in consequence of the contention produced by the following MS. note in the well-known hand of " the man of the people :"—" The Author at Brooks's said that there was no salvation for this country, until six heads of the principal persons in administration were LAID UPON THE TABLE." Yet eleven days afterwards, this same gentleman accepted a place under those very ministers, and acted with them ever afterwards.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

Sir Francis Burdett was led to Cold Bath Fields by a letter written upon the leaf of a book, with a splinter of wood, in the blood of the miserable captives who supplicated him to save

them from the pangs of death, produced by hunger and thirst. On visiting the unhappy creatures, he found them "merely frames of men, their minds apparently as much impaired as their bodies." They were Englishmen, in an English prison, and without a trial.

Written by ADMIRAL LORD NELSON *to* LADY HAMILTON.

Sooner shall Britain's sons resign
The empire of the sea,
Than Henry shall renounce his faith,
And plighted vows to thee.
And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow,
Ere thy true Henry's constant love
Or ebb or change shall know.

DR. JOHNSON.

I was told by the foreman of the Chelsea China Manufactory, (then in the workhouse of St. Luke's, Middlesex that Dr. Johnson had conceived a notion that he was capable of improving on the manufacture of china. He even applied to the directors of the Chelsea China Works, and was allowed to *bake* his compositions in their ovens in — st., Chelsea. He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper about twice a week, and staid the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions along with her. The Doctor who was not allowed to enter the *mixing* room, had access to every other part of the house, and formed his composition in a particular apartment, without being overlooked by any one. He had also free access to the oven, and superintended the whole of the process: but completely failed, both as to composition and baking, for his materials always yielded to the intensity of the heat, while those of the company came out of the furnace perfect and complete. The Doctor retired in disgust, but not in despair, for he afterwards gave a dissertation on this very subject in his works; but the overseer, who has read this, assured me in the spring of 1814, that he was still ignorant of the nature of the operation. He seemed to think that the Dr. imagined one single substance was sufficient, while he on the other hand asserts that he always used sixteen, and he must have had some practice, as he has nearly lost his eye-

sight, by firing batches of china, both at Chelsea and Derby, to which the manufacture was afterwards carried.

Chelsea china, originally patronized by the Duke of Cumberland, and afterwards by Sir R. Faulkner, was a long time in such repute as to be sold by auction, and as a set was purchased as soon as baked, dealers were surrounding the doors for that purpose.

EARL OF MOUNT EDGECOMBE.

The late Lord Edgecombe had a favourite pig, who is said to have followed him for miles, and even to have *snuffed him in the wind*, so as readily to anticipate his arrival. This wonderful animal at last became the subject of an ode, of which it may not be amiss to quote a few stanzas:

Ye muses, quit your sacred stream,
And aid me like the bards of yore,
Slight Milton, for like his my theme
In verse was never sung before:
Indeed the tale is often told in prose
Since all the world the mighty wonder
knows!

Theme of sublimity! my boar,
All hail! thou beast of high renown,
As famous as the horse of yore,
That won his lucky lord a crown.
Fam'd as Miss Lesbia's bird, in verse so oft
Recorded, or the rabbits of Mell Toft!

Hail pig! at Tunbridge born and bred,
Who singlest out his Lordship there,
Event that round the region spread,
And made the gaping millions stare:
And strange it was to see, upon my word,
A pig for ever trotting with my lord.

Thrice happy hog! with Mrs. Joan,*
Who, in a chariot, cheek by jole,
Did'st Jehu-like, from Tunbridge Town
To Mount's enchanting mansions roll;
Where to thy levee thousands did repair,
With nine fat aldermen and Mr. Mayor.

The mayor and aldermen polite,
Swore that without fee or purchase,
If so his lordship thoft it right,
They'd choose thee, gentle swine, for
burgess.

Thank ye, replied his lordship; but odds-
snigs!
Tho' asses sit, 'tis never granted pigs.

GEN. CHARLES LEE.

The late Dr. Huck, who, I believe, was surgeon in the same regiment, was accustomed to tell, that the celebrated General Lee, having been crossed and jostled by the Scotch, many of whom were put over his head, was accustomed

* My lady's waiting-woman.

to teach a kind of catechism, to certain young English officers. Accordingly, after dinner at the mess, he would ask : Which is the best country for the Scotch ? Ans. England. How do they rise ? Ans. By wooing, cringing, and fawning. What are their merits ? Ans. Servile obedience and complaisance, &c. &c. Being one day asked to dine with a Scotch Major, he accepted the invitation, but at the same time apologized for a peculiarity he had, " which was that of abusing *his* countrymen when a little fuddled !" " I excuse you with all my heart," rejoined the wily Caledonian, " for I myself have a similar ill propensity, that is, on all such occasions, to beat those who abuse my country !" Both parties met at table, and there was neither *abuse* nor *kicking*.

*Original Letter of JAMES THOMSON, the Poet, to Mr. Paterson, found among his papers in the cabinet of Sir Andrew Mitchel, and transmitted by Sir William Forbes of Craigie Var and Finhay, bart. to the Earl of Buchan, October 8, 1791, and by him presented to Mr. Stephens.**

DEAR PATERSON,

In the first place, and previous to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection, Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christopher's ; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and you find he merits it, to advance him in the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who in verity turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance, honest, honourable, friendly, and generous. If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair, a pitiful morsel in a corner. Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say,—the same case happen to us all.

That I have not answered several letters of yours, is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you ; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my saying any more upon that head ; be-

sides, I have very little to say, that is worthy to be transmitted over the great ocean. The world either futilizes so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions on us. Retirement and nature are more and more my passion every day. And now, even now, the charming time comes on : Heaven is just upon the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lane. You must know, that I have enlarged my rural domain, much to the same dimensions you have done yours. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no,—paled in, about as much as my garden consisted of before ; so that the walk runs around the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes under night. For you, I imagine you reclining under cedars, and palmettoes ; and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north ; slumbers rendered awful and divine by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid moon ! At other times I image you drinking punch in groves of limes or orange trees, gathering pine-apples from hedges as commonly as we may blackberries, poetizing under lofty laurels, or making love under full-spread myrtles.

But to lower my style a little—As I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why don't you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here during the summer, though they cannot perfect their seeds sufficiently, in this, to them, ungenial climate, to propagate. In the which case is calliloo ; that, produced from the seed it bore here, came up puny, rickety, and good for nothing. There are other things certainly with you not yet brought over hither, that might flourish here in the summer-time, and live tolerably well, provided they be sheltered in an hospitable stove or green-house during the winter. You will give me no small pleasure by sending me from time to time some of these seeds, if it were no more but to amuse me in making the trial. With regard

* This letter appears to have been written in the beginning of April, 1748.

to the brother gardeners, you ought to know, that, as they are half vegetable, the animal part of them will never have spirit enough to consent to the transplanting of the vegetable into distant dangerous climates. They, happily for themselves, have no other idea, but to dig on here, eat, drink, and sleep.

As to more important business, I have nothing to write you, you know best the course of it. Be (as you always must be) just and honest; but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself. Mr. L. told me that the Greilles and he had strongly recommended the person the governor and you had proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there were good hopes of succeeding. He told me also that Mr. P. had said, it was not to be expected that offices such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired. And if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper, (whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of their natural ones) there are few men so capable of that imperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind, at least, that proceed from being reasonable and moderate in our desires, as you are. These are the treasures, dug from an inexhaustible mine in our own breasts, which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work at this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had. West, Mallet and I, were all routed in one day. If you would know why—out of resentment to our friend in Argyle-street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored with interest, some time or other—ah! that some time or other is a great deceiver. Coriolanus had not yet appeared upon the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of

Tullus, towards him who alone can act Coriolanus. Indeed the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season; but I believe he will return on him next season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Paterson; nay, let us be cheerful. At last all will be well; at least all will be over—here I mean: God forbid it should be hereafter. But as sure as there is a God, that will not be so. Now that I am prating of myself, know that after fourteen or fifteen years, the Castle of Indolence comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes: you have an apartment in it as a night pensioner, which you may remember I fitted up for you during our delightful party at North Ha. Will ever those days return again? Don't you remember our eating the raw fish that were never caught? All our friends are prettily much in *statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Myttleton. He has had the severest trial a human tender heart can have; but the old physician, Time, will at last close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting. Mitchell is in the house for Aberdeenshire, and has spoken modestly well. I hope he will be in something else soon, none deserves better; true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart. Gray is working hard at passing his account: I spoke to him about that affair. If he gives you any trouble about it, even that of dunning, I shall think strangely, but I dare say he is too friendly to do it; he values himself justly on being friendly to his old friends, and you are among the oldest. Symmer is at last tired of quality, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith. I am sorry that honest, sensible Warrender, (who is in town) seems to be stunted in church preferment. He ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord; if he is not so at last it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Peter Murdoch is in town, tutor to Admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hopes of another living in Suffolk, that country of tranquillity where he will then burrow himself in a wife, and be happy. Good-natured,

obliging Millar is as usual. Though the Doctor increases in his business, he does not decrease in spleen ; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable ; like Jaques in the play, I sometimes have a touch of it. But I must break off this chat with you about our friends, which, were I to indulge in, would be endless. As for politics, we are, I believe, upon the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring at present in the siege of Maestricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is a pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege, I take, they mean as their last flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue till you have scraped together enough to return home, and live in some snug corner, as happy as the Corycius Senex in Virgil's 4th Georgic, whom I recommend both to you and myself as a perfect model of the most happy life. Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately, yours, &c.

JAMES THOMSON.

J. H. TOOKE.

One Sunday (latter end of) May, 1811, Mr. Tooke received from the executor and successors of Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, the sum of £960, being the residue of the debt due for the *Epea Pterorenta*. This, together with the sum before received by Mr. T. for subscriptions, &c. amounted in all to £1500, for that work, which I am told was never but once advertized.

TOOKE'S OPINIONS OF LOCKE.

Mr. Tooke considered it a lucky mistake which Mr. Locke made when he called his celebrated work *An Essay on Human Understanding* ; "for some part of the inestimable benefit of that book has" added he, "merely on account of its title, reached to many thousand more than I fear it would have done, had he called it (what it is namely) *A Grammatical Essay*, or a *Treatise on Words or Language*. The human *mind*, or human *understanding*, appears to be a grand and a noble theme ; and all men, even the most insufficient, conceive that to be a proper

object for their contemplation ; whilst inquiries into the nature of *language*, (through which alone they can obtain any knowledge beyond the beasts) are fallen into such extreme disrepute and contempt, that even those who "neither have the accent of Christian, Pagan, or Man," nor can speak so many words together with as much propriety as Balaam's ass did, do yet imagine *words* to be infinitely beneath the concern of their exalted understanding. He was of opinion, however, that Mr. Locke in this essay never did advance one step beyond the origin of ideas and the composition of terms.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION acts by general laws, and never engrafts unlimited power on the virtue or discretion of any individual, even the first magistrate.

STANZAS to the late DUCHESS of GORDON.

On Spey's wild banks at Huntly's board,
Where first fierce chieftains met their lord,

In festive joy and arms !

Love's gentle forces now are seen,
His daughters and the mother queen,
Arrayed in beauty's charms.

Soothed in their mansions in the sky,
The Huntly barons here descry,

New conquests still in view :

The loves and graces from the north
Shall bid the ducal banner forth,
And strike the south anew.

And thou, fair Duchess ! fairest still !
Shalt guide those conquests at thy will,
And Scotia's pride shall reign !

O'er London shall thy trophies fly,
Her proudest lords and dames shall vie
To grace thy Tartan train.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE SAUNDERS.

He succeeded the Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, in the King's Bench. According to North, in his life of the Lord Keeper Guildford ; "his character and beginning were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar boy of parish foundling, without parents or relations." He is described "as very corpulent and beastly, a mere lump of morbid flesh : " and "say nothing of brandy, he was never without a pot of ale at his nose or near him." "While he sat in the Court of King's Bench," adds the same author, "he gave the rule to the great satisfaction of the lawyers ; but his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business (so) incessant, and withal crabbed, and his

diet and exercise (so) changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts, and he never recovered the strength of them." This chief justice was selected for the express purpose of deciding against the liberties of the City of London, in the question of warrants.

GOVERNMENTS.

All governments stand either upon will or power, or condition and contract : the first rule by force, the second by the laws. All *laws* are either fundamental, and thus invariable, such as those for the punishment of robbery and murder, or temporary and alterable, such as those relating to trade, roads, &c.

LETTER *from the* EARL OF BUCHAN *to* Mr. S. *relative to* THOMSONIANA.*

Dear Sir,—Mr. Cuthbert, of Ednam, shewed me, when I was last in London, two or three interesting letters of Thomson's, which would be an acquisition to the editor of the Thomsoniana.—

In the Kelso newspapers, and others, and in many of the periodical publications, there appeared, three or four years ago, a series of juvenile letters of Thomson, which may be fit for Thomsoniana; but I have not considered them with sufficient attention to say so with certainty.

Mr. Sargent, of Sussex, son of Sargent the friend of Thomson, mentioned in the curious letter which I gave you some time since, is possessed of several letters from Thomson to his father, and of an original picture of the Poet, which was given by him to the said Sargent. The Poet is represented in *dishabille*, but with a green velvet night-cap, *selon la mode de ses jours*. This is a maiden portrait, and should be engraved for the frontispiece of the Thomsoniana.

Old Sargent used to say that he never heard his friend the Poet tell an indecent story but once, which was to illustrate the power of excessive pleasure, to remove female modesty and restraint in the union of sexes.

This, and the prayer to a certain noble member, are the only amatory pieces or anecdotes of a grosser nature relating to Thomson, the poet, I have ever met

with, and are not fit for publication. Thomson had his rambling days in his youth, and suffered in the wars of the Cyprian Queen. Some pieces written by him at this time I have treated as heretics, as well as the *prima cura* of Burns' holy Willie's prayer, which accidentally came into the hands of, dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

Ed. April 21, 1804.

BUCHAN.

INFLUENCE OF LIBERTY.

William the Third, actuated like his subjects, by noble principles, became the umpire of Europe, holding the balance in his own hand ; for his people were just and free.

BATHS.

The French are cleanly in their persons, tho' dirty in their houses. Tinned copper baths are preferred to marble—Chinese baths on the Italian Boulevards—common ones in a noble building near the Palais Royal—floating ones on the river. They read, work, and eat in them, the refreshment being placed on a floating cask, in the shape of a vase.

MILITARY REGIMEN.

Under Bonaparte all feudal distinctions vanished—equality was preserved by equality of service—wealth obtained nothing—military merit every thing. All the Lycees might be considered as military bodies ; their studies, their repasts, and even their exercises, were regulated, not as before by the bell, but by a drum. The Royal Military College at Sandhurst, is exactly modelled after the French military schools.

FRENCH POLICE.

The Minister of Justice was at the head of the police, when Bonaparte at once suppressed and subdivided this department, by a division of powers. Fouché, with four counsellors, superintended the four different quarters, while the *Maires* and subordinates were anxious on their parts to defeat, denounce, and seize on all suspected persons.

All France was subdivided like Paris, with a subordinate chief in each, and a Lieutenant de Police, like a spider, placing himself in the centre, with lines of communication on every side, felt every impression, and generally inveigled the wretched victim in the midst of that web, which he spread for his destruction.

* A work projected by the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

LADY HAMILTON.

Lady Hamilton was a servant in the family of Mr. Thomas, at Bewardine, in North Wales; was born there, and brought up till 17. In her prosperity she sent some remittances to Mr. Thomas and two of his sisters.

EAR-RINGS.

The late Duke of Orleans wore plain *bobs*. The revolution banished gold rings. I saw the late Duke of Orleans with them—the present Duke has none—only old men wear them in France now. In England Charles I. had them of pearl in his ears when executed.

NAPOLEON.

The court of Bonaparte was the most splendid in Europe. Marshals, ambassadors, princes sovereigns, surrounded his throne, and obeyed his mandates.

DUTCH AND FRENCH.

The Dutch are clean in their houses and dirty in their persons. The French exactly the reverse—clean in their persons, but dirty in their houses.

LEGION OF HONOUR.

Bonaparte, like Burke, had an eye to “the cheap defence of nations,” after beating down all the republican forms and usages, he endeavored to make heroes, by means of the milliner and the toy-shop—half a yard of scarlet ribbon, and a little badge of gold. These were sent, not to warriors alone, but to men of letters and men of science, and he himself holding a solemn court at the Tuilleries, in 1804, from a golden vase first bestowed these insignia on the commanders of the legion.

The Legion of Honour possessed a palace and considerable revenues. The sons were educated at the expence of the nation and the daughters were bred up without cost to their parents.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

The ancient mode of education is deemed obsolete, but the College of Louis le Grand subsists with regular degrees under the name of a Lyceum.

In the primary, which answer to our parochial schools, the Lycees Prytaneum, or central schools, are a kind of college in which Latin or Greek are taught, together with mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, geography, and chemistry. In the Prytaneum of Paris, about 300 pupils are educated at the expence of

government, and the remainder paid for at the trifling expence of about 1000 francs a year. Education under the late government assumed a martial air, and every pupil was fitted to become a soldier after the manner of antiquity. Genius was encouraged by means of appropriate progress, and still more by solemnly proclaiming the names of those who excelled, in the same manner with those of the victors at the Olympic games.

AERIAL GARDENS.

The Swedes lay earth on the Birch bark, with which they cover their houses, and thus possess aerial gardens.

WILTON.

Wilton, 3 miles distant from Salisbury, possesses an invaluable collection of antiquities. In the court before the grand front of the house stands a column of white Egyptian marble from the Arundelian collection; the statue of Venus on the top has been greatly admired. On each side of the entrance arch, Egyptian statues, and in the porch, built by Inigo Jones, is the bust of Hannibal. In the vestibule are the busts of Theophrastus, Caligula, Julia, &c.; there are also two columns of the Proconazzo, or peacock marble. The apartments generally shewn are the great hall, the old billiard room, the white marble table room, the new dining room, the hunting room, the cube room, the colonnade room, the stone hall, and the bugle room.

DR. SMOLLETT

lived in two different houses in Chelsea, and practised his profession there. A very respectable apothecary, Mr. North, when he was learning his business with Mr. Reid of that place, recollects that Dr. S. attended a young gentleman at the great school towards the end of Church lane. On his death he recollects to have seen Smollett's corpse, to discover the nature of his disease; and on that occasion remembers to have lost all appetite for dinner.

GEORGE ROSE.

Lord North said to Mr. Jolm——, in reply to the observation that he had seen his beautiful house in Hampshire, and conversed with Mr. Rose:—“What George Rose gone into the country ‘to bloom unseen, and waste his sweetness on the desert air?’”

LETTER of MARY WOLSTONCROFT, *Author of the Rights of Woman.*

SIR, Saturday morning.

I am engaged to dine with Mrs. Barlow at Mr. Johnson's next Sunday; but I will drink tea with you and Mrs. S. on Monday, should you be disengaged, for I wish to tell you both, in person, that employments, cares, low spirits—in short a legion of devils have made me put off this visit till it has the appearance of rudeness. My compliments attend Mrs. S. Yours, &c. M. W.

DOMESTIC SLAVERY

was not unknown in Scotland at the beginning of the 18th century, for it appears by judicial records, that Alexander

Stewart, found guilty of theft, was "gifted by the justice as a perpetual servant to Sir John Areskine, of Alva, the 5th of Dec. 1701."

PRESCRIPTION of the late DR. BUCHAN for a NERVOUS LADY.

Apply the plaster over the regions of the stomach, and let it continue on as long as it will stick.

Take a tea-spoonful of the tincture of the columbo root in half a glass of cold spring water twice or thrice a day.

Walk or ride out every day, eat solid diet, take a cheerful glass of wine, and keep company with friends of a cheerful temper of mind, and laugh at all physicians and physick.

Voyages, &c.

HUMBOLDT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

(Literary Gazette.)

Dirt-Eaters.

THE inhabitants of Uruana, belong to those *nations of the savannahs (Indios andantes)* who, more difficult to civilize than the *nations of the forest, (Indios del monte)* have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of very robust constitution; but ugly, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They are omnivorous *animals* in the highest degree; and therefore the other Indians, who consider them as barbarians, have a common saying, 'nothing is so disgusting that an Otomac will not eat it.' While the waters of the Oroonoko and its tributary streams are low, the Otomacs subsist on fish and turtles. The former they kill with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with an arrow, when they appear at the surface of the water. When the rivers swell, which in South America as well as in Egypt and in Nubia, is erroneously attributed to the melting of the snows, and which occurs periodically in every part of the torrid zone, fishing almost entirely ceases. It is then as difficult to procure fish in the rivers which are become deeper, as when you are sailing

on the open sea. It often fails the poor missionaries, on fast-days as well as flesh days, though all the young Indians are under the obligation of 'fishing for the convent.' At the period of these inundations, which lasts two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth. We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat is a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish grey colour; and, being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxid of iron which is mingled with it. We brought away some of this earth, which we took from the winter provision of the Indians; and it is absolutely false, that it is steatitic, and contains magnesia. Mr. Vauquelin did not discover any traces of this earth in it; but he found that it contained more silex than alumin. and three or four per cent of lime.

"The Otomacs do not eat every kind of clay indifferently; they choose the alluvial beds or strata that contain the most unctuous earth, and the smoothest to the feel. I inquired of the missionary, whether the moistened clay were made to undergo, as Father

Gumilla asserts, that peculiar decomposition, which is indicated by a disengagement of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and which is designated in every language by the term of *putrefaction*; but he assured us, that the natives neither cause the *clay* to rot, nor do they mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtles' eggs, or fat of the crocodile. We ourselves examined, both at the Oroonoko and after our return to Paris, the balls of earth which we brought away with us, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing that appeases hunger; when, therefore, you inquire of an Otomac on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for all this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a dead fish swimming at the surface of the water. If the Indian eat earth from want during two months, (and from three quarters to five quarters of a pound in twenty-four hours,) he does not the less regale himself with it during the rest of the year. Every day in the season of drought, when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of *poya*, and mingles a little clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth; they are, on the contrary, extremely robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary Fray Ramon Bueno asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great risings of the Oroonoko.

"The following are the facts in all their simplicity, which we were able to verify. The Otomacs during some months, eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay slightly hardened by fire, without their health being materially affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. It has not been possible to verify hitherto with precision how much nutritious vegetable or animal matter the Indians take in a week at the same time; but it is certain that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they

feel, to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally. No physiological phenomenon being entirely insulated, it may be interesting to examine several analogous phenomena, which I have been able to collect.

"I observed every where within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full-grown men, an inordinate and almost irresistible desire of swallowing earth; not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize (as it is vulgarly said) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous, and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Banco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the Indian women who make pottery continually swallowing great pieces of clay."

The author goes at some length into analogies and reasoning on them, but we confine our quotation principally to the facts.

"The negroes on the coast of Guinea delight in eating a yellowish earth which they call *caouac*. The slaves who are taken to America try to procure for themselves the same enjoyment; but it is constantly detrimental to their health. They say, 'that the earth of the West Indies is not so easy of digestion as that of their country.'"

"In the Indian Archipelago, at the island of Java, Mr. Labillardiere saw, between Surabaya and Samarang, little square and reddish cakes exposed to sale. These cakes, called *tanaampo*, were cakes of clay, slightly baked, which the natives eat with appetite. The attention of physiologists, since my return from the Oroonoko, having been powerfully fixed on these phenomena of *geophagy*, Mr. Leschenault, (one of the naturalists of the expedition to the Southern Lands under the command of Captain Baudin) has published some curious details on the *tanaampo*, or *ampo*, of the Javanese. 'The reddish and somewhat ferruginous clay,' he says, 'which the inhabitants of Java are fond of eating occasionally is spread on a plate of iron, and baked, after

having been rolled into little cylinders in the form of the bark of cinnamon. In this state it takes the name of *ampo*, and is sold in the public markets: This clay has a peculiar taste, which is owing to the torrefaction; it is very absorbent, and adheres to the tongue, which it dries. In general it is only the Javanese women who eat the *ampo*, either in the time of their pregnancy, or in order to grow thin; the want of plumpness being a kind of beauty in this country. The use of this earth is fatal to health; the women lose their appetite imperceptibly, and no longer take without disgust a very small quantity of food: but the desire of becoming lean, and of preserving a slender shape, can brave these dangers, and maintains the credit of the *ampo*. The savage inhabitants of New Caledonia also, to appease their hunger in times of scarcity, eat great pieces of a friable *lapis ollaris*. Mr. Vauquelin analysed this stone, and found in it, beside magnesia and silex in equal portions, a small quantity of oxid of copper. Mr. Goldberry had seen the negroes in Africa, in the islands of Bunck and Los Idolos, eat an earth of which he had himself eaten, without being incommoded by it, and which also was a white and friable steatite.” * * * * *

“When we reflect on the whole of these facts, we perceive that this disorderly appetite for clayey, magnesian, and calcareous earth, is most common among the people of the torrid zone; that it is not always a cause of disease; and that some tribes eat earth from choice, while others (the Otomacs in America, and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean,) eat it from want, and to appease hunger.”

“The observations, which I made on the banks of the Oroonoka, have been recently confirmed by the direct experiments of two distinguished young physiologists, Messrs. Hippolite Cloquet and Breschet. After long fasting, they ate as much as five ounces of a silvery green and very flexible laminar talc. Their hunger was completely satisfied, and they felt no inconvenience from a kind of food, to which their organs were unaccustomed. It is known that great use is still made in the East of the bolar and sigillated earths of Lemnos, which are clay mingled with oxid of iron. In Germany, the workmen employed in the quarries of sandstone worked at the mountain of Kiffhäuser spread a very fine clay upon their bread, instead of butter, which they call *steinbutter*,* stone butter; and they find it singularly filling, and easy of digestion.”

Biography.

CAPTAIN STACKPOLE, OR STACKPOOLE.

(Literary Gazette.)

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest periods to the present time. Written and compiled by Richard Ryan. 8vo. 2 vols.

The former of these volumes appeared in 1819; that which completes the work has just been published. This work forms altogether a capital repertory of Hibernian biography, and is at once useful and entertaining. The following will serve to illustrate its merits.

CAPTAIN STACKPOLE

WAS descended from the ancient family of that name in the county of Clare, and was a skilful and fearless commander, but was unfortunately slain in a duel, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—Four years preceding the catastrophe, a naval officer inquired of Lieutenant Cecil if he knew Captain Stackpole, of the *Statira* frigate. Lieutenant Cecil re-

plied he did, and had the highest opinion of him as an intrepid and skilful seaman, adding, at the same time, that he believed him capable of drawing occasionally a *long bow*. This answer was publicly talked of in the gun-room of the *Statira*; and at length reached the ears of Captain Stackpole, who, having ascertained that the words were spoken, declared that he would call Lieutenant Cecil to an account for

* “This *steinbutter* must not be confounded with the *mountain butter*, *bergbutter*, which is a saline substance, owing to a decomposition of aluminous schists.”

them, when and wherever he met him. It was so far fortunate that they did not meet for four years; but the opportunity at last offered, when the *Statira* was lying in the harbour of Port Royal, Jamaica, and the *Argo*, of which Cecil was senior lieutenant, happened to enter that port. Immediately as Captain Stackpole was aware of the circumstance, he sent his first lieutenant, Mr. White, on board the *Argo*, with a message to Lieutenant Cecil, purporting he must either meet him immediately, or make a suitable apology for the slanderous words he had used. Lieutenant Cecil in reply said, that four years having elapsed since the words were spoken, which he was charged with having uttered, it was quite impossible for him to recollect how far they were correct or not; but as a brother officer, and *a man of honour*, had quoted the words as his, he could not act otherwise than avow them. As to an apology, he wished Captain Stackpole to understand, that, under all the circumstances, he should have no objection to apologize to any other officer in his majesty's navy, but *to him* it was impossible, the captain of the *Statira* being reputed throughout the navy as a good shot, and having been the friend and companion of Lord Camelford. In consequence of this reply, the parties met at a place called Park Henderson, at a quarter before five on the following morning, April 23, 1814; took their ground at ten paces, and fired as nearly together as possible, when Captain Stackpole received the ball of his adversary in his right side, fracturing the first rib, and passing through the lungs, which almost instantaneously deprived him of life. He died without speaking a word, or even uttering a groan. Immediately after the affair, he was removed on board the *Statira*, and from thence, on the following morning, to the place of his interment (Port Royal church-yard.) His funeral was attended by Rear-Admiral Brown, all the navy, and most of the army, who saw the military honours due to his rank paid.

Captain Stackpole's character in the navy was of the first possible standing, and his Challenge to fight the *Sta-*

tira against the American frigate the *Macedonian*, had so endeared him to every officer and man on board his ship, that there were but few that could refrain from tears on learning his unhappy fate.

How mysterious are the decrees of the Most High. The same individual, Lieutenant Cecil, who took the life of Stackpole, was himself engaged in a second duel a few months afterwards, on nearly the same ground, was slain, and was buried within a few yards of his former antagonist.

MRS. TIGHE,

A very superior woman, both in mind and acquirements, was born in Dublin, in 1774. Her father was the Rev. William Blashford, librarian of St. Patrick's Library, Dublin; and her mother, Theodosia Tighe, of Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow. She had the misfortune to lose her father while an infant; but by the care of her excellent mother, her fine intellectual powers were developed and cultivated. In early life she appears to have mixed with the gay world; but an extreme sensibility, joined to great delicacy of sentiment, soon decided her preference for retirement, where, happy in her choice of a partner, and devoted to her relatives and friends, hope pointed exultingly to happiness, but sickness and death made their inroad in the choice circle; the loss of relatives, joined with other causes, undermined her own health, and after a painful struggle of six years, she departed this life with christian resignation and confiding hope, at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

Her beautiful poem of *Psyche* will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration; nor will her minor poems be forgotten, whilst piety, delicacy, and the most touching pathos have power to charm. With the profits arising from the above poems, an hospital ward has been endowed and attached to the House of Refuge, (a charitable institution founded by her mother in the county of Wicklow.) which is called the *Psyche* ward.

She married her cousin, H. Tighe, a man of considerable literary talent.

THE CORONATION.

THE long summer's day of rejoicing, and pageantry, and splendour, furnished by his Majesty's Coronation, was depicted in our last Number, with the minuteness and fidelity, which the occasion so peculiarly demanded; and which the time allotted to our task permitted us to furnish. The expedition, however, requisite to our necessarily hasty compilation, having reluctantly compelled us to despatch it "with all its imperfections on its head," we have now to add a few more pages for the supply of those parts which were incomplete.

In noticing the Coronation Galleries, and other accommodations for the numerous spectators, by which the scene of action was surrounded, we regret to have to record the very serious losses which, in most instances, attended their proprietors' speculations. It seemed to have been entirely forgotten, that the space thus lotted out for visitors in 1821, exceeded by nearly three-fourths, that which was similarly apportioned in 1761: yet the prices demanded for seats were equally high, and in some instances higher; though the numbers which were thus provided for, very far exceeded 150,000. A still stronger impediment to the fulfilment of these money-making hopes, and the filling of the galleries, was the reiterated threat of her late Majesty, that she *would* be present. Well aware of the customary *cortege* which so constantly attended the Queen's public excursions; tumult was feared by the timid, and dread was excited in the cautious. The natural consequence of which was, that tens of thousands were alarmed from attending; and that circumstance was productive of much loss and disappointment to individuals. It is, however, but due respect to the memory of the late illustrious Individual thus alluded to, to refrain from pursuing this subject farther. Towards the return of the Procession, the booths were indeed nearly filled, but it was with visitants who paid but a very small portion of the prices originally demanded.

The aspect of the Hall, when his Majesty ascended the Royal seat, was wonderfully impressive. He looked "every inch a king," and the antique fashion of the ringlets which descended to his shoulders harmonized most admirably with the regal dress and decorations. In the body of the Hall below, the splendid train was marshalled. On the right and left, the galleries, to the lowest seat, were filled with richly-attired individuals of both sexes; the most sumptuous boxes being those on each side of the raised platform, where the Princesses of the Blood Royal, and the Representatives of Foreign Courts, were placed; and that immediately adjoining the platform on the left, allotted to the Peeresses of England. In the latter of which was the Countess of Mornington, the Cornelia of our times, and mother of three Peers among the dazzling crowd which waited the advance of the greatest Monarch in the world. What sensations must have been her's,—it were happy for a matron to die even before they could become food for remembrance. The hero of his country and age, the immortal Wellington, was performing the distinguished duties of Lord High Constable under the eye of his honoured parent; the Marquess of Wellesley, who had filled the greatest offices in the kingdom, was near his greater brother; and not far removed was the third son, the newly-created Baron Maryborough, whose long and eminent services well entitled him to that reward. The Duchess of Wellington was by the side of her husband's mother, and the third generation of this illustrious race was one of the interesting youths who bore the train of the King! Grand as was the whole, this family groupe offered irresistible attractions to every spectator.

Every thing being prepared, the Procession moved from the Hall; the throwing open the folding doors greatly augmented the effect, and presented a vista into the full light of day, of surpassing splendour. The waving of plumes, the lustre of magnificent apparel, the glistening of jewels, and the

regulated motion within, were not more imposing than the military eclat and the multitude of living countenances, tier above tier, with every eye directed to the glories issuing from the portal, which the sight caught in the popular assembly without.

The grandeur of the ceremony in the Abbey seemed to exceed even the Hall. It was more solemn, and the *coup d'œil* was more sublime, particularly at the moment when, as the crown was placed on his Majesty's head, all the Nobles put on their coronets, and shouts and acclamations of "God save the King!—God bless the King!" burst from every heart and mouth, and rang through the vaulted roof and aisles of this magnificent cathedral. These were soon echoed from without, and the union of the loud cannon, and tens of thousands of human voices, rent the air, until the senses were almost overwhelmed with the powerful emotions which such a scene could not fail to excite.

The pomp having returned to Westminster Hall, the Royal Banquet ensued.

This feast, combining so much of modern luxury, with so much of olden customs and chivalry, was, perhaps, the liveliest and most generally relished portion of the ceremony. As the Procession deepened in the Hall, our worthy Citizens, with characteristic fidelity made a rush towards their appointed table. They made a *pas de charge* that would not have disgraced the nimblest light company in the line, and it was truly grievous to see the heralds compel that worshipful body to retrograde into their former stations.

While his Majesty retired for about two hours, previous to the Banquet, it was ludicrous to observe the gradual mode in which etiquette was broken through, and the viands on the table ultimately despatched. At first, a Duke took a mouthful of bread, or one grape off a bunch, just to relieve the exhaustion of a long day's fasting and toil. Bolder grown, or more tired, an Earl might be seen a few minutes after swallowing a half glass of wine, and tasting even a pine. A noble Secretary of State, in Garter robes, seated just below the Bishops, who had seen these

dignitaries take a slight refreshment, at last helped himself, saying, that if he sinned against rule, he hoped their Lordships would give him absolution. By-and-by, the rules once transgressed, Peers Spiritual and Temporal, Privy Councillors, Knights Grand Crosses, and Aldermen, fell too most zealously; and while the King was absent, the cold meats and the confectionary were all consumed. A resplendent baron of beef, which was placed near the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, might have been a relief to a besieged city; as it was, however, the City besieged it, after the fashion of the closest blockade.

During this time, many of the visitors descended from the galleries, and walked in the Hall, gladly receiving scraps to carry to their famishing friends. At length, however, the King's return was announced, and the centre of the Hall was, with difficulty, cleared.

Taken into one view, either as it regarded hereditary dignity, or wealth, or distinguished valour, or exalted talent; the assembly was of a description to fill the mind with unbounded admiration. The universe could not equal it for grandeur and intelligence; and the whole was rendered tenfold more grateful by the thought, that mighty as that King was, devotedly as were the duties performed to him, potent as were these lords, unconquerable as were these captains of sea and land, glorious in human accomplishment and genius as were the surrounding throng of faithful subjects, there was neither King, nor lord, who dared hurt the finger of the lowest of the throng who in this land of liberty pressed forward to cry, "God save George the Fourth!"

Nor were causes for exultation found only in the spots which we have been picturing. All London, with as little exception as could be expected from human passions, seemed one jubilee. And it is curious to tell, that every village within ten miles was crowded with holiday-makers, who, either from apprehension of tumult, or dislike of bustle, sought their recreation in a jaunt to the country. But whether in London or its environs, all was pleasure and rejoicing. The people, in the widest

sense of the word, were amused and happy;—the balloon, the fireworks, the illuminations, the distribution of provisions, and the gratuitous opening of the theatres by royal command, made them participators in the common joy, and conduced to this auspicious result. Good order and harmless merriment reigned conspicuously throughout; and proved both the expediency and propriety of contriving that the populace should be sharers in every public show and festival.

Among the external traits, there were some of a whimsical kind. One man earned a handsome sum by the employment of two ladders, enabling the multitude to overcome the Park wall, instead of encountering the pressure at the gates. He had a great run of business; but was beaten hollow by a clever old lady at the pump of St. Martin's church; who struck out an entirely novel mode of traffic, by placing herself at the spring with a towel or two, and as the "fat and greasy citizens" rolled on, refreshing them by slapping a wet cloth in their faces. This reviver cost only one half-penny; and it was truly laughable to see the application of the oft-rinsed towel to the melting faces of broiling crowdsters. It was night ere the abluent dame retired upon a fortune, gained, like an admiral's honours, by the waters.

We formerly alluded to the scene of confusion which was presented at the moment of his Majesty's departure from Westminster Hall, when, after the service of the second course, all those parties who had been extended in double lines down the Hall closed, *en masse* towards the foot of the steps leading to the royal platform. Among those thus marshalling as it were for a scramble, were several of the Peers' attendants, together with numerous ladies and gentlemen. At length his Majesty rose, and having passed through the avenue behind the Throne, accompanied by the Great Officers of State and his Royal Brothers, the gathering crowd of spoilers, by a simultaneous rush, in a moment surrounded the royal table. For a few seconds delicacy appeared to suspend the projected attack: but at last a rude hand having been

thrust through the first ranks, and a golden fork having been seized, this operated as a signal to all, and was followed by a general snatch. The Lord Great Chamberlain, being alarmed by the confusion, returned to the Hall, and, by the greatest personal exertion, succeeded in preventing the extension of the supposed licensed plunder. The remaining part of the plate was then removed to Cotton Garden; and all apprehensions on this score having subsided, the marauders were left to the undisturbed exercise of their Coronation privileges in the body of the Hall, and thither they forthwith transferred their attentions. The individuals in the galleries, who had hitherto remained passive spectators to the operations beneath, and many of whom had, from some unfortunate omission in the regulations prescribed by the Lord Great Chamberlain, remained the whole of the day without refreshment, poured down the different stairs and passages to the festive board, which, having been vacated by the Peers, and other guests, who had long before satiated their appetites, was attacked with a vigour, only in proportion to the actual exhaustion of the assailants. A raging thirst was the first want to be satisfied, and in a very few moments every bottle on the board was emptied of its contents. A fresh supply was, however, soon obtained from the cellarets; and all reasonable calls of this sort were readily complied with. From liquids the company proceeded to solids, and there the work of destruction was equally fierce: sweetmeats, pastry, and confectionery of all sorts, vanished with the rapidity of lightning. Groupes of beautiful women were scattered at the tables, and every effort was made to afford them that refreshment of which they stood so much in need: others, however, still pursued the work of plunder; and arms were every where seen stretched forth breaking and destroying the table ornaments, which were of themselves too cumbrous to remove, for the purpose of obtaining some trophy commemorative of the occasion. As the parties thus engaged satisfied their respective desires, they retreated by the

north door to the platform, along which they were seen seeking their respective modes of conveyance, anxious to escape the scene of desolation they had left behind. This, however, was no easy task, and many hours elapsed before they were all enabled to quit the spot.

New difficulties now arose from the time which necessarily elapsed before the carriages could arrive. All the rooms and passages around the House of Lords were filled with persons of the highest distinction, of both sexes, manifesting the greatest impatience to escape from a place which had now lost all its attractions, and which presented no object to cheer their drooping spirits. The unusually early hour at which they had risen in the morning, added to the labours and privations through which they had gone during the day, had reduced them to a complete state of exhaustion; and all the ordinary punctilios of society were of necessity forgotten. Peers and Peeresses, Judges and Privy Counsellors, Knights of all orders, and Commoners of all degrees, were alike worn out by fatigue, and lay promiscuously,

some on sofas, some on chairs, and a still greater number on the matted floors of the rooms and passages in which they happened to have sought refuge. Many, while in this situation, were overtaken by sleep, and in this happy state of forgetfulness, scenes were presented extremely at variance with the splendid and dignified spectacle which had been but a few hours before exhibited in the presence of the Sovereign, and in which these very individuals had borne so prominent a part. It was three o'clock in the morning before the whole of the company had departed, and at that hour several of the ladies were so completely worn out, that it became necessary to carry them to their carriages.

The timber-work of the Abbey, Westminster Hall, the Platform, and Barriers, was done by Messrs. Copeland, and the quantity of wood used was 60,000 square feet, or 1500 loads.

The timber used in erecting theatres and stages indirectly connected with the Coronation, was estimated at 80,000 square feet..

The matting used was 14,000 yards.

Varieties.

(English Magazines, September and October, 1821.)

AEROSTATION.

IT is a fact interesting to science and important to the progress of aerostation, that the balloon in which Mr. Green ascended from the Park, on the day of the Coronation, was filled with ordinary coal-gas, or carburetted hydrogen, instead of gas prepared from sulphuric acid and zinc, or iron filings, by the usual tedious and expensive process. A pipe was laid on to the main which supplies the street-lamps, and the balloon was filled without solicitude in a shorter time than the same operation was ever performed before, and at the expense of £5. Taking the gas at 555, and the diameter at 32 feet, the power of ascension exceeded 7 cwt. Of course, the machine acted well, and the ascent was one of the most beautiful ever beheld since the first ascent of Lunardi, in 1785.

MIRACLES IN 1821.

It would appear that the newly-revived belief in miracles is not exclusively confined to the disciples of Prince Hohenlohe, at Bamberg. A French Journal relates the following marvellous stories.

A young woman who had been for some time grievously afflicted with the tooth-ache, lately applied to a *Limondier* of the Faubourg Saint Martin, who imagines he possesses the power of effecting cures by miraculous means, as well as any German Prince. The following dialogue ensued:—

“What is your pleasure, Mademoiselle?”—“Ah, Sir, you see how my face is swelled, and how I am disfigured.”—“You have the tooth-ache?”—“Yes, Sir, and your high reputation induced me to come to you.”—“But you have somebody with you?”—“Oh

Sir! he is my intended."—"You think I can cure you?"—"I have been told so;" "and you believe?"—"I do." "E Bravo! I have the tooth."—"Oh pray don't draw it, Sir!"—"I need only touch it with the point of my finger, and two words will afford you relief—*Microe Salem*;—now pay me, and begone!"

The subjoined paragraph describes a miracle of a still more extraordinary kind, and one which is certainly the better entitled to credit, since a pretty woman is at once the heroine of the story, and the guarantee of its authenticity.

Madame de ———, after a widowhood of two or three months, became more extravagant and more fond of pleasure than ever she had been in her husband's life. She was present at every new opera, every ball, and every place of fashionable amusement. Astonished at this gay kind of philosophy, one of her female friends ventured to question her on the subject. "Well. I must let you into my secret," said the sprightly widow. "Know, then, that I join in all these fashionable follies, only in obedience to my husband's commands."—"How! did he order it so in his will?"—"In his will! Oh no! come, I must tell you! Whenever I receive an invitation to a concert or ball, the first thing I do, even before I give an order to my maid, or my milliner, is to proceed to the *burial ground of Pere Lachaise*."—"Well, that's certainly a most singular preparation for a ball!"—"I kneel down before the tomb of my husband——" "Oh! I understand, you make a prelude to the pleasures of the evening, by the tears you shed in the morning! Well, that's a sort of *compensation*!"—"Nay, but hear me. I press my lips close to the marble, and I whisper, 'Dear husband, do not be angry if I go to-night to Madame ———'s party,'—and he replies, 'you may go, my love.'"—"What a droll idea! and you really fancy that you hear him say so?"—"Yes! he speaks very softly, to be sure; but then I have such a delicate ear!"—"And do you ever ask him any other questions?"—"Oh yes! I sometimes consult him about my dress, and he gives

me his advice; for I verily believe he reads the *Journal des Modes* as regularly as I do. It was he who advised me to buy this new *Cashmere*!"—"Ah! my dear friend, what a happy woman you are!—Your dead husband is ten thousand times better than my living one!"

Natural History.

REIN DEER.

Mr. Bullock has succeeded in bringing specimens of the rein-deer to this country, which may perhaps lead to the colonization of our mountain-forests with this interesting animal. While on a tour in Norway he procured a herd of twenty, the whole of which were killed by eating a poisonous plant that grew upon a small island, on which they were placed for security previous to embarkation. He, however, was not to be driven from his object. He once more went into the interior, and bought another herd, twelve in number. These he not only succeeded in embarking in safety, but in bringing them alive and well to the Thames. Before relating the mishaps which befel them here, we may observe on the extraordinary sagacity they displayed in *travelling*. They were completely under the command of a leader or captain, who not only headed their march, but seemed, upon every difficulty, to issue his orders, which were promptly and implicitly obeyed. This was most remarkable when they came to the boat for embarkation. A new situation required a stronger exercise of instinct, approaching to reason, and of courage, than had previously been called forth. The herdsman, a Norwegian, got into the boat, and invited the captain of the deer to follow him. Generally obedient to his wishes, the noble animal approached, and put his foot from the pier into the vessel. It was the first unsteady ground he had ever trod, and he recoiled in alarm. Fresh invitations, and fresh investigations of the boat ensued; the whole herd looking on and watching these, to them, as well as to the human spectators, interesting proceedings. At last the captain felt assured; he entered the boat,

and he trod upon and examined every plank. When fully satisfied, he uttered a kind of snort, and in three minutes the hitherto passive herd had bounded into and filled the boat. Nor was this all the wonderful display of animal intelligence: the vessel was overloaded, and, as he had intimated other things, he also intimated this to his followers; were we not assured of the fact we could hardly credit it; no sooner was this done, than the individual deer he appeared to address leaped into another boat. On arriving in the Thames, it unluckily happened that the Custom-house officer, at Gravesend, did not feel himself authorized to allow the deer to be landed. Before application could be made to the proper authorities in London, the majority of the poor herd fell victims to their confinement on shipboard. They began to die very fast, and eight of the twelve deer were thus destroyed. The remnant saved consists of a male and female, a fawn (since dead,) and a male which has been cut. The latter is the captain, and the largest of the animals, being about ten hands high, and proportionally stout. The others are a hand or two lower. Their fur is astonishingly thick, very fine, and delicately soft and warm. The horns branch in a singular and beautiful manner, and are entirely covered with a short fur. Those of the female form almost a perfect coronet, above a foot in height, and her head is of the most elegant shape. The captain's antlers are three feet in length; on one side branching from a single root, on the other having two branches bending forwards over the nose, issuing from the head with the main branch. The fawn has only two short protuberances. Their hoofs are very broad, and flexible between the divisions. This enables them to clamber up precipices and hang on rocks inaccessible to all other animals. Their speed is prodigious. They seem to be reconciled to hay as food; like brandy, which is administered as a medicine. Along with the deer Mr. B. has brought a native Laplander, his wife, and child. These beings are about four feet eight inches in height; the man being of the common size, the

woman rather tall. The child is a curiosity in its way, and about five years old.

ELEPHANT ROPE DANCING.

The ease with which the elephant is taught to perform the most agile and difficult feats, forms a remarkable contrast to its huge unwieldiness of size. Aristotle tells us, that in ancient times, elephants were taught by their keepers to throw stones at a mark, to cast up arms in the air, and catch them again on their fall; and to dance not merely on the earth, but on the rope. The first, according to Suetonius, who exhibited elephant rope dancers, was Galba at Rome. The manner of teaching them to dance on the ground was simple enough (by the association of music and a hot floor;) but we are not informed how they were taught to skip the rope, or whether it was the tight, or the slack rope, or how high the rope might be. The silence of history on these points is fortunate for the figurantes of the present day; since, but for this, their fame might have been utterly eclipsed. Elephants may in the days of old Rome have been taught to dance on the rope, but when was an elephant ever known to skip on a rope over the heads of an audience, or to caper amidst a blaze of fire fifty feet aloft in the air? What would Aristotle have thought of his dancing elephants, if he had seen Madame Saqui?

DANCING ASS.

John Leo, in his *Descriptio Africae*, relates an account of an ass, which if true, proves that this animal is not so stupid and indocile as he is commonly represented. He says, "When the Mahomedan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to the part of the suburbs called *Bed-Elloeh*, to see the exhibition of stage players, and mountebanks who teach camels, asses, and dogs, to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him, that the Soldan meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the asses in carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest, as if he were dead. This

done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass; and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. Then he commands the ass to rise, who still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, that by virtue of an edict by the Soldan, all the handsome ladies are bound to ride out the next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses

with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced, than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street, to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs as if he were lame. Then the master, alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in company; and accordingly he makes his choice by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the company."

Intelligence.

TRAVELLERS IN AFRICA.

Two expeditions for the interior of North Africa, are about to proceed, under the patronage of the British Government; one of them by the African Association. They take their departure from Tripoli, under the protection of the Dey, and with his recommendation to the black princes of the country. The two companies proceed in conjunction from Tripoli to Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan. There they separate; the one directing their course eastward by the temple of Jupiter Ammon into Egypt; the other eastward to the Niger. Thus some of the grand problems of African Geography have a good chance of being speedily and satisfactorily solved.

Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM will speedily publish his *Travels in Palestine*; through the Countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the River Jordan: including a visit to the cities of Geraza, and Gamala, in the Decapolis; a more interesting work on these countries has not appeared.

The celebrated painting of Moses striking the Rock, by Murillo, which is placed in one of the hospitals in Seville, is likely to be transferred to this country; the enormous sum of 4000 guineas having been offered for it by a noble amateur, which, it is thought, will be accepted.

We know not whether *Rosario, a Tale*, by NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, be truly attributed to the deceased Emperor, or not; nor is the question of much importance, as the story is not calculated to excite any interest and its mediocrity can reflect neither discredit nor praise upon the author. It is possible that Bonaparte may, as stated in the introduction, have narrated the outline of such a tale for the amusement of his private circle; and if that were the case, we have no doubt that the recital was as entertaining as the present imitation is crude and dull. But in fact our scepticism inclines us to exoner-

ate Napoleon from any share whatever in this posthumous publication; in which the title page would insinuate that he has an actual interest, it being somewhat comically stated therein that it is printed *for the author*—it may be so, but then the author is not Napoleon Bonaparte.

Shortly will be published a new work, entitled the *Duellist*, or a cursory view of the Rise, Progress, and Practice of Duelling, with illustrative anecdotes from history, by the author of "The Retreat," &c. &c.

In the press, by Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, a Poem in honour of the deceased poet Keats.

The *Hall of Hellingsley*, a tale in 2 vols. By Sir Egerton Brydges.

A new Poem, from the pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, will be published early in the next season.

Lord Ronald, the Lay of a Border Minstrel, a Poem in eight cantos.

Dione, a Poem in eight cantos.

Sibyl's Warning, a Romance. By Edward Ball.

Natural History.

Professor Lapostolle of Amiens has discovered that straw possesses the quality of serving as a conductor to lightning and hail. Repeated experiments have convinced him that straws united together serve equally well as the iron rods now fixed upon buildings for the former purpose; at the same time that they are not attended with similar inconveniences. In consequence of this discovery, the commonest buildings may be secured from the effects of lightning in the most economical manner, and even crops on the land may be protected from the ravages which they sometimes suffer from hail. The Professor treats of the important advantages that may be expected to result from the practical application of his discovery, in a publication entitled *Traité des Parafoudres et des Paragresles en cordes de paille*.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1821.

[NO. 6.

BULL FIGHTS.

New Monthly Magazine, October, 1821.

Dear Madam,

Seville, —.

AN unexpected event has, since my last, thrown the inhabitants of this town into raptures of joy. The bull-fights which, by a royal order had been discontinued for several years, were lately granted to the wishes of the people. The news of the most decisive victory could not have more elated the spirits of the Andalusians, or roused them into greater activity. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations. In the course of a few weeks all was ready for the exhibition, while every heart beat high with joyful expectation of the appointed day which was to usher in the favourite amusement.

You should be told, however, that Seville is acknowledged, on all hands, to have carried these fights to perfection. To her school of *bullmanship* that art owes all its refinements. Bull-fighting is considered by many of our young men of fashion a high and becoming accomplishment; and mimicking the scenes of the amphitheatre forms the chief amusement among boys of all ranks in Andalusia. The boy who personates the most important character of the drama—the bull—is furnished with a large piece of board, armed in front with the natural weapons of the animal, and having handles fastened to the lower surface. By the last the boy keeps the machine steady on the top of the head, and with the

former he unmercifully pushes such of his antagonists as are not dexterous enough to evade, or sufficiently swift to escape him. The fighters have small darts, pointed with pins, which they endeavour to fix on a piece of cork stuck flat on the horned board, till at length the bull falls, according to rule, at the touch of a wooden sword.

Our young country-gentlemen have a substitute for the regular bull-fights, much more approaching to reality. About the beginning of summer, the great breeders of black cattle—generally men of rank and fortune—send an invitation to their neighbours to be present at the trial of the yearlings, in order to select those that are to be reserved for the amphitheatre. The greatest festivity prevails at these meetings. A temporary scaffolding is raised round the walls of a very large court, for the accommodation of the ladies. The gentlemen attend on horseback, dressed in short loose jackets of silk, chintz, or dimity, the sleeves of which are not sewed to the body, but laced with broad ribbons of a suitable colour, swelling not ungracefully round the top of the shoulders. A profusion of hanging buttons, either silver or gold, mostly silver gilt, twinkle in numerous rows round the wrists of both sexes. The saddles called *Albardones*, to distinguish them from the peak saddle, which is seldom used in Andalusia, rise about a foot be-

fore and behind in a triangular shape. The stirrups are iron boxes, open on both sides, and affording a complete rest the whole length of the foot. Both country-people and gentlemen riding in these saddles, use the stirrups so short, that, in defiance of all the rules of *manège*, the knees and toes project from the side of the horse, and, when galloping, the rider appears to kneel on its back. A white beaver-hat of rather more than two feet diameter, fastened under the chin by a ribbon, was till lately worn at these sports, and is still used by the horsemen at the public exhibitions; but the *Montera* is now prevalent. I find it difficult indeed to describe this part of the national dress without the aid of a drawing. Imagine, however, a bishop's mitre inverted, and closed on the side intended to receive the head. Conceive the two points of the mitre so shortened that, placed downwards on the skull, they should scarcely cover the ears. Such is our national cap. Like *Don Quixote's* head-piece, the frame is made of pasteboard. Externally it is black velvet, ornamented with silk frogs and tassels of the same colour.

Each of the cavaliers holds a lance, twelve feet in length, headed with a three-edged steel point. This weapon is called *Garroca*, and is used by horsemen whenever they have to contend with the bulls either in the fields or the amphitheatre. The steel, however, is sheathed by two strong leather rings, which are taken off in proportion to the strength of the bull, and the sort of wound which is intended. On the present occasion no more than half an inch of steel is uncovered. Double that length is allowed in the amphitheatre; though the spear is not intended to kill or disable the animal, but to keep him off by the painful pressure of the steel on a superficial wound. Such, however, is the violence of the bulls when attacking the horses, that I once saw the blunt spear I have described, run along the neck into the body of the beast and kill him on the spot. But this is a rare occurrence, and foul play was suspected on the part of the man, who seems to have used more steel than the lance is allowed to be armed with.

The company being assembled in and round the rural arena, the one-year-old bulls are singly let in by the herds-men. It might be supposed, that animals so young would be frightened at the approach of the horseman couching his spear before their eyes; but our Andalusian breeders expect better things from their favourites. A young bull must attack the horseman twice, bearing the point of the spear on his neck, before he is set apart for the bloody honours of the amphitheatre. Such as flinch from the trial are instantly thrown down by the herds-men, and prepared for the yoke, on the spot.

These scenes are often concluded with a more cruel sport, named *Derribar*. A strong bull is driven from the herd into the open field, where he is pursued at full gallop by the whole band of horsemen. The Spanish bull is a fleet animal, and the horses find it difficult to keep up with him at the first onset. When he begins, however, to slack in his course, the foremost spearman, couching his lance, and aiming obliquely at the lower part of the spine, above the haunches, spurs his horse to his utmost speed, and, passing the bull, inflicts a wound, which, being exceedingly painful, makes him wince, lose his balance, and come down with a tremendous fall. The shock is so violent that the bull seems unable to rise for some time. It is hardly necessary to observe, that such feats require an uncommon degree of horsemanship, and the most complete presence of mind.

Our town itself abounds in amusements of this kind, where the professional bull-fighters learn their art, and the *amateurs* feast their eyes, occasionally joining in the sport with the very lowest of the people. You must know, by the way, that our town corporation enjoy the privilege of being our sole and exclusive butchers. They alone have a right to kill and sell meat; which, coming through their *noble* hands, (for this municipal government is entailed on the first Andalusian families) is the worst and dearest in the whole kingdom. Two droves of lean cattle are brought every week to a large slaughter-house (*el matadero*) which stands between one of the city gates and the

suburb of San Bernardo. To walk in that neighbourhood when the cattle approach is dangerous; for, notwithstanding the emaciated condition of the animals, and though many are oxen and cows, a crowd is sure to collect on the plain, and by the waving their cloaks, and a sharp whistling which they make through their fingers, they generally succeed in dispersing the drove, in order to single out the fiercest for their amusement. Nothing but the Spanish cloak is used on these occasions. Holding it gracefully at arm's length before the body, so as to conceal the person from the breast to the feet, they wave it in the eyes of the animal, shaking their heads with an air of defiance, and generally calling out *Ha! Toro, Toro*. The bull pauses a moment before he rushes upon the nearest object. It is said, that he shuts his eyes at the instant of pushing with his horns. The man keeping his cloak in the first direction, flings it over the head of the animal, while he glances his body to the left, just when the bull, led forward by the original impulse, must run on a few yards without being able to turn upon his adversary, whom, upon wheeling round, he finds prepared to delude him as before. This sport is exceedingly lively; and when practised by proficient, seldom attended with danger. It is called *Capéo*. The whole population of San Bernardo, men, women, and children, are adepts in this art. Within the walls of the slaughter-house, however, is the place where the bull-fighters by profession are allowed to improve themselves. A member of the town corporation presides, and admits, *gratis*, his friends; among whom, notwithstanding the filth natural to such places, ladies do not disdain to appear. The *Matadero* is so well known as a school for bull-fighting, that it bears the cant appellation of the *College*. Many of our first *noblesse* have frequented no other school. Fortunately, this fashion is wearing away. Yet we have often seen Viscount Miranda, the head of one of the proudest families of the proud city of Cordova, step into the public amphitheatre, and kill a bull with his own hand. This gentleman had reared up one of his favourite animals, and accus-

tomed him to walk into his parlour, to the great consternation of the company. The bull, however, once, in a surly mood, forgot his acquired tameness, and gored one of the servants to death; in consequence of which his master was compelled to kill him.

That Spanish gentlemen fight in public with bulls, I suppose you have heard or read. But this does not regularly take place, except at the coronation of our kings, and in their presence. Such noblemen as are able to engage in the perilous sport, volunteer their services for the sake of the reward, which is some valuable place under government, if they prefer it to an order of Knighthood. They appear on horseback, attended by the first professional fighters, on foot, and use short spears with a broad blade, called *Rejones*.

A *Bull-day*, (*Día de Toros*) as it is emphatically called at Seville, stops all public and private business. On the preceding afternoon the Amphitheatre is thrown open to all sorts of people indiscriminately. Bands of military music enliven the bustling scene. The seats are occupied by such as wish to see the promenade on the arena, round which the ladies parade in their carriages, while every man seems to take pleasure in moving on the same spot where the fierce combat is to take place within a few hours. The spirits of the company are, in fact, pitched up by anticipation to the gay, noisy, and bold temper of the future sport.

Our Amphitheatre is one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. A great part is built of stone; but, from want of money, the rest is wood. From ten to twelve thousand spectators may be accommodated with seats. These rise, uncovered, from an elevation of about eight feet above the arena, and are finally crowned by a gallery, from whence the wealthy behold the fights, free from the inconveniences of the weather. The lowest tier, however, is preferred by young gentlemen, as affording a clearer view of the wounds inflicted on the bull. This tier is protected by a parapet. Another strong fence, six feet high, is erected round the arena, leaving a space of about twenty between its area and the lower seats.

Openings, admitting a man side-ways, are made in this fence, to allow the men on foot an escape when closely pursued by the bull. They, however, most generally leap over it with uncommon agility. But bulls of a certain breed will not be left behind, and they literally clear the fence. Falling into the vacant space before the seats, the animal runs about till one of the gates is opened, through which he is easily drawn back to the arena.

Few among the lower classes retire to their beds on the eve of a *Bull-day*. From midnight they pour down the streets leading to the Amphitheatre, in the most riotous and offensive manner, to be present at the Encierro—*shutting-in* of the bulls, which being performed at the break of day, is allowed to be seen without paying for seats. Those animals, are conducted from their native fields to a large plain in the neighbourhood of Seville, from whence eighteen, the number exhibited daily during the feasts, are led to the Amphitheatre on the appointed day, that long confinement may not break down their fierceness. This operation has something extremely wild in its character. All the *Amateurs* of the town are seen, on horseback with their lances, hastening towards Tablada, the spot where the bulls are kept at large. The herdsmen, on foot, collect the victims of the day into a drove; this they do by means of tame oxen, called Cabestros, taught to be led by a halter, carrying, tied round their neck, a large deep-sounding bell, with a wooden clapper. What the habit of following the bells of the leaders fails to do, the cracking of the herdsmen's slings is sure to perform, when the animals are not driven to madness. The horsemen, besides, stand on all sides of the drove till they get into a round trot. Thus they proceed to within half a mile of the amphitheatre. At that distance a path is closed up on both sides, with stout poles, tied horizontally across upright stakes—a feeble rampart, indeed, against the fury of a herd of wild bulls. Yet the Sevillian mob, though fully aware of the danger, are mad enough to take pleasure in exposing themselves. The intolerable noise in my street, and the invitation

of a Member of the Maestranza—a corporate association of noblemen, whose object is the breeding and breaking of horses, and who in this town enjoy the exclusive privilege of giving bull-feasts to the public, induced me, during the last season, to get up one morning with the dawn, and take my stand at the amphitheatre, where, from their private gallery, I commanded a view of the plain lying between the river Guadalquivir and that building.

At the distant sound of the oxen's bells, shoals of people were seen driving wildly over the plain, like clouds before a strong gale. One could read in their motions, a struggle between fear on one side, and vanity and habit on the other. Now they approached the palisade, now they ran to a more distant spot. Many climbed up the trees, while the more daring or foolhardy, kept their station on what they esteemed a post of honour. As our view was terminated by a narrow pass between the river and the ancient tower called del Oro, or Golden, the cavalcade broke upon us with great effect. It approached at full gallop. The leading horsemen, now confined within the palisades, and having the whole herd at their heels, were obliged to run for their lives. Few, however, ventured on this desperate service, and their greatest force was on the rear. The herdsmen clinging to the necks of the oxen, in order to keep pace with the horses, appeared doomed to inevitable destruction. The cries of the multitude, the sound of numberless horns, made of the hollow stem of a large species of thistle, the shrill and penetrating whistling which seems most to harass and enrage the bulls, together with the confused and rapid motion of the scene, could hardly be endured without a degree of dizziness. It often happens, that the boldest of the mob, succeed in decoying a bull from the drove; but I was this time fortunate enough to see them safely lodged in the Toril—a small court divided into a series of compartments with drop-gates in the form of sluices, into which they are successively goaded from a surrounding gallery, and lodged singly till the time of letting them loose upon the arena.

The custom of this town requires that a bull be given to the populace immediately after the *shutting-in*. The irregular fight that ensues is perfectly disgusting and shocking. The only time I have witnessed it, the area of the amphitheatre was actually crowded with people, both on horse and foot. Fortunately their numbers distracted the animal: on whatever side he charged large masses ran before, on which he would have made a dreadful havoc, but for the multitude which drew his attention to another spot. Yet one of the crowd, evidently in a state of intoxication, stood still before the bull, was tossed up to a great height, and fell apparently dead. He would have been gored to pieces before our eyes, had not the herdsmen and some other good fighters drawn away the beast with their cloaks.

Such horrors are frequent at these irregular fights; yet neither the cruelty of the sport, nor the unnecessary danger to which even the most expert bull-fighters expose their lives, nor the debauch and profligacy attendant on such exhibitions, are sufficient to rouse the zeal of our fanatics against them. Our popular preachers have succeeded twice, within my recollection, in shutting up the theatre. I have myself seen a friar with a crucifix in his hand, stop at its door, at the head of an evening procession, and, during a considerable part of the performance, conjure the people, as they valued their souls, not to venture into that abode of sin; but I never heard from these holy guardians of morals the least observation against bull-fighting: and even our *high-flyers* in devotion—the *Philippians*, whom we might call our Methodists, allow all, except clergymen, to attend these bloody scenes, while they denounce absolution to any who do not renounce the play.

Before quitting the amphitheatre I was taken by my friend to the gallery from which the bulls were being goaded into their separate stalls. As it stands only two or three feet above their heads, I could not but feel a degree of terror at such a close view of those fiery savage eyes, those desperate efforts to reach the beholders, accom-

panied by repeated and ferocious bel-lowings. There is an intelligence and nobleness in the lion that makes him look much less terrific in his den. I saw the *Divisa*, a bunch of ribbons tied to a barbed steel point, stuck into the bull's necks. It is intended to distinguish the breeds by different combinations of colours, which are stated in handbills, sold about the streets like your court-calendars before the assizes.

Ten is the appointed hour to begin the morning exhibition; and such days are fixed upon as will not, by a long church-service, prevent the attendance of the canons and prebendaries, who choose to be present; for the chapter, in a body, receive a regular invitation from the *Maestranza*. Such, therefore, as have secured seats, may stay at home till the tolling of the great bell announces the elevation of the host—a ceremony which takes place near the conclusion of the daily morning service.

The view of the Seville amphitheatre, when full, is very striking. Most people attend in the Andalusian dress, part of which I have already described. The colour of the men's cloaks, which are of silk in the fine season, varies from purple to scarlet. The short loose jackets of the men display the most lively hues, and the white veils of the females, which are generally worn at these meetings, tell beautifully with the rest of their gay attire.

The clearing of the arena, on which a multitude lounge till the last moment, is part of the show, and has the appropriate appellation of *Despejo*. This is performed by a regiment of infantry. The soldiers entering at one of the gates in a column, display their ranks, at the sound of martial music, and sweep the people before them as they march across the ground. This done, the gates are closed, the soldiers perform some evolutions, in which the commanding officer is expected to show his ingenuity, till having placed his men in a convenient position, they disband in a moment, and hide themselves behind the fence.

The band of *Tereros* (bull-fighters) one half in blue, the other in scarlet cloaks, now advance in two lines across the arena, to make obeisance to the

president. Their number is generally twelve or fourteen, including the two *Matadores*, each attended by an assistant called *Mediaespada* (demi-sword). Close in their rear follow the *Picadores* (pikemen) on horseback, wearing scarlet jackets trimmed with silver lace. The shape of the horsemen's jackets resembles those in use among the English post-boys. As a protection to the legs and thighs, they have strong leather overalls, stuffed to an enormous size with soft brown paper—a substance which is said to offer great resistance to the bull's horns. After making their bow to the president, the horsemen take their post in a line to the left of the gate which is to let in the bulls, standing in the direction of the barrier at the distance of thirty or forty paces from each other. The fighters on foot, without any weapon or means of defence, except their cloaks, wait, not far from the horses, ready to give assistance to the pikemen. Every thing being thus in readiness, a constable, in the ancient Spanish costume, rides up to the front of the principal gallery, and receives into his hat the key of the *Toril* or bulls' den, which the president flings from the balcony. Scarcely has the constable delivered the key under the stewards gallery when, at the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sound amid a storm of applause, the gates are flung open, and the first bull rushes into the amphitheatre. I shall describe what, on the day I allude to, our connoisseurs deemed an interesting fight, and if you imagine it repeated, with more or less danger and carnage, eight times in the morning and ten in the evening, you will have a pretty accurate notion of the whole performance.

The bull paused a moment and looked wildly upon the scene; then, taking notice of the first horseman, made a desperate charge against him. The ferocious animal was received at the point of the pike, which, according to the laws of the game, was aimed at the fleshy part of the neck. A dexterous motion of the bridle-hand and right leg made the horse evade the bull's horn, by turning to the left. Made

fiercer by the wound, he instantly attacked the next pikeman, whose horse, less obedient to the rider, was so deeply gored in the chest that he fell dead on the spot. The impulse of the bull's thrust threw the rider on the other side of the horse. An awful silence ensued. The spectators, rising from their seats, beheld in fearful suspense the wild bull goring the fallen horse, while the man, whose only chance of safety depended on lying motionless, seemed dead to all appearance. This painful scene lasted but a few seconds; for the men on foot, by running towards the bull, in various directions, waving their cloaks and uttering loud cries, soon made him quit the horse to pursue them. When the danger of the pikeman was passed, and he rose upon his legs to vault upon another horse, the burst of applause might be heard at the farthest extremity of the town. Dauntless and urged by revenge, he now galloped forth to meet the bull. But, without detailing the shocking sights that followed, I shall only mention that the ferocious animal attacked the horsemen ten successive times, wounded four horses and killed two. One of these noble creatures, though wounded in two places, continued to face the bull without shrinking, till growing too weak he fell down with the rider. Yet these horses are never trained for the fights; but are bought for the amount of thirty or forty shillings, when, worn out with labour, or broken by disease, they are unfit for any other service.

A flourish of the bugles discharged the horsemen till the beginning of the next combat, and the amusement of the people devolved on the *Banderilleros*,—the same whom we have hitherto seen attentive to the safety of the horsemen. The *Banderilla*, literally, little flag, from which they take their name, is a shaft of two feet in length, pointed with a barbed steel, and gaily ornamented with many sheets of painted paper, cut into reticulated coverings. Without a cloak, and holding one of these darts in each hand, the fighter runs up to the bull, and stopping short when he sees himself attacked, he fixes the two shafts, without flinging them, behind the horns of the beast at the

very moment when it stoops to toss him. The painful sensation makes the bull throw up his head without inflicting the intended blow, and while he rages in impotent endeavours to shake off the hanging darts that gall him, the man has full leisure to escape. It is on these occasions, when the *Banderillos* fail to fix the darts, that they require their surprising swiftness of foot. Being without the protection of a cloak they are obliged to take instantly to flight. The bull follows them at full gallop; and I have seen the man leap the barrier, so closely pursued by the enraged brute, that it seemed as if he had sprung up, by placing the feet on its head. Townsend thought it was literally so. Some of the darts are set with squibs and crackers. The match, a piece of tinder, made of a dried fungus, is so fitted to the barbed point that, rising by the pressure which makes it penetrate the skin, it touches the train of the fireworks. The only object of this refinement of cruelty is to confuse the bull's instinctive powers, and, by making him completely frantic, to diminish the danger of the *Matador*, who is never so exposed as when the beast is collected enough to meditate the attack.

At the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sounded the death signal, and the *Matador* came forward. *Pepe Illo*, the pride of this town, and certainly one of the most graceful and dexterous fighters that Spain has ever yet produced, having flung off his cloak, approached the bull with a quick, light, and fearless step. In his left hand he held a square piece of red cloth, spread upon a staff about two feet in length, and in his right a broad sword not much longer. His attendants followed him at a distance. Facing the bull, within six or eight yards, he presented the red flag, keeping his body partially concealed behind it, and the sword entirely out of view. The bull rushed against the red cloth, and our hero slipped by his side by a slight circular motion, while the beast passed under the lure which the *Matador* held in the first direction, till he had evaded the horns. Enraged by this deception, and unchecked by

any painful sensation, the bull collected all his strength for a desperate charge. *Pepe Illo* now levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and, turning upon his right foot as the animal approached him, ran the weapon nearly up to the hilt into its body. The bull staggered, tottered, and dropped gently upon his bent legs; but had yet too much life in him for any man to venture near with safety. The unfortunate *Illo* has since perished from a wound inflicted by a bull in a similar state. The *Matador* observed, for one or two minutes, the signs of approaching death in the fierce animal now crouching before him, and at his bidding, an attendant crept behind the bull and struck him dead, by driving a small poignard at the jointure of the spine and the head. This operation is never performed, except when the prostrate bull lingers. I once saw *Illo*, at the desire of the spectators, inflict this merciful blow in a manner which nothing but ocular demonstration would have made me believe. Taking the poignard, called *Puntilla*, by the blade, he poised it for a few moments, and jerked it with such unerring aim on the bull's neck, as he lay on his bent legs, that he killed the animal with the quickness of lightning.

Four mules, ornamented with large morrice-bells and ribbons, harnessed abreast, and drawing a beam furnished with an iron hook in the middle, galloped to the place where the bull lay. This machine being fastened to a rope previously thrown round the dead animal's horns, he was swiftly dragged out of the amphitheatre.

I have now given you a more minute, and, I trust, more correct description of every thing connected with the bull-fights than has ever been drawn by any traveller. Townsend's is the best account of these sports I ever met with; yet it is not free from mistakes. So difficult is it to see distinctly scenes with which we are not familiarly acquainted.

The risk of the fighters is great, and their dexterity alone prevents its being imminent. The lives most exposed are those of the *Matadores*; and few of them have retired in time to avoid a

tragical end. Bull-fighters rise from the dregs of the people. As most of their equals, they unite superstition and profligacy in their character. None of them will venture upon the arena without a *scapulary*, two small square pieces of cloth suspended by ribbons, on the breast and back, between the shirt and the waistcoat. In the front square there is a print, on linen, of the Virgin Mary—generally, the *Carmel* Mary, who is the patron goddess of all the rogues and vagabonds in Spain. These *scapularies* are blessed and sold by the Carmelite Friars. Our great Matador, Pepe Illo, besides the usual amulet, trusted for safety to the patronage of St. Joseph, whose chapel adjoins the Seville amphitheatre. The doors of this chapel were, during Illo's life, thrown open as long as the fight continued, the image of the saint being all that time encircled by a great number of lighted wax candles, which the devout gladiator provided at his own expense. The Saint, however, unmindful of this homage, allowed his client often to be wounded, and finally left him to his fate at Madrid.

To enjoy the spectacle I have described, the feelings must be greatly perverted; yet that degree of perversion is very easily accomplished. The display of courage and address which is made at these exhibitions, and the contagious nature of all emotions in

numerous assemblies, are more than sufficient to blunt, in a short time, the natural disgust arising from the first view of blood and slaughter. If we consider that even the Vestals at Rome were passionately fond of gladiatorial shows, we shall not be surprised at the Spanish taste for sports which, with infinite less waste of human life, can give rise to the strongest emotions.

The following instance, with which I shall conclude, will shew you to what degree the passion for bull fights can grow. A gentleman of my acquaintance had, some years ago, the misfortune of losing his sight. It might be supposed, that a blind man would avoid the scene of his former enjoyment—a scene where every thing is addressed to the eye. This gentleman, however, is a constant attendant at the amphitheatre. Morning and evening he takes his place with the *Maestranza*, of which he is a member, having his guide by his side. Upon the appearance of every bull he greedily listens to the description of the animal, and of all that takes place in the fight. His mental conception of the exhibition, aided by the well known cries of the multitude, is so vivid, that when a burst of applause allows his attendant just to hint at the event that drew it from the spectators, the unfortunate man's face gleams with pleasure, and he echoes the last clappings of the circus.

Poetry.

(English Magazines, October, 1821.)

BELLS.

HOW sweet on the breeze of the evening swells
 The vesper call of those soothing bells,
 Borne softly and dying in echoes away,
 Like a requiem sung to the parting day.
 Wandered from roses the air is like balm,
 The wave like the sleep of an infant is calm;
 No oars are now plying in flashes to wake
 The blue repose of the tranquil lake;
 And so slight are the sighs of the slumbering gale,
 Scarce have they the power to waft my slack sail;
 Fair hour, when the blush of the evening light,
 Like a beauty is veiled by the shadow of night,
 When the heart-beat is soft as the sun's farewell beams,
 When the spirit is melting in tenderest dreams;

A wanderer, dear England, from thee and from thine,
 Yet the hearths I have left are my bosom's best shrine ;
 And dear are those bells, for most precious to me,
 Whatever can wake a remembrance of thee ;
 They bring back the memory of long absent times,
 Young hopes and young joys are revived in those chimes.
 To me they are sweet as the meadows in June,
 As the song which the nightingale pours to the moon.
 Like the voice of a friend on my spirit they come,
 Whose greeting is love, and whose tale is of home.
 How blithely they're wont to ring in the new year,
 The gayest of sounds amid Christmas time cheer.
 How light was the welcome they gave the young May,
 When sunshine and flowers decked her festival day.
 How soft at the shade of the twilight that bell,
 Rolled faintly away o'er my favourite dell ;
 When the woodbine was fresh, and the tremulous shade
 Of the aspen leaf over my path beneath played ;
 When his day of toil over, the hind turned away
 From the perfumed fields of the newly-mown hay ;
 When no sound was heard, save the woodlark's wild song,
 And the peal of those bells borne in echoes along ;
 They were dear to me then, but now they are brought
 More home to my heart, for their music is fraught
 With all that to memory is hallowed and dear,
 With all those fond thoughts that but speak in a tear.
 Voiceless and holy—that simple chime is,
 As a spell on the heart at a moment like this ;
 Yes, sweet are those bells, for most precious to me,
 Whatever reminds me, loved England, of thee !

SONG. BY T. CAMPBELL.

THE brave Roland !—the brave Roland—
 False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
 That he had fall'n in fight ;
 And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,
 O loveliest maiden of Allemayne,
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,
 And the fatal mantle o'er her slung,
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung
 'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.—

Woe, woe ! each heart shall bleed, shall
 break !
 She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even ;
 And he had clasp'd those peerless charms
 That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
 He could not bid that spot adieu ;
 It was dear, still midst his woes ;
 For he loved to breathe the neighb'ring air,
 And to think she blest him in her prayer,
 When the Hallelujah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
 Which he built above the nun's green isle,
 Thence sad and oft look'd he,
 (When the chant and organ sounded slow)
 On the mansion of his love below,
 For herself he might not see.

She died !—He sought the battle-plain ;
 Her image fill'd his dying brain,
 When he fell, and wish'd to fall :
 And her name was in his latest sigh,
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall.*

* The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shewn as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has ever visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

AFTER residing nearly a year in one of the most distant posts of the Northwest Company, and conducting the fur trade there, I began to look forward to my return to Montreal. I waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of the period which was to terminate my banishment, and restore me to society. I was nearly three thousand miles distant from any settlements, and my only companions were two young men, clerks of the establishment, whose characters, and limited acquirements, rendered them very uninteresting associates. My situation was one of considerable responsibility. A great number of Canadians, in the service of the Company, resided at the post, and were under my controul; but I found it a very difficult matter to keep them in a state of due subordination, and to prevent them from quarrelling and fighting with the detached parties of Indians that occasionally visited us for the purpose of trading. Interest and personal safety, alike, required that we should be on friendly terms with the natives; and I spent many anxious hours in endeavouring to promote mutual peace and good-humour.

Our post was situated upon the banks of a small lake, about sixteen miles broad. This lake discharged itself by means of a river into another of much greater dimensions, and thick forests covered every part of the neighbouring country.

One afternoon I took my gun, and strolled out in search of game. Though it was now the beginning of spring, the lake was still frozen completely across, the cold of the preceding winter having been very intense. I soon fell in with a flock of wild ducks, but before I could get a shot at them, they began to fly towards the middle of the lake; however, I followed them fearlessly over the ice, in the expectation that they would soon alight. The weather was mild, though rather blowy. Detached black clouds moved rapidly

along the face of Heaven in immense masses, and the sun blazed forth in unobscured splendour at one moment, and was completely shrouded from the eye the next. I was so intent on the pursuit of my game, that I hastened forwards almost unconsciously, my progress being much facilitated by a thin layer of snow which covered the ice, and rendered the footing tolerably secure. At last, I fired at the ducks, and killed one and wounded another. I immediately picked up the first, but its companion, having only been winged, began to leap away before I caught hold of it. I followed, but had not advanced more than twenty yards, when, to my astonishment, I found that the ice was in many places covered with water to the depth of several inches. I stopped short full of alarm, and irresolute what to do. It was evident that a thaw had already commenced, and as I well knew with what rapidity the ice broke up when once affected by a change of temperature, I became alive to all the dangers of my situation, and almost shuddered at the thought of moving from the spot on which I stood.

The weather had grown calm and hazy, and the sky was very black and lowering. Large flakes of snow soon began to fall languidly and perpendicularly through the air; and after a little time, these were accompanied by a thick shower of sleety rain, which gradually became so dense, that I could not discern the shore. I strained my eyes to catch a glance of some living object, but a dreary and motionless expanse stretched around me on every side, and the appalling silence that prevailed was sometimes interrupted by the receding cries of the wounded bird. All nature seemed to be awaiting some terrible event. I listened in fearful suspense, though I knew not what I expected to hear. I soon distinguished a distant thundering noise, which gradually became stronger, and appeared to approach the place where I

stood. Repeated explosions, and hollow murmurings of irregular loudness, were succeeded by a tremendous sound, like that of rocks bursting asunder. The ice trembled beneath my feet, and the next moment it was disunited by a vast chasm, which opened itself within a few yards of me. The water of the lake rushed upwards through the gap with foaming fury, and began to flood the surface all around.

I started backwards, and ran, as I conceived, towards the shore; but my progress was soon stopped by one of those weak parts of the ice called *air-holes*. While walking cautiously round it, my mind grew somewhat composed, and I resolved not to advance any farther, until I had fixed upon some way of regulating my course; but I found this to be impossible. I vainly endeavoured to discern land, and the moaning of the wind among the distant forests alone indicated that there was any at all near me. Strong and irregular blasts, loaded with snow and sleet, swept wildly along, involving every thing in obscurity, and bewildering my steps with malignant influence. I sometimes fancied I saw the spot where our post was situated, and even the trees and houses upon it; but the next moment a gust of wind would whirl away the fantastic shaped fogs that had produced the agreeable illusion, and reduce me to actionless despair. I fired my gun repeatedly, in the hope that the report would bring some one to my assistance; however, the shores alone acknowledged, by feeble echoes, that the sound had reached them.

The storm increased in violence, and at intervals the sound of the ice breaking up, rolled upon my ear like distant thunder, and seemed to mutter appalling threats. Alarm and fatigue made me dizzy, and I threw down my gun and rushed forwards in the face of the drifting showers, which were now so thick as to affect my respiration. I soon lost all sense of fear, and began to feel a sort of frantic delight in struggling against the careering blasts. I hurried on, sometimes running along the brink of a circular opening in the ice, and sometimes leaping across frightful chasms—all the while uncon-

scious of having any object in view. The ice every where creaked under my feet, and I knew that death awaited me, whether I fled away or remained on the same spot. I felt as one would do, if forced by some persecuting fiend to range over the surface of a black and shoreless ocean; and aware, that whenever his tormentor withdrew his sustaining power, he would sink down and be suffocated among the billows that struggled beneath him.

At last night came on, and, exhausted by fatigue and mental excitement, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down upon the ice. It was so dark that I could not have moved one step without running the risk of falling into the lake. I almost wished that the drowsiness, produced by intense cold, would begin to affect me; but I did not feel in the slightest degree chilled, and the temperance of the air was in reality above freezing. I had lain only a few minutes when I heard the howl of a wolf. The sound was indescribably delightful to my ear, and I started up with the intention of hastening to the spot from whence it seemed to proceed; but hopeless as my situation then was, my heart shrunk within me when I contemplated the dangers I would encounter in making such an attempt. My courage failed, and I resumed my former position, and listened to the undulations of the water as they undermined, and beat against the lower part of the ice on which I lay.

About midnight the storm ceased, and most of the clouds gradually forsook the sky, while the rising moon dispelled the darkness that had previously prevailed. However, a thick haze covered the heavens, and rendered her light dim and ghastly, and similar to that shed during an eclipse. A succession of noises had continued with little interruption for several hours, and at last the ice beneath me began to move. I started up, and, on looking around, saw that the whole surface of the lake was in a state of agitation. My eyes became dim, and I stretched out my arms to catch hold of some object, and felt as if all created things were passing away. The hissing, grinding, and crashing, produced by

the different masses of ice coming into collision, were tremendous. Large fragments sometimes got wedged together, and impeded the progress of those behind them, which being pushed forward by others still farther back, were forced upon the top of the first, and fantastic-shaped pyramids and towers could be indistinctly seen rising among the mists of night, and momentarily changing their forms, and finally disorganizing themselves with magical rapidity and fearful tumult. At other times, an immense mass of ice would start up into a perpendicular position, and continue gleaming in the moonshine for a little period, and then vanish like a spectre among the abyss of waters beneath it. The piece of ice on which I had first taken my position, happened to be very large and thick, but other fragments were soon forced above it, and formed a mound six or seven feet high, on the top of which I stood, contemplating the awful scene around me, and feeling as if I no longer had the least connection with the world, or retained any thing human or earthly in my composition.

The wind, which was pretty strong, drove the ice down the lake very fast. My alarms and anxieties had gradually become less intense, and I was several times overcome by a sort of stupor; during the continuance of which, imagination and reality combined their distracting influence. At one time I fancied that the snow still drifted as violently as ever, and that I distinguished, through its hazy medium, a band of Indian chiefs walking past me upon the surface of the lake. Their steps were noiseless, and they went along with wan and dejected looks and downcast eyes, and paid no attention to my exclamations and entreaties for relief. At another, I thought I was floating in the middle of the ocean, and that a blazing sun flamed in the cloudless sky, and made the ice which supported me melt so fast, that I heard streams of water pouring from its sides, and felt myself every moment descending towards the surface of the billows. I was usually awakened from such dreams by some noise or violent concussion, but always relapsed into them

whenever the cause of disturbance ceased to operate.

The longest and last of these slumbers was broken by a terrible shock, which my ice island received, and which threw me from my seat, and nearly precipitated me into the lake. On regaining my former position, and looking round, I perceived to my joy and astonishment, that I was in a river. The water between me and the shore was still frozen over, and was about thirty yards wide, consequently the fragment of ice on which I stood could not approach any nearer than this. After a moment of irresolution, I leaped upon the frozen surface, and began to run towards the bank of the river. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice, so great was my terror lest it should give way beneath me; but I reached the shore in safety, and dropped down completely exhausted by fatigue and agitation.

It was now broad day-light, but I neither saw animals nor human beings, nor any vestiges of them. Thick forests covered the banks of the river, and extended back as far as my eye could reach. I feared to penetrate them, lest I should get bewildered in their recesses, and accordingly walked along the edge of the stream. It was not long before I discovered a column of smoke rising among the trees. I immediately directed my steps towards the spot, and, on reaching it, found a party seated round a fire.

They received me with an air of indifference and unconcern, not very agreeable or encouraging to one in my destitute condition. However, I placed myself in their circle, and tried to discover to what tribe they belonged, by addressing them in the different Indian languages with which I was acquainted. I soon made myself intelligible, and related the circumstances that had brought me so unexpectedly among them. At the conclusion of my narrative, the men pulled their tomahawk pipes from their mouths, and looked at each other with incredulous smiles. I did not make any attempt to convince them of the truth of what I said, knowing it would be vain to do so, but asked for something to

eat. After some deliberation they gave me a small quantity of pemican, but with an unwillingness that did not evince such a spirit of hospitality as I had usually met with among Indians.

The party consisted of three men, two women, and a couple of children, all of whom sat or lay near the fire in absolute idleness; and their minds seemed to be as unoccupied as their bodies, for nothing resembling conversation ever passed between them. The weather was dreary and comfortless. A thick small rain, such as usually falls in North America during a thaw, filled the air, and the wigwam under which we sat afforded but an imperfect shelter from it. I passed the time in the most gloomy and desponding reflections. I saw no means by which I could return to the trading post, and the behaviour of the Indians made me doubt if they would be inclined to grant me that support and protection without which I could not long exist. One man gazed upon me so constantly and steadily, that his scrutiny annoyed me, and attracted my particular attention. He appeared to be the youngest of the party, and was very reserved and unprepossessing in his aspect, and seemed to know me, but I could not recollect of ever having seen him before.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and the Indians began to prepare for travelling. When they had accoutered themselves, they all rose from the ground without speaking a word, and walked away, one man taking the lead. I perceived that they did not intend that I should be of the party, but I followed them immediately, and, addressing myself to the person who preceded the others, told him, that I must accompany them, as I neither could live in the woods alone, nor knew in what part of the country I was. He stopped and surveyed me from head to foot, saying, "Where is your gun? Where is your knife? Where is your tomahawk?" I replied, that I had lost them among the ice. "My friend," returned he, "don't make the Great Spirit angry, by saying what is not. That man knows who you are," pointing to the Indian who had observed me so closely. "We all know who

you are. You have come to trade with us, and I suppose your companions have concealed themselves at a distance, lest the appearance of a number of white men should intimidate us. They are right. Experience has taught us to fear white men; but their art, not their strength, makes us tremble. Go away, we do not wish to have any transactions with you. We are not to be betrayed or overpowered by liquid fire,* or any thing else you can offer us. None of us shall harm you. I have spoken the truth, for I have not two mouths."

When he had finished this oration, he remained silent, and I felt at a loss what to reply. At last I repeated my story, and endeavoured to convince him that I neither had any companions, nor was at all in a situation to trade with his people, or do them the slightest injury. He listened calmly to my arguments, and seemed to think there was some weight in them; and the young man already mentioned stepped forward, and said, "Let the stranger go with us,—the bones of my father cry out against our leaving him behind. I am young, but I dare to advise.—Listen for once to the counsels of Thakakawerenté." The first speaker then waved his hand, as a signal that I should follow them, and the whole party proceeded in the same order as before.

Our leader pushed forward, apparently without the least hesitation, though, accustomed as I was to the woods, I could not discover the slightest trace of a footpath. He sometimes slackened his pace for a few moments, and looked thoughtfully at the trees, and then advanced as fast as before. None of the party spoke a word; and the rustling of the dry leaves under their feet was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the forest. Though freed from the fear of perishing for want, I could not reflect upon my situation without uneasiness and alarm; and my chance of being able to return to the post seemed to diminish every step I took. I felt excessively fatigued, not having enjoyed any natural or composed sleep the preceding night, and the roughness of the ground over

* Spirituous liquors.

which we passed, added to my weariness in an intolerable degree; but I could not venture to rest by the way, lest I should lose sight of the Indians for ever.

Soon after sunset, we stopped for the night, and the men set about erecting a wigwam, while the women kindled a fire. One of our party had killed a small deer, in the course of our journey, and he immediately proceeded to skin the animal, that a portion of it might be dressed for supper. When the venison was ready, they all sat down and partook of it, and a liberal allowance was handed to me; but the same silence prevailed that had hitherto been observed among them, and the comforts of a plentiful repast after a long journey, did not appear in the least degree to promote social communication. The meal being finished, the men filled their pipes with odoriferous herbs, and began to smoke in the most sedate manner, and the women prepared beds by spreading skins upon the ground. The composed demeanour of the party harmonized well with the silence and gloominess of the night; and it seemed that the awful solitude of the forests in which they lived, and the sublime and enduring forms under which nature continually presented herself to their eyes, had impressed them with a sense of their own insignificance, and of the transitoriness of their daily occupations and enjoyments, and rendered them thoughtful, taciturn, and unsusceptible. I seated myself at the root of a large tree near the wigwam, and continued observing its inmates, till, overcome by fatigue, I sunk into a deep sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by some one pulling my hand, and, on looking up, I perceived the Indian who had opposed my accompanying them, and whose name was Outalisso, standing beside me. He put his finger on his lips, by way of enjoining silence, and motioned that I should rise and follow him. I obeyed, and he led me behind a large tree which grew at a little distance from the wigwam, and said in a low voice, "Listen to me, my friend.—I told you that you would receive no harm from us; and shall I be-

lie my words? 'Thakakawerenté, who requested that you might be allowed to follow our steps, says that his father was murdered by a party of people under your command, about nine moons ago. This may be true, and you at the same time may be guiltless; for we cannot always controul those who are placed under our authority. He tells me that the spirit of the old man has twice appeared to him in his dreams to-night, desiring him to put you to death. He has gone to repose himself again, and if his father visits him a third time during sleep, he will certainly kill you whenever he awakes. You must, therefore, hasten away, if you wish to live any longer.'" "What can I do?" cried I; "death awaits me whether I remain here, or fly from Thakakawerenté. It is impossible for me to reach home alone." "Be patient," returned Outalisso, "and I will try to save you. Not far from hence, the roots of a large oak, which has been blown down by the wind, stretch high into the air, and may be seen at a great distance. You must go there, and wait till I come to you. Keep the mossy side of the trees on your left hand, and you will find the place without any difficulty."

Outalisso motioned me to hurry away, and I departed with a palpitating heart, and plunged into the recesses of the forest, and regulated my course in the manner he directed. The moon was rising, and I could see to a considerable distance around. The rustling of the dry leaves among my feet often made me think that some one walked close behind me, and I scarcely dared to look back, lest I should see an uplifted tomahawk descending upon my head. I sometimes fancied I observed Thakakawerenté lurking among the brushwood, and stopped short till imagination conjured up his form in a different part of the forest, and rendered me irresolute which phantom I should endeavour to avoid.

I reached the tree sooner than I expected: It lay along the ground, and its immense roots projected from the trunk, at right angles, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, their interstices

being so filled with earth that it was impossible to see through them.

I sat down, and found the agitation of my spirits gradually subside, under the tranquillizing influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees, the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead. The nests which the birds had made the preceding summer, still remained among the branches, silent, deserted, and unsheathed, making the loneliness of the forest, as it were, visible to the mind ; while a withered leaf sometimes dropped slowly down—a sad memorial of the departed glories of the vegetable world. A small rivulet ran within a little distance of me, but its course was so concealed by long grass, that I would have been aware of its existence by the murmuring of its waters only, had it not glittered dazzlingly in the moonshine at one spot, while flowing over a large smooth stone. When I looked into the recesses of the forest, I saw the trees ranged before each other like colossal pillars, and gradually blending their stems together, until they formed a dark and undefined mass. In some places, a scathed trunk, whitened with the moss of successive centuries, stood erect in spectral grandeur, like a being whom immense age and associations, rivetted to long-past times, had isolated from the sympathies of his fellow-mortals. As the moon gradually rose on the arch of heaven, her light fell at different angles, and the aspect of the woods was continually changing. New and grander groupes of trees came into view, and mighty oaks and chesnuts seemed to stalk forward, with majestic slowness, from the surrounding obscurity, and, after a time, to give place to a succession of others, by retiring amidst the darkness from which they had at first emerged. Tremours of awe began to pervade my frame, and I almost expected that the tones of some superhuman voice would break the appalling silence that prevailed in the wilderness around me.

My mind, by degrees, became so calm, that I dropped into a half slumber, during which I had a distinct per-

ception where I was, but totally forgot the circumstances connected with my situation. A slight noise at length startled me, and I awaked full of terror, but could not conceive why I should feel such alarm, until recollection made the form of Thakakawerenté flash upon my mind. I saw a number of indistinct forms moving backwards and forwards, a little way from me, and heard something beating gently upon the ground. A small cloud floated before the moon, and I waited with breathless impatience till it passed away, and allowed her full radiance to reach the earth. I then discovered that five deer had come to drink at the rivulet, and that the noise of them striking their fore-feet against its banks had aroused me. They stood gazing at me with an aspect so meek and beautiful, that they almost seemed to incorporate with the moonlight, but, after a little time, started away, and disappeared among the mazes of the forest.

When I surveyed the heavens, I perceived by the alteration which had taken place in their appearance, that I had slept a considerable time. The moon had begun to descend towards the horizon ; a new succession of stars glittered upon the sky ; the respective positions of the different constellations were changed ; and one of the planets which had been conspicuous from its dazzling lustre, a few hours before, had set, and was no longer distinguishable. It was overpowering to think that all these changes had been effected without noise, tumult, or confusion, and that worlds performed their revolutions, and travelled through the boundlessness of space, with a silence too profound to awaken an echo in the noiseless depths of the forest, or disturb the slumbers of a feeble human being.

I waited impatiently for the appearance of Outilisso, who had not informed me at what hour I might expect to see him. The stars now twinkled feebly amidst the faint glow of dawn that began to light the eastern horizon, and the setting moon appeared behind some pines, and threw a rich yellow radiance upon their dark-green boughs. Gentle

rustlings among the trees, and low chirpings, announced that the birds began to feel the influence of approaching day; and I sometimes observed a solitary wolf stealing cautiously along in the distance. While engaged in contemplating the scene, I suddenly thought I saw an Indian a little way off. I could not ascertain whether or not it was Outalisso, but fearing it might be Thakakawerenté, whom I dreaded to encounter in my unarmed state, I retired from the roots of the tree, and concealed myself among some brushwood.

I remained there for some time, but did not perceive any one near me, and thinking that I had been deceived by fancy, I resolved to return to my former station, and accordingly set out towards the great tree, but shortly became alarmed at neither reaching it nor seeing it so soon as I expected. I turned back in much agitation, and endeavoured to retrace my steps to the brushwood, but all in vain. I examined the most remarkable trees around me, without being able to recollect of having seen one of them before. I perceived that I had lost myself. The moment I became aware of this, my faculties and perception seemed to desert me one after another, and at last I was conscious of being in existence only by the feeling of chaotic and insupportable hopelessness which remained; but after a little time, all my intellectual powers returned with increased vigour and acuteness, and appeared to me to vie with each other in giving me a vivid sense of the horrors of my situation. My soul seemed incapable of affording play to the tumultuous crowd of feelings that struggled to manifest themselves. I hurried wildly from one place to another, calling on Outalisso and Thakakawerenté by turns. The horrible silence that prevailed was more distracting than a thousand deafening noises would have been. I staggered about in a state of dizzy perturbation. My ears began to ring with unearthly sounds, and every object became distorted and terrific. The trees seemed to start from their places, and rush past each other, intermingling their branches with furious violence and horrible crash-

ings, while the moon careered along the sky, and the stars hurried backwards and forwards with eddying and impetuous motions.

I tried in vain for a long time to compose myself, and to bring my feelings under due subordination. The remembrance of the past was obliterated and renewed by fits and starts; but at best, my recollection of any thing that had occurred to me previous to the breaking up of the ice upon the lake, was shadowy, dim, and unsatisfactory, and I felt as if the former part of my life had been spent in another world. I lay down among the withered leaves, and covered my face with my hands, that I might avoid the mental distraction occasioned by the sight of external objects. I began to reflect that I could not possibly have as yet wandered far from the great tree, and that if I called upon Outalisso at intervals, he might perhaps hear me and come to my relief. Consoled by the idea, I gradually became quiet and resigned.

I soon began to make the woods resound with the name of Outalisso; but, in the course of the day, a tempest of wind arose, and raged with so much noise that I could hardly hear my own voice. A dense mist filled the air, and involved every thing in such obscurity that the sphere of my vision did not extend above five or six yards. The fog was in continual agitation, rolling along in volumes, ascending and descending, bursting open and closing again, and assuming strange and transitory forms. Every time the blast received an accession of force, I heard a confused roaring and crashing at a distance, which gradually increased in strength and distinctness, till it reached that part of the forest that stretched around me. Then the trees began to creak and groan incessantly, their boughs were shattered against each other, fibres of wood whirled through the air in every direction, and showers of withered leaves caught up, and swept along by the wind, met and mingled with them, and rendered the confusion still more distracting. I stood still in one spot, looking tearfully from side to side, in the prospect of being crushed to death by some immense mass of

falling timber, for the trees around me, when viewed through the distorting medium of the fog, often appeared to have lost their perpendicularity, and to be bending towards the earth, although they only waved in the wind. At last I crept under the trunk of an oak that lay along the ground, resolving to remain there until the tempest should abate.

A short time before sunset the wind had ceased, the mists were dissipated, and a portion of the blue sky appeared directly above me. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, I ventured from my place of refuge, and began to think of making another attempt to regain the great tree, when I heard the report of a rifle. I was so petrified with joy and surprise that I had no power to call out till the firing was repeated. I then shouted "Outalisso" several times, and soon saw him advancing towards me.

"Why are you not at the place I appointed," cried he; "I feared you had lost yourself, and discharged my gun as a signal,—but all danger is past—Thakakawerenté is dead, I killed him." There was some blood on Outalisso's dress, but he looked so calm and careless that I hesitated to believe what he told me.

"I do not deceive you," said he, "and I will tell you how Thakakawerenté came by his death. He awaked soon after midnight, and not finding you in the camp, suspected that I had told you that he intended to kill you. He taxed me with having done so, and I scorned to deny it. His anger made him forget the truth, and he said I had betrayed my trust, and at the same time struck me on the face. Now you know an Indian never forgives a blow, or an accusation such as he uttered. I buried my tomahawk in his head. His friends lay asleep in the wigwam, and I dragged away his body to some distance, and covered it with leaves, and then concealed myself till I saw them set out on their journey, which they soon did, doubtless supposing that Thakakawerenté and I had gone on before. I have been at the great tree since morning, but the mist

and the tempest prevented me from seeking you till now. Be satisfied, you shall see the corpse of Thakakawerenté.—Follow me!"

Outalisso now began to proceed rapidly through the forest, and I walked behind him without uttering a word. We soon reached the spot where the Indians had slept the preceding night, and found the wigwam remaining, and likewise several embers of fire. My companion immediately fanned them into a state of brightness, and then collected some pieces of dry wood that lay around, and piled them upon the charcoal. The whole soon burst into a blaze, and we both sat down within its influence, Outalisso at the same time presenting me with a quantity of pemican, which proved very acceptable, as I had eat nothing for more than twenty hours.

After we had reposed ourselves a little, Outalisso rose up, and motioned that I should accompany him. He conducted me to a small pile of brushwood and dry leaves, part of which he immediately removed, and I saw the corpse of Thakakawerenté stretched beneath. I shrunk back, shuddering with horror, but he pulled me forwards, and said, I must assist him in conveying the body to the fire. Seeing me still unwilling, he took it up in his arms, and hurrying away, deposited it in the wigwam. I followed him; and asked what he meant by doing so. "Are you ignorant of our customs?" said he: "When an Indian dies, all his property must be buried with him. He who takes any thing that belonged to a dead person, will receive a curse from the Great Spirit in addition. After I had killed Thakakawerenté, I took up his tomahawk by mistake, and carried it away with me. I must now restore it, and also cover him with earth lest his bones should whiten in the sun."

Outalisso now proceeded to arrange the dress of the dead man, and likewise stuck the tomahawk in his girdle. He next went a little way into the forest for the purpose of collecting some bark to put in the bottom of the grave, and I was left alone.

The night was dark, dim, and dreary,

and the fire blazed feebly and irregularly. A superstitious awe stole over me, and I dared hardly look around, though I sometimes cast an almost involuntary glance at the corpse, which had a wild and fearful appearance. Thakakawerenté lay upon his back, and his long, lank, black hair was spread confusedly upon his breast and neck. His half-open eyes still retained a glassy lustre, and his teeth were firmly set against each other. Large dashes of blood stained his vest, and his clenched hands, and contracted limbs, shewed what struggles had preceded death. When the flickering light of the fire happened to fall upon him, I almost fancied that he began to move, and would have started away, had not a depressing dread chained me to the spot; but the sound of Outalisso's axe, in some degree, dissipated the fears that chilled my heart, and I spent the time in listen-

ing to the regular recurrence of its strokes, until he came back with an armful of bark.

I assisted him in burying Thakakawerenté under the shade of a tall walnut tree; and when we had accomplished this, we returned to the fire, and waited till moonlight would enable us to pursue our journey. Outalisso had willingly agreed to conduct me home, for he wished to change his abode for a season, lest Thakakawerenté's relations should discover his guilt, and execute vengeance upon him.

We set out about an hour after midnight, and travelled through the woods till dawn, when we came in sight of the river, on the banks of which I had first fallen in with the Indians. In the course of the day, Outalisso procured a canoe, and we paddled up the stream, and next morning reached the trading post on the side of the lake.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

TIMBUCTOO AND MUNGO PARK.

[We have received the following interesting communication from Glasgow. Our correspondent describes the author as deserving of the fullest confidence, mentioning the names of several gentlemen on whose affairs he was engaged in the Mediterranean; and, from our own knowledge of their characters we are perfectly convinced they would never countenance any person capable of attempting to impose on the public. The little narrative itself has an air of simplicity and truth, very unlike a fictitious story, and it was not drawn up, as we are informed, with a view to publication; indeed, the incidents which it describes are not important, except with reference to the bold, but unfortunate traveller on whose fate they seem to throw a little light.]

ON the 1st of June, 1820, I sailed from Tangiers to Genoa, accompanied by Hagi Mahomet Alibabi, a Timbuctoo merchant, who had along with him eight Moors, two as companions, and six as attendants. This merchant was one of twenty-five adventurers, who, according to a practice prevalent in Morocco, left Fez for Timbuctoo, with the view of entering into speculations with the natives, and of collecting gold and silver, with which the sands of that place are said to abound. He resided there for twenty-five years, and so detrimental did the climate prove, that in that time he buried twenty-three out of twenty-four companions who had accompanied him. At the end of this period he returned to Fez, and was now proceeding thence to Mecca on a pilgrimage to the Pro-

phet's tomb. Along with him he had in gold, silver, elephants' teeth, gems, and the like merchandise, what I valued at about 3000l. sterling, and which I understood to be the product of his industry at Timbuctoo.

In the course of much conversation which I had with him, I asked whether he thought it practicable to penetrate into the interior of Africa? He answered, the only obstacle he knew was the unhealthiness of the climate. I then asked what course he would recommend to a European who wished to penetrate into Africa? He said, that he considered the best way for a person with such a wish, would be to join a company of travelling Moors at Morocco, conforming to their habits and forms of devotion. He added, that if a European adopted this course under the Emperor's pro-

tection, which could be easily procured by a recommendation from our government, he would be subject to no danger save such as arose from the climate. He stated that the journey from Fez to Timbuctoo occupies two months. Continuing this conversation, I asked him whether he had ever heard of any Christians visiting Timbuctoo? He said that he did recollect of a boat, (*una barca*) manned by Christians, advancing towards Timbuctoo by the river. The king, hearing of its approach, sent a canoe to inquire regarding their object, and to demand duties. A dispute ensued, in which the Christians fired on the Timbuctons, killing one and obliging the others to retire, who however did so only to await an opportunity of revenge. The Christians then rowed to the shore, at the foot of a high mountain, and disembarked there, leaving the boat unguarded. The tide falling soon after, the boat was left ashore.

The Timbuctons thought this a good opportunity for revenge, and climbing up the mountain, they rolled large stones upon the boat, leaving it totally useless.

In this helpless predicament, the Christians wandered for some time among the mountains in the greatest distress. Unfortunately, however, their visit, the catastrophe, and their presence, united in exciting the imaginary fears of the Timbuctons. The king found it necessary to call a council, in order to consider the most effectual means of preventing those consequences which these fears had for their object. The general opinion there was, that they were spies, and that, if allowed to escape, they would, in all probability, return with an army to take possession of the country, and inflict some dreadful calamity upon the inhabitants. Under this impression, it was resolved, that they should be immediately taken and put to death: a resolution which was carried into effect. The merchant drawing the side of his hand across his throat, signified what had been the end of these unfortunate adventurers. When I questioned him as to the date of this transaction, he seemed to recollect by stringing together, with apparent diffi-

culty, a number of events. On two occasions, however, when I questioned him on this head, he said, he thought that what he related had taken place eleven years ago; that is, in the year 1809. This date will probably be considered by some, as too late to identify the transaction with the fate of Mr. Park and of his companions. It would surely, however, be too much to object to the story on this account alone. The merchant was to be considered as a foreigner, he had no personal interest in the transaction, no family occurrence with which, as we see mothers do, he might connect it in his recollection; he had, doubtless, long ceased to employ it as a topic of conversation, and, at most, he had probably only employed it transiently as such. In these circumstances, strict accuracy was not to be expected. And if it be supposed necessary to place the transaction two or three years farther back, I apprehend that no candid person, who recollects the distance in time since it took place, and the circumstances of the narrator, will consider that too great a latitude has been given. In justice to the merchant, I should allude to the language in which we communicated. This was the Spanish, a language foreign to us both, and though known to us sufficiently for general purposes, yet not completely, as in those particulars which give so different a colouring to a narration. Partly to this circumstance, and partly to the ignorance which prevails among the inhabitants of the Mediterranean, of the rising and falling of the tide, I attribute the mention that is made of the falling of tide on the river. The expression struck me at the time, and I then, and afterwards, questioned him on it closely and keenly, till unfortunately he lost temper on the subject, and I was obliged to desist. As, however, I find that travellers state, that great swellings, occasioning sometimes inundations, take place on the river at Timbuctoo, I think it not improbable that the merchant alluded to a subsiding from one of those swellings.

The character of the merchant, it is incumbent on me to state, was held in the highest respect among the Moors. A Sherref accompanied him, and I

could perceive, that even on him, the austerity of the merchant impressed awe. At sea, and in quarantine, I was confined for two months to the company of the merchant and his companions; and though they proved disagree-

able to me on account of their habits, yet I did not take leave of them without some of those sentiments of respect for the character of the merchant which his countrymen entertained.

Sketches of Society.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE FISH-MARKET IN EDINBURGH.

ARE you a thrifty housewife, madam?—Yes, sir. I flatter myself I attempt to be so.—Then go to the fish-market. Are you partial to the luxuries of the table, sir?—Visit the fish-market then by all means. Do you take pleasure in noticing the varieties of human character, and the display of human passions?—Go, buy, study, saunter, meditate in the fish market of Edinburgh. There you will hear figures of speech, which never entered into the heads of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, of a Burke or an Erskine, and find similies in daily use, which neither Shakespeare nor Milton ever dreamt of. Are you a painter, and do you love to see the different costumes of this world's inhabitants? Take your pencil or your crayons, and study, reside, in the fish-market. In fine, do you wish at little expense to acquire a knowledge of the world; to see the naked passions of the human heart displayed in their very grossness, let your steps often be directed to the market of fishes of the good town of Edinburgh. There you will meet the rich and the poor,—the old and the young,—the prudent and the spendthrift,—the shopkeeper and his journeyman,—the mistress and her servant, jostling one another and joining to form a motley crowd, which cannot be paralleled in any other place; while the fish cadies and the fisherwomen in the congregated noises of their diversified modes of speech, give a finer idea of the confusion of Babel than can be elsewhere acquired.

‘Come awa, hinny, and see what ye’re for the day;’ said my good friend Nelly Speldins, as I passed the range of creels with shell-fish. ‘Here’s twa

rock-partens I can recommend;—ye’ll no find their marrow in the market the day; just find the weight o’ them.’—‘No partens to-day, Neilly,’ answered I.—‘My bonny man,’ said another venerable friend, whose ruddy face has long been familiar to market-makers,—‘My bonny man,’ said she, as she came running up to me with a handful of scallops, ‘did you ever see the like o’ thae clams?’—‘They seem very fine indeed, Christy, but I don’t want any to-day.’ My coat at this moment was pulled from behind, and on looking round, Grizzel Thomson accosted me with ‘Mr. Columbine! Mr. Columbine! I’ve a hunder fine oysters picket out and laid by for you.’—‘What’s the price to-day, Grizzy?’ said I.—‘Only four shillings the hunder, sir;—where’s your cadie?—hae you gotten a tankard to haud them?’ My arm was now gently touched in another direction by Peggy Buckies, who said in a half whisper, ‘Mr. Currantbush, ye’re no to gang past me for oysters—ye tell’d me to keep pandores for you, and here’s just ae hunder that I kept back frae Charlie Oman, wha aye gies me sixpence mair for them.’

Every body has read the fable of the ass between two bundles of hay: and I found myself at this moment in a similar predicament. My suitors, seeing my irresolution, each was eager to have my fiat on the bargain. ‘The gentleman aye deals wi’ me,’ said Peggy, who was by much the younger of the two. ‘Ye lien jade, he spoke to me first,’ replied Grizzel.—‘Look at thae again, Mr. Currantbush,’ Peggy subsumed.—‘Taste mine, Mr. Columbine,’ retorted Mrs. Grizzy, hastily opening a large oyster, and holding it in its native gravy

up to my mouth; while this elegant appeal to my organs of taste rendered a reference of the same kind imperative on the part of Mrs. Peggy. I was now pretty much in the same dilemma, in the decision of the comparative merits of an oyster, as Mr. Paris of old, when besieged by the three goddesses who claimed the prize of beauty; and not to make an invidious distinction between my two friends, I took an oyster in each hand from the rivals, and, had my mouth been large enough, or the capacity of my throat allowed, I should have swallowed both at once to evince my impartiality. I dispatched both in an interval so short, however, that I am unable at this moment to say which had the priority in running the race into my stomach; and to end the conference I said, in my gravest manner, 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Grizzel: You offered me your oysters first.'—'That's God's truth, the cadie heard me,' said Grizzel.—'But Mr. Currantbush, ye gart me promise to keep ye gude anes,' interrupted Mrs. Peggy.—'Haud your tongue, ye haverel, and let the gentleman speak,' said Mrs. Grizzel.—'Go you claverin auld fool,' retorted Peggy, 'I ken as weel how to serve a gentleman as you.'

All this time I could not get in a word, and turned my head to the one side and to the other, as the calls on my attention were bandied about from side to side. But seeing little prospect of a speedy termination to the statement of the case, I again interposed. 'You offered me your oysters first, Grizzel; count me out half a hundred.'—'Half a hunder oysters!' said Grizzel, with a face in which astonishment was painted, '—half a hunder oysters! Na, I winna affront your ledy by sending hame half a hunder oysters to your house. I winna affront ye, Mr. Columbine, whether ye pay me or no.'—'Well, let it be a hundred then,' said I.—'Yes, sir,' said Grizzel, her face assuming its wonted placability.—'Yes, sir; Cadie! Isbel!—Is nae blind Isbel your cadie, Mr. Columbine?'—'And Peggy,' said I, turning to the other nymph, who during the latter part of the transaction looked disappointment personified, 'Peggy, I'll take a hundred from you likewise.'—

'You're very good, sir,' answered Peggy; ye'll no find mine's the warst bargain.'—'But recollect this both of you,' continued I, 'I will give no more than three shillings the hundred; it is quite enough in all conscience.'—'Three shillings!' cried Mrs. Grizzel, putting her hands in the mass of petticoats in which her pockets were enveloped; 'three shillings!—ye's no get my oysters for three shillings the day.'—'Three shillings, and the oysters sae scarce!' ejaculated Mrs. Peggy. 'It may be enough for Grizzly Thamson's oysters, but ye's ne'er get mine for that price.'—'Very well,' said I, 'I don't want them; I would rather not buy any;' and I turned to go away. 'Hear me! come back, Mr. Columbine,' exclaimed Grizzel; 'I'll tak your siller for handsel, but ye maun pit anither sixpence till't.'—'Not one farthing more,' replied I.—'Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun aye hae his will,' said Grizzel, moralizing upon the occasion.—'As mine's in your tankard ye may tak mine too,' said Peggy, with a self-congratulatory smile; 'but mind ye're awn me a shilling the morn.'

Blind Isbel got the oysters, and up stairs we went to the principal part of the market. At the top of the stair I was recognized by Kate Lugworm, who came to me with a face of importance, and in a half whisper said, 'I've gotten the *cats* the day for you, Mr. Combsbrush; there's just sax o' them; and the gudeman fought twa hours this mornin' before he could get them out o' the nets.—Ye'll no grudge me a shillin the piece for them.'—'A shilling a piece for *sea cats*, Katherine; that is a great deal too much. I have often bought them for two pence.'—'Ah, but sir, ye ken they're no to be had every day, and they're very destructionfu' to the nets. I've gotten half a crown for them before now frae Mr. Wilson and Mr. Neill the Naturals o' the Vermin Society in the College for specimens. But come and see them, and I'm sure ye'll no grudge the siller.' I went to the *stand* accordingly, and saw the ugly animals, which, however hideous in appearance, I beg to recommend to lovers of good eating. 'See sic beauties,' said Katherine; 'a' leupin; every

ane o' them will be three pund weight, and there's nae cats in the market the day but my ain. I'm sure after their heads are cuttit aff they'll mak a dish for a lord.—'As you have taken the trouble to offer them to me, Mrs. Katherine,' said I, 'you know I am at a word, I shall give you two shillings for the half dozen.'—

Our bargain was here interrupted by the arrival of a Frenchman, a little gentleman with 'spectacles on nose,' who, on surveying the fish on Katherine's table, exclaimed, 'Vat ugly devil! are dese poissons—fishes, dat is, I mane, goot voman?'—'Poison, Sir!—Na, they're nae mair poison than ony fish in the market:—them that eats paddocks need na be fear'd for sea-cats, I think.—But that cod's head ye're looking at, (for the Frenchman had fixed his eyes very knowingly upon this article,) I'll gie you very cheap—ye'll get it for saxpence.'—'Mon Dieu! a sixpence for dat head of cod; dat is trop cher, my goot voman, ver much too dear; but I vill for de head give twopence:—or if you give me dis tail along vid head, all in one bargain, den ver vell; I vill take for one penny more, dat is all.'—'Weel, weel, tak them, an nae mair about it. Whare's your cadie, or hae you a clout?'—'Stop un little, my goot voman,' said the Frenchman, spreading a dirty pocket handkerchief, which he drew from a ridicule in his hand; 'stop un little time, my mistress, till I put de fish in dis ridicule:;' and having finished stuffing the mutilated fragments of the cod-fish into the little basket, he paid his three-pence and went away,—not, however, without turning back several times to look at the dog-fish, and muttering as he went along, 'Vat ugly devil, dat poisson, ugly devil certainement.'

'Now that man's awa, I'll tell you Mr. Combsbrush, ye's get the cats for three shillings,' said Katharine, 'and I'll gie you half a dozen o' thae flukes to the bargain.'—'No, no,' replied I, 'that won't do, Katherine; I won't give more than two shillings—not one farthing.'—'Eh, I canna tak that, sir; but mak it saxpence mair, and they're yours—it'll aye be a dram to

me.'—'No, can't do it;,' and I was proceeding along to another stall, as the only means of hastening the conclusion of the bargain. Mrs. Katherine allowed me to go so far, before calling me back, that I was more than half determined to return and take the fish at her own price, when her voice sounded like a bugle through the market, 'Hy, sir!—Hy, Mr. Combsbrush! ye're no gaun till leave me for a saxpence? Come here and tak the fish—we manna be ower hard.—Isbel, haud your basket.'—I returned again to the stall, having, as I conceived, gained my point; and Katherine was in the act of putting the cats in the basket upon the woman's shoulder, when I thought I perceived that she had changed the fish I saw on her table for smaller ones.—As this is a common trick in the market, I made no secret of my suspicions, and taxed her roundly for the imposition. 'You are ower auld farrent, ma bonnie man, I see; ye'll scarcely let poor folk live now-a-days;' and upon my insisting for others, she produced out of a creel, where were some dozens of the same animals, the identical fish which she had exhibited on her table when I first accosted her.

Blind Isbel and I now proceeded to a stall opposite, where haddocks were the chief fish exposed to sale. A lady was at this time cheapening a few of them. 'I'll gie you a dizzen o' nice anes for twa shillings, mem.'—'Two shillings!' replied the lady; 'I would give you a shilling for them, provided they were new caught, but they don't, I think, seem very fresh.'—'Fresh, mem! they were ta'en out o' the sea this mornin'; ye surely dinna ken caller fish when ye see them. Look at that,' said she, putting a slimy thumb in the opening of the gills, to shew their untarnished redness. The fish, notwithstanding the honest woman's asseverations, had certainly been kept a day or two, and were not just such haddocks as a connoisseur would have purchased. The lady looked doubtfully for a moment, and then having made up her mind, shook her head, and removed to another stall. My friend the fishwife, as she was retiring, began a

soliloquy, in which, (like many of my friends in the theatre when speaking aside,) she said, loud enough to be heard by the lady, ‘Stinkin’ fish!—go, that’s a gude ane. I wish ye may be as caller yoursel.—Stinkin’ haddies!—lingle-tail’d jade, for a’ your silks!—No fresh!—clap a kail-blade to your ain end, ma leddy!’—‘You are in a monstrous passion to-day, Nelly,’ said I; ‘what’s the matter?’—‘Naething at a’ sir, but for folk comin’ to the market that disna ken fish when they see them. They had better be playing their pianos at hame. I like best to deal wi’ gentlemen. Come, see what ye’re for the day, and I’ll mak ye right:—are ye for a rawn fluke, or a nice maiden skate?—See what a beauty, I’m sure this ane’s just a medicine. If ye want it ye’ll get it for a shilling; I’m sure ye canna ca’ that dear.’—‘I’ll give you sixpence for the skate,’ said I.—‘Saxpence!—do you think I steal them? Thae’s no fish ye’re buyin—thae’s men’s lives! Saxpence for the haill skate,—the broo o’t will do ye a crown’s worth o’ gude. But ye’ll maybe be wantin something mair, sae just tak it. I havena drawn a saxpence the day yet. Will ye no tak that turbot?’

‘If ye’re for a turbot, come to me,’ said a laughing-faced woman at the next stall, ‘and ye’ll get your pick o’ sax.’ The choice of six turbot was not to be neglected, and I stept on a few paces. ‘Ay, ay, gang your wa’s,—she likes gentlemen, and can sell ye something else if ye want it.’—‘Haud your ill-tongue, Tibby,—there’s naeboddy fashin wi’ you;—your tongue’s nae scandal; a’ body kens that,’ answered Jenny Flukemouth. ‘Truth’s nae scandal,’ replied Tibby; ‘I was never catched at the back o’ the houses as ye was, wi’ Johnny Crabshell, anither woman’s man; that’s nae secret. Fy, for shame, ye light-headed taupy; ca’ me a liar for that if ye dare,’ said Tibby, challenging contradiction, and setting her arms akimbo, while her elbows and head were projected in defiance. ‘I’m no ca’in you ony thing that ye’re no kent to be, ye randy woman that ye are. I never was carried hame in a cart frae the Fishwife’s Causeway fu’; nor fell ower my ain creel at Jock’s

Lodge, as some ither folk hae done, mind that,’ said Jenny, cresting her head, and looking a triumph. And then addressing me said, ‘See sic turbots, sir; I sell’d Pailie Mucklekite the neighbour o’ this ane, for half-a-guinea, no a quarter o’ an hour ago.’ Tibby was pluck, however, and had determined not to give up the contest. Coming close up to her younger antagonist, in the attitude above described, and putting her very red weather-beaten face so close to Jenny’s that their noses almost touched, she broke out like a torrent, ‘Did ye say I was fou, ye limmer?—will ye tell me that again to my face, and I’ll ring the mutch aff your head, ye—ye—impudence that you are.’—‘What I have said I’ll no unsay for you: gang and mind your ain stand, and no mak a noise here,’ said Jenny, with more command of temper. But Tibby, who seemed determined to provoke a quarrel, and whose fingers appeared only to want a reasonable excuse to fly at the head-dress of her antagonist, urged the dispute with increasing energy of speed. ‘De’il be in ma feet gin I stir a step till I mak ye eat back your words, ye liein besom. Me fou!—whan was I seen fou, ye light-headed hizzie?—tell me that again if ye dare.’—‘Gang awa, and no provoke me,’ said Jenny, pushing her gently aside by the shoulders; ‘let’s sell our fish first, and flyte after.’ Tibby’s wrath needed only this last attempt to raise it to the utmost pitch. ‘Ye’ll offer to shoot me, ye little-worth quean!—ye’ll offer to lift your hand to ane that might be your mither!’—and she flew with open talons at the chequered handkerchief which, tied under the chin, forms the characteristic head-dress of the ladies of the Fish-market, and tore it off in an instant. Jenny, to recover her head appurtenance, instantly flew at the offender, and a struggle ensued, in which Jenny’s strength seemed more than an overmatch for Tibby’s modes of defence. Tibby retreated backwards, keeping her hold, and Jenny followed with dishevelled hair, both struggling till Mrs. Tibby reached the verge of a large tub full of dirty water, used in cleaning fish; and fishwomen no more than others being provided with eyes

at their backs, she tumbled fairly into the tub, and Jenny above her.

The immense package of petticoats increasing her naturally not over-small shape, and the weight of her antagonist's person, pressed Tibby so closely into the tub, that she was as incapable of motion as if she had formed an integral part of it. Jenny now recovered her head-deckings, and having hastily adjusted them, came back to the sale of the turbot, amidst cries from her companions of "Weel done, Jenny!—weel done, my woman!—gie the ill-tongued jade a good sousing in her ain dirty water. Every body has their failings, and ye're nae waur than anither!" "That randy's put me a' throughither," said she to me, "and no to keep you langer waiting, ye sall get the choice of the turbots for eight shillings, sir;" "No, Jenny, I'll give no more than seven,—not a penny more

will I give, and I must have a lobster to the bargain—I'll rather take my chance of going round the market." "Hoot, you'll surely mak it eight. See to that lobster, look at the rawn, its worth half a crown itself—but I'm out o' breath wi' that outrageous woman," said Jenny.—"Only seven for the whole, Jenny, take or want." "Weel, I'll just take your bode; but mind ye're awin me a shilling," said she putting the turbot and lobster into blind Isabel's basket. I now retreated from the scene of contest. Tibby, being relieved from her unpleasant situation with no small difficulty, by the assistance of two of her companions, was shaking her dripping vestments, and threatening vengeance. "I'll mind you, my woman, whan we get to Fisheraw; ye're no done wi' this yet; I'll learn ye till use a woman that might be your mither in sic a way as this."

THE KING IN IRELAND.

Sir,

(New Monthly Magazine.)

THE reception which the King has experienced in Ireland having created some curious speculations on both sides of the Channel, perhaps you would excuse a few remarks upon the subject, from one not altogether *mystified* by its exaggerations. That there was much of loyalty in the abstract, and much of sincere affection for the visitor personally, there can be no doubt; but that much of what appeared enthusiasm arose entirely from the workings of interest there is in my mind just as little. Before I advert more particularly to the immediate subject of this notice, some short retrospect is necessary, as well to shew why a British king, landing as a *friend* in Ireland, should have been in the native phrase "heartily welcome," as why that welcome should more particularly wait upon the reigning monarch.

Henry the Second was the first royal visitor of Ireland. Perhaps, until the present day, for *visitor* we should read *invader*. Invited over by the distress of one prince to punish the adulteries of another, he made the weakness of the first and the vices of the last the convenient threshold to his own ambi-

tion. With, for that day, an imposing power, and an hypocrisy not less imposing, he marched onward from Waterford to Cashel, amid affected submission and extorted homage, and at last, in full assembly in the latter city, pleaded the authority of the infallible Adrian for his personal usurpation of the kingdom! The Irish, even then, priest-ridden, and pope-led as they were, had still some jealousy of ecclesiastical interference in their temporal concerns, and Adrian's bull met as little respect from the "Royal Roderic" of that day as Quarantotti's rescript did in our own time from the radicals of the Catholic convention. Thus was Henry, with the bull in one hand and the sword in other, obliged alternately to swindle his way through the country, until at last the Shannon waters and the wastes of Connaught obliged him to make Dublin, for the first time, the winter residence of a British monarch. There, surrounded by fanatics and impostors, whom he bribed to his purposes by the plunder of the people, he spent his Christmas, praying with priests and revelling with savages, and returned to England to mature his frauds upon the

hollow allegiance which he left behind him. The throat of Irish patriotism is hoarse lauding the princely grandeur, and lamenting the feudal magnificence upon which Henry intruded; and yet, strange to say, even in the prond metropolis of Milesian legitimacy, the "red branch knights" could afford him no better refuge against the snows of winter than "a mud edifice," made of twigs and briers rudely huddled together! After this authenticated fact, we should be little surprised if the Irish legitimates—the genuine "O'Conors Don" of the twelfth century, disputed with Nebuchadnezzar the monopoly of *running at grass*, at least during the dog-days. The next visit was that of John, of Magna Charter memory. He staid three months in Ireland, during which time it was not stained by any military outrage. He was employed, however, in parcelling out those king's lands which the rapacity of his predecessors had usurped, and the boundaries which he established shew, that even then his regal dominion was both limited and uncertain. For many subsequent ages the British monarchs were too much occupied at home to afflict Ireland, otherwise than by deputed persecution; and her fields were alternately scorched and crimsoned, and depopulated, without even the consolation of a royal presence. At length, however, she received the master-pestilence. With the impiety of a bigot and the despotism of a republican, Cromwell came—came to fire the castle with the embers of the church, and quench the altar's flame in the blood of its adorers.

In August, 1650, he landed with a considerable military force in Dublin, and in a fortnight after commenced in the town of Drogheda a most frightful series of massacre and conflagration. War went before and famine followed him;—his whole march might easily be tracked by its wake of extermination. With that blasphemous mixture of fanaticism and murder, which peculiarised the career of that bible-mouthed cut-throat, he persuaded his followers that they should model their treatment of the natives on that adopted towards the Canaanites in the time of Joshua!

The devil quoted Scripture to his purpose; and indeed such a purpose was easily inculcated on such a fraternity. The ruthless system scarcely left, in three-fourths of Ireland, a solitary native to record and curse the inhumanity of his usurpation. All who professed the religion of their ancestors were driven into the wilds of Connaught, and a proclamation was issued, stating, that if after a certain day, any Irish Catholic, man, *woman*, or *child*, should be found in any other part of the kingdom, they might be legally put to death, without either charge or trial! This proclamation, involving, as it did, confiscation and banishment, was denominated by the usurper *an act of grace*, because it was his reluctant substitute for a previous plan of universal extermination. At the end of nearly four centuries Cromwell's progress is still discernible by the ruins it created. Yet strange to say, his successor and locum tenens, Ludlow, found but little advantage from the extirpations of his master—though he left almost a solitude, still it was not peace. Of Cromwell's progress there were also some living land-marks, which one would have supposed the gratitude of Charles the Second would have obliterated. But gratitude was not the characteristic virtue of the Stuarts. The confiscation grant survived the donor—it flourished in all its vigour after the Restoration, and Cromwell's brigands have now risen into noble families, bloated by the forfeitures of not only disregarded but spoliated loyalty. Notwithstanding this, when fortune once more declared for the Stuarts, James the Second was received by the Irish as the prince of a people upon whom adversity only created an additional calamity. This was the first British king who did not approach them in all the pride and insolence of conquest. He came as a fugitive, and a fugitive he left them, having clearly established that it was his natural character. A bigot in religion, and a tyrant in power, he proved himself a calumniator in safety. After having betrayed the faithful, and abandoned the brave, he fled to France, and slandered at Versailles those whom he had deserted at

the Boyne; too dastardly to share their death, he excused his cowardice by assassinating their memories. Even in Ireland's "highest noon" of indignation, however, there is something humorous, as there is sometimes a mixture of bitterness in her jocularity,—her revenge on the tourist Twiss will not easily be forgotten; and she has given James a Milesian cognomen very likely to rival that of Jeffries in the nostrils of posterity. In her orator's words there certainly is not "a sweetness in the odour of his memory." His conqueror, William, remained behind in Ireland, to blight a hero's laurels and a statesman's wisdom with the crimes of vengeance. She felt again, that though friendship could not restore, hostility could ruin, and William added largely to the confiscations which Charles's ingratitude had suffered to remain. With him departed the royal visitor of Ireland up to the present day. Happy for the country if with him could have departed also the humiliation of defeat and the insolence of triumph. They have lived at least up to the memorable twelfth of August—*dies creta notandus*, if upon it their epitaph has been written; but I fear her fields are still too furrowed to afford space smooth enough for the inscription.

Such were the specimens which Ireland had, before the present reign of royal visitations; and it is little to be wondered at if she received the novelty of a monarch's friendship with something of even more than enthusiasm. There was much, however, of personal affection in the welcome, and, as far as regarded the King, it was altogether free from any taint of inconsistency. George the Fourth was always a favourite with the Irish. Whether it resulted from his long exclusion from power which attracted the sympathies of a people who thought they unjustly participated in that exclusion, or from those early whims and gaieties which were not either entirely without their sympathies, or from that mixture of hope and hatred with which an oppressed people turn from the possessor to the heir;—whether it was from any of those feelings, or from an union of them all, cer-

tain it is the present monarch has long received rather a devotion of the heart, than an allegiance from the lips of Ireland. She evinced this often, but more especially on a most momentous occasion—I allude to the period of the late King's first unfortunate mental aberration. At that time it will be recollected with what violence the Whig and Tory parties disputed on the subject of the Regency. The genius of Mr. Pitt ruled the ascendant in this country; but Mr. Grattan, at the head of the popular party in Ireland, counterbalanced his triumph, and called upon the Prince, *by address*, to assume the reins of government. The King happily recovered just as it was presented, but the Prince, by his answer, pledged his eternal gratitude to the Irish people. From that moment, it is said, Mr. Pitt, exasperated and perhaps alarmed at this clashing of the legislatures, determined on their amalgamation. If this be true, surely the country which lost her parliament through an affection for his Majesty, has a peculiar claim on him, for at least the compensation of an occasional visit. He seems to have so felt it; and, to do him justice, he has acknowledged it, while the mark of the crown was still fresh upon his forehead. Indeed of this personal sentiment he had given an early proof by the selection of his more intimate companions. Burke and Sheridan were the lights of his youth; Lord Moira the companion of his manhood; Londonderry and Wellington are the elect of his cabinet, and to those offices in which perhaps confidence is most necessary and most unequivocally expressed, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield has succeeded to General Macmahon. This favouritism, it may be supposed, was felt through their respective families in the sister kingdom. As a proof of this, I need only mention that the high office of Master of the Rolls is filled, and to say the truth, very satisfactorily, by a brother of the latter gentleman. That Ireland felt and returned these demonstrations requires no further proof than her conduct upon a late melancholy occasion. When England and many parts of Scotland testified their partizanship by the eternal addresses which almost wore

the threshold of Brandenburgh-house, Ireland remained not only passive but indifferent. One solitary address from a few radicals at Belfast rather insulted than consoled the Queen by the suspicious peculiarity of its homage.

Such was the relative situation of Ireland and the King at the time he determined upon his personal excursion. It was a determination hazardous in the extreme, and required much delicacy in its execution. Never, perhaps did man enter into an atmosphere of more discordant elements; he not only trod on embers, but walked amid lightnings—like the explorer of a volcano it was impossible to say at what moment the mere pressure of his foot might have raised a flame around him. Happily his appearance reconciled, at least temporarily, the contending factions. Whether that coalition is to be more than temporary, whether the golden age of unanimity and concord is likely to continue and produce those results which Irish arduous pictures to itself in prospect, perhaps a review of those factions, as they exist, will be more likely to decide than any visionary speculation. For myself I have no hesitation in saying, I more than doubt either the permanency or the sincerity of that coalition, and I doubt it still more from contemplating the indiscriminate blandishments which it so suddenly squandered, not only upon the King but upon every one of the *dramatis personæ* who stooped to solicit it. If it was indeed sincere, I have only to say that Ireland is the very cradle of forgiveness, or that public virtue is nothing but a shadow. The least numerous, but perhaps the most opulent and powerful, is the ORANGE PARTY—a relic of *the pale*, re-baptized at the revolution. This is composed of friendly brother, and occasionally of Masonic societies, with a thick sprinkling of Tory peers, absentee agents, village drunkards, and corporation expectants. At the head of this decidedly is Abraham, now Sir Abraham Bradley King, who added to the profit of being crown-stationer, the dignity of having been twice Lord Mayor of Dublin. The warwhoop, or rather the password of this party, is “No Popery.” They consider the Pope as

the incarnation of all evil, and his adherents as so many attendant dæmons, who are ever warmed by the original principle, no matter how distant may be the orbit in which they circle round it. This is innate bigotry in some, mere pretence in others, affected for the purposes of interest; in all, however, it is the essence of their creed—the bond of their union—the *sine qua non* of their loyal fraternity. They may transfer to their porch the motto which adorned the gate of one of their chosen cities, the genius which fabricated its rhyme, consorting well with the Christianity which propagated its principle—

“Jew, Turk, or Atheist
may enter here,
But not a *Papist*.”

At the Revolution this body, though not created, was regenerated. It had, in some degree, existed since *the pale*. It was an association *extra* the indigenous Irish, formed at first for the purposes of defence, and cemented afterwards by forfeiture and confiscations. During the period to which I have referred it took its new and religious, or rather bigoted, character; still opposed to the native population it joined King William against the Stuarts, abjured James, “*Pope and popery, wooden shoes and brass money*,” as their standing toast expresses it, and borrowed from the Dutch lily an emblem and designation. This party is diffused throughout the country in select associations, but the north is their grand scene of rendezvous: they have their lodges, their meetings, their signs and secrets—they are steadfast in their principles both of friendship and hostility, and so rooted in their tenets that they have been accused of holding even a conditional allegiance. Be this as it may, however, they have hitherto had no reason to complain of royal disregard. During the late reign they were almost the monopolists of office, and of course Mr. Pitt and the Pope constituted the antipodes of their political world. Since the last Irish rebellion the gradual pacification of the interior has in a great measure contracted their operations. But their zeal, though sleeping, is not dead. The only difference is, that the 12th of July, their

grand anniversary, in place of exhibiting the Orange pageant and the armed procession, is now merely closed by them in copious libations, during which "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the *great* King William"—(I believe, in despite of Glencoe, they sometimes add the "*good*") floats in whiskey-punch triumphant above their own. It was difficult for such a party, formed on such principles, cordially to hail a monarch who had once warmed in his bosom Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, the three great foster-fathers of Catholic emancipation; but their minds had long associated the sounds of *king* and *office*,—if prejudice was strong, place was stronger, and perhaps they compromised with their consciences by fancying that the experience which selected Sidmouth and Liverpool atoned for the youthful indiscretion which squandered a smile upon the imps of popery. Thus perplexed, with William in their hearts and George on their lips, they startled the hill of Howth with their jubilate upon the 12th of August, and scarcely credited their ears when they heard the echo of their loyal chorus, and found it was—*Doctor Troy!* The Cerberus of Orangeism, however, has had its sop, and Abraham Bradley King is now a baronet of Great Britain.

Another party, which cheered the King with equal ardour, because with more of hope though less of possession, was the party of Lord Fingal—in other words, the *Roman Catholic aristocracy*. Proud and poor, the ages which diminished their incomes gave dignity to their birth, and the loss of an estate was more than counterbalanced by the addition of an ancestor. While the Penal Code was un repealed, or rather unmitigated, these men sought a bitter consolation in *looking backwards*—they caught a kind of disturbed comfort in contemplating the shadowy glories of their forefathers. The policy of the late reign, however, by lessening the mound between them and power, induced them to *look forward*; and so inviting was even the prospect of the land of promise, that it is believed this party would have regenerated themselves into Orangemen long ago,

had it not been for the sulky reaction which religious persecution uniformly produces. By degrees it has become considerable—it was always respectable. When the penal enactments were so far relaxed as to permit the purchase of estates and the acquisition of knowledge, the Catholics participated both in profession and property, and the educated naturally joined the aristocracy of their creed. I say naturally; the rich Catholic looked to parliament—the professional Catholic looked to office—and they both of course attached themselves to those whose religious scruples interfered least with their temporal prospects. Yet this party are now, nevertheless, devoutly rigid in their faith;—intolerance has rooted what conciliation might have eradicated: their moderation, verging as it now does almost upon servility, is assumed for the purposes of ambition, and those purposes once obtained, Catholic prosperity will not fail to exact full indemnity for Catholic degradation. With these sentiments, it is little to be wondered at that they were not the most lingering or the least loud amid the worshippers at Howth;—they shouted welcome till the very echoes became hoarse, and almost fancied themselves in St. Stephen's Chapel, when they saw Lord Fingal in the collar of St. Patrick. The compliment conferred, however, upon this heterodox nobleman was certainly well merited: he was always remarkable for a moderate demeanour, and in perilous times gave many proofs of the most steadfast loyalty. As a Catholic his aggrandizement has been considered complimentary by all of that body who have any consideration, and perhaps he was of the entire sect the only person upon whom a favour conferred was not likely to exasperate the Protestants.

Opposed to this party—opposed to the Orange party—opposed to every party which either seeks power, respects power, or possesses power, is the popular faction—that is the *faction of the Irish Catholic radicals*. At the head of this is to be found, whoever happens to be the ephemeral favourite of the day—in other words, the man

who combines most talent and most turbulence with the least principle. Its ranks are recruited by all whom poverty makes desperate, or nature discontented, or laziness seditious. Yelling for toleration, they are the most inveterate bigots,—declaiming against slavery, they are the most remorseless tyrants. They are the most numerous, and the most dangerous faction in the country; for they are willing instruments in the hands of any one, whose perverted ambition confounds notoriety with fame, and who is unprincipled enough to throw society into a ferment, that he and his scum may float upon the surface. There is nothing which they dread so much as those concessions which they make the pretence for their mischievous activity; because, once granted, their “occupation” ceases. Hence, whenever the genius of Grattan (who was alternately the god of their idolatry and the daemon of their hate) appeared likely to achieve the prayer of their petitions, they uniformly started some objection to his details, and gave his opponents an irresistible weapon in their boisterous, but affected, indignation. Even during the last session, when his political antagonists were struck mute by the magnificence of Mr. Plunket’s advocacy, they raised their horrid din, and burst, with their uplifted fetters, on his domestic calamity. Indeed this heartless ingratitude, ever more or less a characteristic of the mob, never flourished with more poisonous vigour than in the faction I am describing; because, in addition to its native virus, it has the taint of bigotry. Thus, if they meet a young man, warm from the contemplation of ancient liberty, or a matured man, whose simplicity subdues suspicion, by every artifice and every fraud, by servility, by adulation, by promises and chimeras, they seduce him into their den; and when his powers are exhausted, they invariably discover either that he is a protestant, and not sincere, or *only a liberal*, and so not to be trusted. A better instance of this heartless ingratitude cannot be selected than the late Mr. Curran: for many years he was almost their idol, and in 1798 they shouted

his fearless and confiding spirit to the very verge of the scaffold:—he dared power—he defied danger—he lavished health and prospects in their cause, and poured upon their darkness and their discomfiture the full blaze of his resplendent intellect. But in his age they discovered he could be no longer serviceable, and they affected to deride the judgment, which naturally revolted at their impolitic and radical denunciations of all orders in the state from the King downwards. Invective soon followed desertion, and the most gifted and consistent patriot Ireland ever possessed, was driven from the land, for whose glory he would have died amid the most cruel, groundless, and ungrateful calumnies. His noble heart felt this treatment deeply, but still the consciousness of integrity consoled it, and in an unpublished letter, one of the last he wrote, he foretels, (oh vain prophecy!) that in the grave his country would do him justice—*Extinctus amabitur idem*. Alas, poor Curran! how little did he think that even for that grave he should be indebted to England, while the hollow blusterers of his native land were weeping away their “Irish hearts” over the *failure of a half-crown subscription for his bust!* But happy is he that his resting place was distant—it did not reverberate the apostate shout which cheered the destroyers of Ireland’s independence.

Attached to this faction, in a great degree, is the Catholic priesthood—not as participating in their political opinions, but as looking up to them for the continuance of a spiritual despotism. The priesthood and this party depend mutually on each other. The priest possesses an unlimited dominion over his flock, which it has been the inviolable policy of every projected relief-bill to undermine—the “leader” makes such clause the, at least, nominal motive for his dissent; talks of his holy Church and his unbroken hierarchy; and calls upon the clergy to unfurl the “oriflame,” beneath which he invokes the double crown of a patriot and a martyr! The call echoes through the “holy of holies;” the man of God and the man of the people loudly reciprocate the most nauseous adulation—

while the first is only struggling for his saintly despotism, and the last for that bad and frail ascendancy which has been raised by the storm, and must sink at its subsiding. It is amusing enough, to one who is in the secret, to read the eulogiums of the Catholic leader upon his ecclesiastical co-partner. They are in the finest strain of Hibernian hyperbole. According to them, he has all the simplicity of a saint, the fortitude of a martyr, the temperance of an anchorite, and the self-devotion of an apostle! Job's patience, Solomon's wisdom, David's inspiration, Paul's eloquence, and Peter's orthodoxy, combine in the titular descendants of Saint Patrick, according to the rank of a Popish radical. If they do, however, most assuredly, in the phrase of a learned professor of chemistry in Dublin, "they *mutually devour* one another." The truth is, the Irish priesthood of the present day is divided into two classes; those who graduated in the Continental nurseries, and those to whom the policy of later times has given a domestic education at Maynooth. The latter are by no means an improvement. Gloomy, fanatic, and intolerant, they have all the pride, without the learning, of the cloister—the pedantry of the schools contracts their understanding, and the discipline of the Church formalizes their manners. They are, however, certainly zealous in their vocation, and their dictatorial solemnity sustains the rank which a kindred vulgarity might otherwise diminish in the minds of their congregation. The old school, of whom, however, but few now remain, were equally zealous, and much less repulsive. A foreign education sweetened their brogue and softened their manners, and gave them an air of the world unimagined even by their successors. It was from this class of the priesthood that the dramatist borrowed the character of *Father Luke*, and most faithfully has he adhered to his original. Social, but mysterious—convivial, but authoritative—and per-

fectly impartial where his interests are not concerned, he still rigidly supports his spiritual ascendancy, and to this he makes, by a sort of prescription, every thing temporal pay tribute. The dairy and the barn-door furnish his table; the hen-roost makes his breakfast an *ovation*; and the produce of the mountain still pays willing duty to his reverence's cellar. But, notwithstanding all this, even in his liveliest "*jobations*," he never for a moment forgets the secret of his supremacy. Whether over the "brown jug" negotiating a marriage, or in his black satin breeches and bright top-boots, waddling forth to hold the village "station," every turn seems to announce to the conceding crowd, "you know I'm *your priest*, and *your conscience is mine*,"—an intimation never either denied or doubted. His very horse (and he requires a good one) shares his master's sleekness—shining under the potentate of modern Rome, he need not envy even the consular dignities which its ancient liberality destined for his ancestor. It is not to be wondered at that this body, at present actually despotic in their parishes, should loudly declaim against any emancipatory innovation in any way affecting their authority. They do accordingly, and with all their lungs; but they are, of course, too cunning to place it on any ground of individual interest—quite the contrary. They resort to the first ages of the Church, invoke their holy saints and fathers, supplicate, in preference, the penal re-enactments, refer to their "unbroken hierarchy," their mountain-vigils, their bog-masses, their unknown fasts, and invoke the pains of martyrdom,

"Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,"

rather than so heathenish and impious an emancipation. The poor peasant, alarmed at dangers which he does not understand, and proud of the submission which is the purchase of heaven, echoes his pastor with an accordant howl, which is instantly reverberated by the radical leader in the name of

the true church and the majesty of the people ! This faction, the reader must see, however contemptible in their individual capacities, are yet most formidable in the aggregate. Agitation is the element in which they thrive, and they are perpetually on the watch for grievances ;—like sea-birds in a storm, they see them in the wind, and try to outshriek its roaring. However, with the selfishness of the priesthood, and the ignorance of the people for their instruments, they can never be at a loss to excite the country, so long as civil discontent and religious bigotry will ferment together. To this party the King paid no particular attention, though by every ostentation of loyalty, and in every key of vociferous servility, they incessantly implored it. The King has the reputation of much natural sagacity, and doubtless appreciated those new-born professions at their proper value ; but the slight has sunk barbed into the nature that never forgives, where it will fester and rankle until time shall give its poison an opportunity of being infectious. It gives one, however, but a poor opinion of humanity to see the very same persons who, without having done her any service, persecuted the Queen for her official favours, bellowing, before her corpse was cold, in the train of her antagonists.

Such were the parties who alternately misgoverned and disturbed Ireland at the moment of his Majesty's arrival ; and it requires but little skill to foresee that their suspension of hostilities, or rather their sudden and miraculous unanimity, is not to be calculated on for any great duration. The interests of some, and the personal affection of others, for the King, produced the demonstration ; but it is at best only the "*mala sarta amicitia*." If a stranger to Ireland requires any proof of this, he will find it in the hollow and heartless acclamations which have hailed the arrival of some of the King's attendants. If there ever was a measure which before temporarily united the opposing factions, it was the measure of the UNION. They poured upon it their unanimous execration, denounced it as a calamity which laid their inde-

pendence in the dust, and through each succeeding year have held it up as the bane of their prosperity, and the annihilation of their name. And yet, in twenty years after it passed—even in that very city which it had chiefly prostrated, whose mansions it had untenanted, whose merchants it had impoverished, whose streets it had depopulated, and whose splendour, as the seat of legislation, it had eclipsed for ever—even there, the reviled author of that measure was so hailed by the plaudits of radical consistency, that if he did not altogether supersede the Sovereign, he may, at least, now with truth exclaim—

"*Divisum imperium cum Jove—habui !—*"

However, Sir, even confiding in, which I do not, the superlative raptures which have arisen from the royal visit, it appears to me impossible that all their prospective visions can be realized. Ireland may have been flattered by the King's attention, but the King cannot have been informed by such a journey. It is not amid the parade of a triumphal entry, or at corporation shows and college dinners, that the wants and interests of such a country are to be learned. Dublin, all beauty without, and all poverty within—like the statue in Lucian, with its polished surface of Parian splendour and its interior filled with rags and wretchedness, is but a deceitful specimen of the state of Ireland, particularly when she is blazing in the transient rays of an imported Court, and peopled with the train of foreign ambassadors. To know Ireland, the monarch should have gone unattended through its provinces—he should have seen its "*deserted villages*"—its roofless manufactories—its shipless harbours—its ragged, dispirited, discouraged peasantry, surrendering to the agent of some absentee landlord the worthless pittance which the tithe-proctor had spared, and taking refuge from thought in eternal intoxication ;—he should have seen the adverse bigots, waging their impious battle over the polluted altars of a common faith—he should have gone into the crowded prisons and into the continual barracks, and cursed the instruments, and wept over

the victims of coercion—he should have asked whether the stations under him, from the highest to the lowest, were distributed according to merit, or interest, or corruption—he should have inquired why it was, that all the names of which the country can be proud—the Burkes, the Goldsmiths, the Moores, with a long train of etceteras in arts, and arms, and politics, have been obliged to migrate into distant lands, leaving the honours and emoluments of their own to those who have less spirit and more subserviency. He

should have done this to know even something of Ireland—and, when all this knowledge was acquired, amply sufficient would then remain behind to satisfy curiosity during the next promised triennial visitation. If the royal affection for Ireland is as sincere as it appears to be, and indeed there can be no reason to doubt it, these inquiries once acted on would produce to the country results the most beneficial, and to the King himself reflections the most delightful.—*New Mon. Mag. Oct.*

Voyages, &c.

(Literary Gazette.)

VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cape Edgecombe ; Navigation.—The precautions of the Russians to prevent Trade. Return to the Columbia.—Trading Expedition along shore to the Southward.—Natives near Cape Orford—The Coast to the south.—Port Trinidad ; the Natives there ; Misunderstanding ; Traffic ; Decorum of the Females ; their Dress ; extraordinary Tattooing of the Tongue, &c. ; Massacre of a Spanish Crew ; Character of the People ; Difficulties in getting out the Vessel.—Arrive at Bodago Bay.—The Russians and Natives.—Account of the Russian Settlement on the New Albion.—Prodigious Vegetation.

CAPE Edgecombe is in latitude $57^{\circ} 2'$ north, and longitude $135^{\circ} 34'$ and is a remarkably high bluff cape, with a mountain just above it, called Mount Edgecombe, from which it takes its name. It has been a burning mountain, and is quite flat on the top, which is constantly covered with snow. Ships bound to this sound from the southward, and coming in by point Woodhouse, which is the south point of the sound, must not approach nearer the point than three miles, as there is a sunken rock on which the sea sometimes breaks, and is very dangerous ; the course from here to the light-house is north, which will take you clear from all dangers. The Russians never keep a light in the light-house unless they see a ship in the offing before dark. The sound is full of islands, and on the south side there are some hot

springs. The gun-boats are continually going round it to protect the hunters and fishermen ; to carry in any canoes they may find with furs, and make prisoners of the men till they are ransomed by their friends. Whenever we arrived or sailed, we had several of the Russian boats about us to prevent the Indians from coming off to trade ; but sometimes in the night they contrived to elude their vigilance, and get on board to traffic with us. We had variable winds and bad weather all the passage to the river, where we at length arrived June 12, 1817, and came to under the fort in our old birth, sent the islanders on shore, and commenced landing our cargo. July 12, after as usual, completing our wood and water, we took some goods on board for the southward, and sailed to see what we could do in the way of trade with the Indians on New Albion. The American brig *Alexander* arrived here from America with stores for the settlement. She took on board the furs for Canton, and ran out of the river in company with us. We parted outside ; they stood to the northward and we to the southward along shore. On the 14th we saw Cape Orford bearing S. E. seven leagues ; the nearest land two miles, latitude 43° north ; observed many smokes on shore. About noon several canoes came off within hail of

the ship; we waved to them to come closer, which they did, displaying green boughs and bunches of white feathers; they stopped paddling, and one man, whom we took to be a chief, stood up and made a long speech, which we did not understand. We then waved a white flag, and they immediately pulled for the ship, singing all the way. When they came along side we gave them a rope, and made signs for them to come on board, which nothing could induce them to do; they seemed quite terrified, and after handing some land-furs on board, for which we gave them beads and knives, they seemed well pleased, and made signs that if we came nearer the shore, they would bring us plenty. They also brought some berries, fish, and handsome baskets for sale. These men were tall and well-formed, their garments made of dressed deer-skins, with a small round hat, in shape of a buskin, that fitted close round the head; none of the women made their appearance. Their canoes do not seem to be so well constructed as the canoes in the Columbia, which cannot be occasioned by want of material, as the country appears to be well wooded. We observed a bay which looked well sheltered from the N. W. winds. About four o'clock the natives left the ship singing, and, when they got to a certain distance, made another long speech.

Next morning we ran in, and lay-to off an Indian village, to the southward of Cape Orford; saw many natives on the shore, but it blew too hard for them to launch their canoes: we intended to have anchored here, there being, apparently, a snug, well-sheltered bay, from all but the S. W., but it was too rough to send the boat from the ship to sound it; we therefore filled and run along shore, at the distance of three miles. The land had a very fine appearance, the hills well wooded, and the plains covered with Indian huts. Towards night, the gale increased so much, that we were obliged to haul off under close reefed main top-sail and fore-top-sail, and, before morning, had to lay-to under bare poles. On the 24th a breeze sprung up, and we made sail for Port

Trinidad, in latitude $41^{\circ} 3'$, and longitude $123^{\circ} 54'$ west; hauled into a small sandy bay, where we moored, sheltered from all winds, a few ships' lengths from the shore, in 9 fathoms sandy bottom. This bay is full of high rocks, which are always covered with birds, and round it are scattered many Indian villages. We had scarcely time to moor before we were surrounded with canoes; we triced our boarding nets up, and shut all our ports but one, at which the natives entered, keeping all the canoes on the starboard side; and, as the Indians came on board, we took their bows and daggers from them, at which they seemed much displeased. One man, (a chief) would not give up his dagger, and we pushed him back into his canoe; upon which he immediately strung his bow, and pointed an arrow at me, as being the most active in sending him out of the ship. In an instant he had several muskets pointed at him, upon seeing which, he lost no time in laying his bow down. Shortly after he came on board, and seemed sorry for what he had done, and made a present of a fine bow. Every thing being thus settled, we gave them some bread and molasses, of which they eat heartily. We then commenced trading, and got a few land-furs, which they brought off, for pieces of iron-hoop, cut into six-inch lengths. They also brought us plenty of red deer and berries. In the afternoon, some women made their appearance: the people offered them blankets and axes, but nothing could tempt them to come on board. This is the only place on the coast where we could not induce the females to visit the ship. It appears that these natives have not had much communication with Europeans, as they do not know the use of fire-arms; nor have they any iron among them. Their daggers are made of a sort of flint stone, and they are clothed in dressed leather apparel, prettily ornamented with shells. The women wear a very finely dressed leather petticoat, which reaches half way down the leg, and a square garment of the same thrown loosely over the shoulders.

Their tongues and chins are tattooed ; the former is quite black, the latter in stripes. Whether this is considered a mark of beauty or not I cannot tell ; but the women here are in general very handsome and well made. We saw a cross on shore fixed there by the Spaniards many years ago, when there was a Spanish launch driven on shore, and the Indians massacred the whole crew. The different tribes in this bay are always at war with each other ; they never met on board, and if the tribe which was on board trading, saw another tribe approaching, they immediately went on shore to protect their wives and property. They all seem to be a brave, warlike people. Their canoes are by far the safest I ever saw on the coast, being from 16 to 20 feet long, and from 6 to 8 feet broad, square at both ends and flat bottomed. They have ridges inside about a foot apart, which look exactly like the timbers of a boat, and serve to strengthen them very much. The only words of this tongue we could pick up was, *I ai guai*, which is a term of friendship, and *chilese*, which means barter. When they speak they put the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and utter sounds as if their mouth were full. After having bought all the furs here, on the 24th of July we weighed anchor, and after encountering considerable difficulties, owing to the bad weather, succeeded in getting out. This was fortunate, as, had we gone on shore, (there not being the least shelter in this part of the bay,) the Indians were ready to receive and massacre us, for they are, without exception, the most savage tribes on all the coast.

Having stood out to sea, we deepened our water to 45 fathoms, when the wind died away, the sea setting us fast on to the shore ; we had but one bower anchor and stream left, and, to crown all, it came on a thick fog. We spent a most anxious night, sounding from

40 to 20 fathoms. We could hear the sea break on the beach very distinctly ; the order was given to stand by our best bower anchor, when it pleased God to send a fine breeze from the N. W. and deliver us from our dangerous situation. Next day, July 26, found our bowsprit sprung, and determined to run to Bodago-bay and fish it ; stood along shore accordingly, and on the 28th got off the settlement, fired a gun, and several bodarkees came off bringing with them fresh pork and vegetables. The natives also visited us in their canoes, which are nothing more than several large bundles of rushes lashed together.

The Russian establishment on the coast of New Albion is in latitude 38° 30', about four leagues to the northward of this fine bay and harbour called Bodago, where they have a large store.* Here their ships generally call and sometimes winter, there being no shelter for ships off the establishment. The reason for their having it so far from the harbour is the scarcity of timber, which is very necessary in the forming of a settlement, and where they now are, the country is covered with fine oak, ash, and pine timber, fit for ship building. They had on the stocks, and nearly fit for launching, a fine brig of 150 tons, built of good oak. They get excellent hemp on the coast of California, and make good rope. This settlement consists of about 100 houses and huts, with a small fort on the point, and about 500 inhabitants, Russians and Codiacks. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, growing excellent wheat, potatoes, hemp, and all kinds of vegetables ; and the soil so rich as to produce (as already mentioned) two crops in the year. I have seen radishes that weighed from one pound to twenty-eight pounds, and much thicker than a stout man's thigh, and quite good all through, without being the least spongy. They have a

* The Russian American Company have, within these few weeks, as we learn by a letter from Petersburg, received news from their colonies in Sitka, that there were to the north of Behring's Straights, under 67° north latitude, several Russian families who had been cast on these parts by a storm more than a century ago. The company expects shortly to receive particular accounts respecting these descendants from shipwrecked Russians. ED.

large stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs; and seem to be in the most flourishing condition under the direction of governor Kutzkoff. Hence hunters are sent down the coast of California for the purpose of taking the sea otter, which are very plentiful along the coast. The

colony also sends a vessel to Norfolk-sound once a year, with the furs collected, and with wheat and hemp. Norfolk-sound is the principal depot; from thence the furs are sent to Kamscatka.

Varieties.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, &c.

(English Magazines, October, 1821.)

POPE said on the 10th of May, 1744,—“One of the things that I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago; for I lost my mind for a whole day.” This was on the previous Sunday, May 6.

On 15th,—“I am so certain of the soul’s being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition.” After having received the last Sacrament, he said, “There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.” His death, on the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening, was so easy, that it was imperceptible to standers by.—*Spence.*

Garth and Swift have mentioned John Wesley with contempt, and Pope introduced him in the Dunciad in company with Watts. Both names were erased in the subsequent editions. Pope felt ashamed of having spoken injuriously of such a man as Dr. Watts, who was entitled to high respect for his talents, and to admiration for his innocent and holy life; and he had become intimate with Samuel Wesley the younger.—*Southey’s Wesley, II. p. 621.*

John Wesley in the middle of life married Mrs. Vizelle, a widow who had four children;—she personally vexed and ill-treated him; and at length, in his absence, seized on his journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she intended never to return. He simply states the fact in his journal, saying, that he knew not what the cause had been,—and he briefly adds, “*Non eam reliqui, non*

dismisi, non revocabo,—I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her.”

The term *Trinity* was first adopted in the 3d Century, although the principle of faith had commenced long before.

The practice of marrying by a *ring* for the female was adopted from the Romans;—the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benediction was crowned with flowers.

The inverted *cibonium* or *cupola*, like that of St. Paul’s Cathedral, was originally copied from the shell containing the seeds of the *colocasia* or Egyptian bean; was used to cover holy shrines,—and since, to cover churches.

To complete a Moorish lady’s dress, she tinges her eye-lids with *alkahol*, the powder of lead ore; this is done by dipping a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill into the powder, and then drawing it through the eye-lids over the ball of the eye.—See Jeremiah iv. 30; “So did Jezebel (2 Kings xi. 30); she set off her eyes with the powder of lead ore.”—See Ezek. xxiii. 40. Dr. Shaw saw one of these bodkins as taken out of the catacombs at Sahara in Egypt.

Maundrel says, that Tripoli is composed of Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus, which stood very near to each other, and are encircled by this new city, whose name implies *three* cities or people.

The Egyptians wrote on linen, as appears by the bandages on their mummies, the cloth being first painted over. Moses may have written on such a cloth, not liable to crack when folded. Papyrus was not known till after the

building of Alexandria.—Parchment was adopted by Eumenes in the second Century before Christ. (*Harmer*.) Nearchus, who accompanied Alexander, found the Indians writing on linen or cotton cloth, and that their characters were beautiful.—*Arrian*, 717.

Dr. Campbell thought that the Greeks knew nothing of the Hebrews till after the Macedonian conquest nor of the Pentateuch and Hebrew writings till after the translation of the Septuagint.—*Essay on Miracles*.

The stories of the Dead Sea are all contradicted by Dr. Clarke; for its salubrity, fish, shores, fertility, &c. he vouches. It has been mistaken for a lake of the same name near Babylon.

St. Jerom passed great part of his life at Bethlehem, of whom Erasmus said, "Quis docet apertius? quis delectat urbanius,—quis movet efficacius,—quis laudat candidius,—quis suadet gravius,—quis hortatur ardentius?"

In the highest luxury of imperial Rome, the price of admission to the Theatre (where any was paid) was no more than one eighth of an English penny!

During the time of our commonwealth, when the Established Church lost its authority and sanctity, it was customary for the banns of marriage to be proclaimed on three market days in Newgate Market, and afterwards the parties were married at the Church, and the Register states, that they were married at the place of meeting called the Church.—*See the Register of St. Andrew, Holborn, during those years*.

Cæsar's celebrated Letter to the Senate, *Veni, vidi, vici*, was written upon his victory over Pharnaces, after ter five days battle, A.U.C. 707.

Written under a whole-length portrait of Beau Nash at Bath, between two busts of Locke and Pope:

"This picture plac'd these busts between,
Give Satire its whole strength,
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Urbanity is an indigenous plant of England.

An able translator will do his best to be as just to his original, as the impression is to the seal.—*Middleton*.

A very philosophical writer having the misfortune of a wife of very unpleasant temper, was one day visited by a scholar of one of our Universities, when, in the midst of a deep discussion, they heard upon the staircase leading to his study door a violent quarrel between her and one of her servants, and in an instant she burst into the room, but instantly retreated on finding that her husband was engaged. The scholar started from his chair, and said to his friend, "What can be the cause of all this distress?" "Oh, sit down," said the philosopher very calmly, "I cannot discover the origin of evil!"

Rousseau is said to have carried an Ode to Voltaire for perusal, addressed to posterity; and pressed Voltaire for his free opinion of it. Voltaire having read it, said it contained some good lines, but regretted that those to whom it was addressed, would never read it.

In seeking superior aid in our troubles and anxieties, we seldom apply to the first cause, until we find secondary causes fail us; which marks our extreme ignorance and ingratitude.

Pekin is now the largest city in the world, and contains, according to Anderson, a space of nine miles every way.

W. Whiston counted the period of the end of the world to be 20 years from his own time, A. D. 1712; and yet (as it is said) asked 30 years purchase for an estate which he had to sell.

Rev. D. Mathias, Rector of St. Mary, Whitechapel, attended a poor woman who had been delivered of four male children at one birth; they all did well, and he baptized them—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John: and a similar fact had occurred to him before, when he held a curacy in Leicestershire.

In 1785, the conflicting principles between Lord Fitzgibbon and Mr. Curran broke forth into personal hostility. Fitzgibbon called Curran a puny babler; and he retorted, by telling him that his argument was more like the paltry quibble of a lawyer than the reasoning of a statesman, and his language more like that of an Attorney Particular than Attorney General;—and then they went out like true Irish debaters, and finished the dispute by firing a brace of

pistols at each other,—but left the field, unlike Irish combatants, with sentiments of unabated hostility.—*Life of Curran. Ed. Rev. 1820.*

Dr. Franklin's Morning Prayer:—
"O powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest, strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continual favours to me?"

President West being subject to the gout, it attacked his right hand while he was painting his great picture of Death on the pale Horse; but this did not check his ardour; for he proceeded with his left hand, and the whole was finished by himself without any assistance.

Some conversation having occurred on the indelicacies of the attitudes in the waltz, a lady remarked that they formed a part of the liberties of the press.

Professor Porson having been asked his opinion of Southey's "Madoc," replied, "It is a poem which will be read when Pope, and Swift, and Addison, and the best poets of England, shall be forgotten,—but not before."

Pope says,

"Unthought-of follies cheat us in the wise."

Who would have thought that Locke loved romances, that Newton once studied astrology, and that Dr. S. Clarke prided himself in agility, and leaped over his tables and chairs!

The greatest mass of silver is said by Albinus, in his Chronicle of the Mines of Misnia, to have been found at Schneeberg in 1478; it weighed by computation about 400 quintals. Albert de Saxe who went down into the mine, dined upon an enormous block, observing to the company there, that "the Emperor Frederick is a powerful Monarch, but he does not keep so rich a table as I do."

Natural History.

ELECTRIC EEL.*

An electric eel (*Gymnotus Electricus*) was lately brought to Paris from America, and, in trying upon it the experiments of M. Humboldt, a very singular occurrence took place. Several naturalists had already subjected themselves to electric shocks, more or less violent, by touching the fish, which is of the size of a large eel, when Dr. Janin de Saint Jusk seized it with both his hands, and was rewarded with a succession of shocks more severe than Volta's pile would have given. Indeed, he was exposed to real danger, in consequence of finding it impossible to loose his hold of the animal, notwithstanding its every motion agitated his whole frame to an excessive degree. An involuntary contraction forced him to grasp it with supernatural strength, and the more he grasped, the more dreadful did the electrical shocks become. They extorted from him the most agonizing cries, which alarmed all present, including Messrs. Alibert, Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, Serre, and Larrey, who were even afraid for his life, as it is probable, had he continued long in the situation, that death must have ensued. No one knew how to assist him. "Let go, let go!" they cried, but he had not the power to follow their advice. Happily it occurred to him to replunge the eel into its tub, and scarcely were his hands wetted, when the contact of the water (acting as a conductor) enabled him to let his enemy slip.

Captain Steadman in his "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the revolted Negroes of Surinam," relates, that on waking about four o'clock one morning in his hammock, he was extremely alarmed at finding himself weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. "The mystery was," continues Captain S.

* Our readers may remember that, according to Mr. Todd's experiments, (in 1817) the intensity of the shocks given by the torpedo bore no relation to the size of the fish, but an evident relation to its *liveliness* and to the *degree of irritation caused by preserving, pricking, or squeezing the animal*. This Dr. Janin has sensibly demonstrated. The eel discharges the electric fluid in self defence; and it is probable the Paris specimen will not long survive the copious emission.—*Ed.*

“that I had been bitten by the *Vampire* or *Spectre* of Guiana, which is also called the *Flying Dog* of New Spain, and by the Spaniards, *Perrovolador*. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and ham-mock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night.”

ACCOMPLISHED SHOPLIFTER.

A young gentleman lately residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a handsome spaniel bitch, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere his new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished and teased by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving, at length, that the animal proceeded systematically, in this sort of behaviour, he used to amuse his friends, by causing the spaniel to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have

been bestowed to qualify the animal for these practices. As soon as the master entered the shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him, but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated by a touch on the parcel and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, watching the counter, until she observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so, as she imagined unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to her, and escape from the shop to join her master.

SUPERNATURAL WARNING.

The age of superstition is past, and there are few, except in the lower rank of society, who will now give credit to improbable tales, however well they may be persuaded of the respectability of their source, unless they have the means of being acquainted with their truth and authenticity. Superstition, however has still her votaries; and in spite of the enlightened and civilized state of society, at the present time, there are few who will not feel some interest at the recital of a story, in which any thing connected with supernatural agency is introduced, and more particularly so when that story is in the most remote manner founded on fact. The tale I am about to narrate deviates but very slightly from one which has been well authenticated, and at the time when it was fresh upon our memory, was almost universally believed.

A young gentleman by the name of C—, was, some years ago residing with a clergyman in the North of England, for the purpose of completing his education. He was heir to a large fortune, particularly amiable, of a lively disposition, gay in his manners, and entirely free from any taint of superstitious belief. He was strong and healthy, and very unlikely, in any manner to give credit to the workings of his imagination, or to believe in dreams. I mention this because there are some people whose weak state of

health, or whose melancholy disposition might make them more liable to be exposed to the impression produced by any sudden alarm, or any unusual agitation. One morning, however, at breakfast, his haggard and pale looks, and thoughtful manner, attracted the attention of his friends, who were accustomed to see him animated and healthy; and upon their pressing him to account for this sudden alteration, he confessed that he had, during the night, had a dream, which had made so strong an impression upon him, that he could not drive it from his thoughts. He said that he had seen a young woman enter his room softly, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other; that she made several attempts to stab him, but upon his resistance she had disappeared. He then described her person and dress, both of which, he said, were so deeply impressed upon his memory, that they never could be effaced.

His friends treated the matter lightly, and endeavoured to ridicule him for giving so much credit to a dream; and Mr. C—— himself, as if ashamed of his weakness, tried to banish it from his thoughts. Several months passed away, and he resumed his usual gaiety of manner; every thing appeared forgotten; and when his dream intruded itself upon his recollection, he laughed at himself for having ever thought of such a trifle.

Years had elapsed, and Mr. G—— having come into the possession of a large property, proposed to an intimate friend to visit the Continent. They left England together; and after having travelled through most of the countries in Europe, were returning home in the autumn of——. A long and tedious day's journey brought them very late one evening to a retired village on the borders of Hungary; there was but one inn in the place, and that, from its appearance did not promise them very comfortable accommodation. However, they had no choice; it was too late to proceed, and they alighted. There was nothing remarkable in their reception; they were proceeding to the apartment which was allotted to them, when Mr. C——

suddenly stopped short, and uttered a scream of horror; his friend ran to his assistance, surprised at an emotion for which he could not account, but Mr. C——, having closed the door, immediately related the circumstances of the dream which had made so much impression upon him some years before, adding, at the same time, that the female servant who had lighted them up stairs, was the same person, both in face, appearance, and dress, who had appeared to him in his vision. The sudden and unexpected recollection of a circumstance which had been so long forgotten, could not fail to agitate Mr. C—— exceedingly; but as there was nothing suspicious in the manners of the inhabitants of the inn, the friends retired to rest, having first taken care to fasten the door, and place their pistols near them.

Overcome by the fatigue of travelling, they were soon both asleep; but Mr. C—— awaking suddenly, beheld, to his extreme horror, the same woman standing over him, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other, having the blade directed towards his breast, apparently about to strike. In his agony of horror, he uttered a scream, which awoke his friend, who springing from his bed, was just in time to catch her arm. * * * *

FORMATION OF MISTS IN PARTICULAR SITUATIONS.

By Sir Humphrey Davy, bart.

All persons who have been accustomed to the observation of Nature, must have frequently witnessed the formation of mists over the beds of rivers and lakes in calm and clear weather after sun-set; and whoever has considered these phenomena in relation to the radiation and communication of heat and nature of vapour, since the publication of the researches of M. M. Rumford, Leslie, Dalton, and Wells, can hardly have failed to discover the true cause of them. As, however, I am not aware that any work has yet been published in which this cause is fully discussed, and it involves rather complicated principles, I shall make no apology for offering a few remarks on the subject to the Royal Society.

As soon as the Sun has disappeared from any part of the globe, the surface begins to lose heat by radiation, and in greater proportion as the sky is clearer; but the land and water are cooled by this operation in a very different manner; the impression of cooling on the land is limited to the surface and very slowly transmitted to the

interior ; whereas, in water above 40 deg. Fahrenheit, as soon as the upper stratum is cooled, whether by radiation or evaporation, it sinks in the mass of fluid, and its place is supplied by warmer waters from below ; and till the temperature of the whole mass is reduced nearly to 40 deg. F. the surface cannot be the coolest part. It follows, therefore, that wherever water exists in considerable masses, and has a temperature nearly equal to that of the land, or only a few degrees below it, and above 45 deg. F. at sun-set, its surface during the night, in calm and clear weather, will be warmer than that of the contiguous land ; and the air above the land will necessarily be cooler than that above the water ; and when they both contain their due proportion of aqueous vapour, and the situation of the ground is such as to permit the cold air from the land to mix with the warmer air above the water, mist or fog will be the result ; which will be so much greater in quantity, as the land surrounding or inclosing the water is higher, the water deeper, and the temperature of the water, which will coincide with the quantity or strength of vapour in the air above it, greater.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

Mr. TRENCALYE, vicar-general of Digne, has sent the following narrative to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. He remarks that the lightning struck the church, while the bells were ringing.

The village of Chateaufort is situated in the commune of Digne, in the department of the Lower Alps, south-east of the little town of Moustiers, which is known for a very excellent manufactory of earthenware. The village stands on the extreme point of one of the first Alps, which rise amphitheatrically above Moustiers. It contains beside the church and parsonage, fourteen houses, on an eminence which is cut off by the angles of two other mountains, one to the east, and the other to the west. The interval which divides the village from the mountain to the east, is so narrow and deep, that the sight of it inspires terror : 105 scattered huts, chiefly on the east side of the mountain, contains a population of 500 souls. Sunday, July 11, 1819, M. Salome, clergyman of Moustiers and episcopal commissioner, came to Chateaufort to induct a new rector. About half an hour past ten, the procession went from the parsonage to the church. The weather was fine, only there were some heavy clouds in the sky. The new rector had begun the celebration of mass. A young man, eighteen years of age, was singing the epistle, when three claps of thunder were heard, instantaneously succeeding each other. The mass-book was torn out of his hands, and rent to pieces ; he felt the flame on his body, which soon caught him by the neck. At first, he cried aloud ; but, he now closed his mouth by an involuntary motion, was thrown down, and rolled towards the people assembled in the church, who also sunk

upon the ground, and were cast out of the door of the church—(Toutes les personnes rassemblees dans l'église avoient été terrassées et jetées ainsi hors la porte.) As soon as he came to himself, he returned into the church, where he found the clergyman of Moustiers quite senseless. He immediately called to his assistance some persons who were only slightly wounded : they lifted up the clergyman, extinguished his upper garments, which were burning, and by means of vinegar, restored him to his senses in two hours. He vomited a considerable quantity of blood. He affirmed, that he had not heard the thunder, and indeed knew nothing of what had passed. He was carried to the parsonage house. The electric fluid had struck the upper part of the gold trimming of his stole, whence it descended, tore off one of his shoes, which it threw to the other end of the church, and broke the metal buckle. The chair on which he sat was also broken to pieces.

On the second day after the event, the clergyman was conveyed to his own house at Moustiers, where it was two months before his wounds were perfectly healed. He had a wound, some fingers broad, on the right shoulder, another extended from the middle of the back part of the right upper arm to the middle of the exterior side of the lower arm ; and a third deep wound went from the middle of the back part of the left upper arm, to the middle of the back part of the lower arm, on the same side ; a fourth, less considerable and shallower, was on the outer side of the lower part of the left shoulder ; and a fifth on the upper lip, near the nose. He was tormented for nearly two months, by a total deprivation of sleep ; he felt his arms lamed, and since that time always suffers by the changes of the weather.

A little child was torn from its mother's arms, and thrown to the distance of six paces : it recovered in the open air. The legs of every individual felt lamed : the terrified woman presented a dismal spectacle. The church was filled with a thick black smoke, so that objects could only be distinguished by the glare of the flames, proceeding from the clothes which the lightning had set on fire.

Eight persons were killed upon the spot. A young woman, of nineteen years of age, was carried home in a state of insensibility, and died the following morning, in dreadful agonies, as her loud lamentations evinced. The number of the killed was therefore nine, and that of the wounded, 82.

The priest who read mass was not touched by the lightning, probably because he wore a silk dress.

All the dogs that were in the church were found dead, in the positions in which they were at the moment. A woman who was in a hut, on the Barbin mountain, to the west, saw three masses of fire descend in rapid succession, which seemed as if they would destroy the whole village. It is probable the lightning first struck the cross on the steeple.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1822.

[NO. 7.]

(From the London Time's Telescope.)

January.

How faint the light! how thick the air!
Lo, armed with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce *Winter* desolates the year.—
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
Black storms involve the low'ring sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Akenside.

DELIGHTFUL as is the aspect of nature, under the warmth, and splendour, and genial influence of a summer sun, most persons look forward with pleasure to those seasons, when the falling leaf or *drifting snow* draws closer the family circle, and ushers in that *social and intellectual intercourse* which constitutes the dearest charm, and, next to religion, the highest privilege of human existence. When all without is wrapped in darkness, and the freezing blast howls eager for entrance round your dwelling, with what enjoyment do its inmates crowd to the cheerful hearth, and, as the flame grows brighter on their cheeks, listen, with a sensation of self-gratulating security, to the storm that shakes their solid roof. It is here that the power of contrast is experienced in all its force; not only in reference to the exposure, fatigues, and hazards, which may have been actually incurred ere the daylight closed; but imagination is at work to paint the lot of those less fortunate than ourselves, and who, still exposed to all the horrors of the storm, feel the bitterness of their destiny augmented by intrusive recol-

2H ATHENEUM VOL. 10.

lections of domestic ease and fire-side enjoyments.

The pleasures and gratifications which flow from the *Fire-side*, may be considered as almost peculiar to these islands. In warmer climates the aid of fire is demanded for little else than culinary purposes; whilst in the northern regions of continental Europe, the gloomy and unsocial stove forms, in general, the only medium through which the rigours of winter are mitigated. To the enlivening blaze, and the clean swept hearth, and to all the numerous comforts, which, in this country, so usually wait upon their junction, they are perfect strangers.

Winter, thou daughter of the storm,
I love thee when the day is o'er,
Spite of the tempest's outward roar;
Queen of the tranquil joys that weave
The charm around the sudden eve;
The thick'ning footsteps thro' the gloom,
Telling of those we love come home;
The candles lit, the cheerful board,
The dear domestic group restored;
The fire that shows the looks of glee,
The infants standing at our knee;
The busy news, the sportive tongue,
The laugh that makes us still feel young;
The health to those we love, that now
Are far as ocean winds can blow;
The health to those that with us grew,
And still stay with us tried and true;
The wife that makes life glide away,
One long and lovely marriage day.
Then music comes till—round us creep
The infant list'ners half asleep;
And busy tongues are loud no more,
And, *Winter*, thy sweet eve is o'er.

Of the *uses of snow*, we have spoken at large in our former volumes; of its beautiful appearance, and of its attendants, *frost* and *ice*, we will now add the description in the language of an elegant writer. 'The very *frost* itself is a world of pleasure and fairy beauty. The *snow* dances down to earth, filling all the airy vacancy with a giddy whiteness; and, minutely inspected, every particle is a crystal star. The *ice* (hereafter destined to temper duleet creams for us in the heat of summer) affords a new and rare pastime for the skaiter, almost next to flying; or suddenly succeeding to rain, strikes the trees and the grasses into silver. But what can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window, occasioned by the *hoar frost* or frozen dew? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night to surprise an Eastern sultan, he could not produce any thing like the pearly drops, or the silvery plumage. An ordinary bed of greens will sometimes look like crisp and corrugated emerald, powdered with diamonds.'

Of all our animals called vermin, none seem more admirably fitted for their predatory life than the martin cat (*mustela martis*;) it is sufficiently strong in body, remarkably quick and active in all its motions, with an eye so clear and perspective, and so moveable in its orbit, that nothing can stir without detection; and is apparently endowed with a sense of smelling as acute as its other faculties. Its feet are beautifully formed, not treading upright on the ball, like the domestic cat, or fox, but sloping to the ground, having the balls deeply imbedded in the softest and most elastic hair, that the tread of the animal, even upon decayed leaves, is hardly audible; and it steals upon its prey without any noise betraying its approach. The fur is remarkably fine, apparently filled with a medullary matter; the skin unusually thin and flexible, impeding none of its agile movements, and all combining to render the martin a most destructive creature. In winter it lives in hollow trees, warmly imbedded in dry foliage: in the more genial seasons he often sleeps by day in the

old nest of a kite or a buzzard, where his dormitory is occasionally betrayed by the chattering of magpies and crows. Their numbers are but small, our woods in England being too easily penetrated to afford the martin any thing like permanent shelter; and the race is only continued, with probably an annual diminution. We have heard that the sum of three shillings has been offered for his pads only! probably to be used by the gilders.

The utility of worms in manuring the soil is so obvious, that perhaps we might venture to say that land frequented by them in any number could hardly be barren; they not only draw into their holes from the surface decayed vegetable matter, which thus rots and nourishes the roots of plants, but the substance which they eat is returned from their bodies (forming what is called 'worm casts') in a state peculiarly fitted for vegetable aliment; this being pulverized by frosts, and washed by rains, is readily received into circulation; and as worms cast almost every night in the year, except during hard frosts, they produce a never failing supply of this manure. Worms are furnished with small inverted spines upon the under surface of their bodies, enabling them to draw various light substances into their holes. It is admirable to observe the economy of Nature in keeping creation in due limits, and the provision she makes for the removal of encumbrances; trees, which from their magnitude appear indestructible by less than human violence, we yet find are by the agency of a seemingly feeble race speedily consumed: the several species of *lucanus*, *cerambyx*, *vespa*, *ptinus*, &c. clear away these forest wrecks, reducing them to dust, which serves as oil for the production and support of other vegetation. If we lift up the bark of an old tree, what a colony of labourers we disturb!

In no part of the habitable globe, is the New Year ushered in with more mirth and hilarity than in Scotland; devoid of the mummary and intrigue of a carnival, broad mirth and unrestrained freedom reign triumphant upon this occasion. It is not under a *mask* that the sports of the season are enjoyed.

The honest, undisguised countenance appears clad in smiles; the hand of friendship is everywhere as open and as light as the heart; grave features relax; stiff and starched manners unbend; and the haughty master and obsequious servant lose their constrained representations.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawning o' the year;
Let blithesome innocence appear,
To crown our joy;
Nor Envy, with sarcastic sneer,
Our bliss destroy.

The commencement of the year, as we have just seen, is a season most frequently devoted to mirth and amusement; but should it not be a season of *reflection* also? Such it *must be* to those who are intent on husbanding and improving their time.

Come, melancholy Moralizer, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The Sepulchre of Time!

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song!
I pour the dirge of the Departed Days;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day,
To mirth and indolence.

Mortal! whilst Fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that Time flies fast?
That Night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
That swift the stream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast *wealth* to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art—
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage!

Hast thou known *Love*? does beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
Her voice all harmony?

Oh, state of happiness! hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove:
Winter is dark and cold—
Where now the charms of Spring!

Sayst thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stoled maid
With stern and frowning front
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
Her many-coloured robes
Dance varying to the sun?

Ah! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vexed height
With anxious gaze survey
The fruitful far-off vale.

Oh! there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant!
There are, who at this hour
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone!

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The Grave the inn of rest!

outhey.

New Monthly Magazine, Nov.

HIGHLAND ANECDOTES.

The Raid of Cillechrist.

BORDERING clans, like neighbouring nations, were never upon terms of hereditary concord; vicinity produced rivalry, and rivalry produced war: for this reason, the Mac Donells and the Mac Kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; firing houses, driving herds, raising rents, and slaughtering each other's clansmen, were feats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbour; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity, than lack of

good-will. Among all the exploits which were thus occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist (Christ's Church); it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner. In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Mac Lelans, a race who were followers of the Mac Kenzies, took occasion to intercept, and assassinate, the eldest son of Donald Mac Angus of

Glengarrrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprise to revenge the death of his brother : his cousin, however, Angus Mac Raonuill of Lundi, acted as his captain, and, gathering the Mac Donells, in two separate raids swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still, this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief : the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered ; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving in this to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim. In the prosecution of his design he awaited a favourable opportunity, and, gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of the Mac Kenzies early on a Sunday morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavoured to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aile of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation, scarce knowing what they did, endeavoured to force their way through the weapons and the flames ; but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch : men, women, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transfixed at the gorge of the entrance ; the flames increased on every side, a heavy column of livid smoke rolled upward on the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Mac Donells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music : the pibroch which he now played was

called, from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin ; the flame sunk in smouldering vapour, and all was silent. Angus had looked on with stern unrelenting determination, but the deed was done, and recollection now warned him of the danger of delay ; he immediately gave orders to retreat, and leading off his men, set off with the utmost expedition for his own country. The flames of the church had, however, lighted a beacon of alarm which blazed far and wide : the Mac Kenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigour, that they came in sight of the Mac Donells long before they got to the border of their country. Angus Mac Raonuill, seeing the determination of the pursuit, and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and shift each for himself : they dispersed accordingly, and made every one his way to his own house as well as he could. The commander of the Mac Kenzies did not scatter his people, but, intent on securing the leader of his foemen, held them together on the track of Angus Mac Raonuill, who with a few men in his company fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of the pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone ; but yet the pursuers turned not aside upon the track of any other. When they came near the burn of Alt Shian, the leader of the Mac Kenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river which was before them runs in this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth : Angus knew that death was behind him, and gathering all his strength, he dashed at the desperate leap, and being a man of singular vigour and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mac Kenzies, reckless of danger in the ar-

dour of the pursuit, followed also at the leap, but, less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch-tree which grew above him on the brink. The Mac Donell, looking back in his flight to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank: he turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mac Kenzie;—"I have left much behind me with you to-day," said he, "take that also." The wretched man, rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Angus Mac Raonnill continued his flight, and the Mac Kenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. Checked, however, by the stream which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musquet discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his

speed. After passing the river, the Mac Kenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his strength to fail with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch: he rushed into the water, and for some time, refreshed by its coolness, swam with much vigour and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability have failed him before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite bank; but Fraser of Fyars, a particular friend of the Glengarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mac Kenzies' country, and knowing that the Mac Donells had gone upon an expedition in that direction, got out a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mac Kenzies, seeing their foeman had escaped, discontinued their pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glengarrie.

JAN.

(Baldwin's Magazine.)

THE COOK'S ORACLE.*

IF it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr. Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face, or shaking hands with a shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When Bays asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the Cook's Oracle in his eye—for to men of any

mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. Cod's-head rises before you in all its glory! while the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well-ordered satellites! Moorgame, mackarel, muscles, fowls, eggs, and forcemeat-balls, start up in all directions, and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mullagatawny soup. or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Mat-

* The Cook's Oracle: containing Receipts for plain Cookery, &c. the whole being the Result of actual Experiments, instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. London. Constable & Co. 1821.

thews says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons would be dished up to suit the various palates. The school-girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "steep a fortnight," and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills, and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and, indeed, we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The diner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is *done*.

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "there the likeness ends;" for it continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr. Baxter," but are delighted, and *re-delighted*, with more first words of Dr. Kitchener. He makes several starts, like a restless race-horse, before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, gridirons, and frying-pans, which Dr. Kitchener has rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The *first* preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains, in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture

to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch oven.

The *first* introduction begins thus:

The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings;—but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog-days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellents, of roasting,—boiling,—frying,—and broiling:—moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book-maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having *eaten* each receipt, before he set it down in his book.

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot,—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart,—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak,—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot,—appears within the compass of any given old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire, and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantial of 440 closely printed pages, is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*." It demands the rival of time; an *edax rerum*! The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch oven—from Dutch oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork: he leaves us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable; he would have left *us* dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found *them* strewing the way; and *him* alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakspeare, Descartes, Dr. Johnson,

Mrs. Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told, that "it is a good maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper, and ability, with which he has *dressed* his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction, a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it out-horrors all the horrors we ever read of.

How to roast and eat a goose alive.— "Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in;* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!!" See *Week-er's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309.

The next chapter, or introduction, (for we are not within forty spits' length of the cookery directions yet!) is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus:

In the "affairs of the mouth," the strictest punctuality is indispensable;—the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time, as the astronomer. The least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes.

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done, when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences upon indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime for which there is apparently no capital punishment.

Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. The duties which invitation imposes, do not fall only on the persons invited, but like all other social duties, are reciprocal.

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb; or if, better than all, you should have taken a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop; but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absentsent yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you.

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely, and somewhat vehemently, protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own; thus forever excluding an author from the luxuries of table anatomy.

* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, which ever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

Dr. Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions:—"The best rule for marketing, is to pay ready money for every thing." This is a good rule with the elect:—but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *tick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unused.

And now the book begins to *boil*. The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself, and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckle and Sam Chiffney are nothing to "a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;" and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to consider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket*, and thus reduce by *steam*. We should suppose a young gentleman, with half an hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

Baking is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit: "When baking a joint of *poor* meat, before it has been half baked, I have seen *it* (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed*."

Roasting is the next object of Dr. Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see the people in future roasting their meat before their doors, and in their areas; for the Doctor says—

Roasting should be done in the open air, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat, of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines the economical grate-makers call roasters, are, in plain English, ovens

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire*. "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin, will

parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "every body knows the advantage of *slow boiling*—*slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

Frying is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps, in its vivacity and music, to *broiling*—but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying*, classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

A frying-pan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad—with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is in fact—boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it—and then make it warm and wipe it out with a clean cloth.

Broiling follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr. Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it is performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported at the thought to that golden gridiron in the beef-steak club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables. And when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive*, as of boiling a *vegetable after it is dead*." No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes.

If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire,—they lose all their beauty and flavour.

If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach, than under-done meats.

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal, form the *basis of broth*."

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes—

However "les pompeuses Bagatelles de la Cuisine Masquée," may tickle the fancy of *demi-connoisseurs*, who leaving the substance, to pursue the shadow,—prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive to those which are intrinsically excellent,—in whose mouth—mutton can hardly hope for a welcome, unless accompanied by Venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red-lane, without assuming the form of a frog or a spider; or pork, without being either "goosified," or "lambified," and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs;

These travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery.

We could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken me to make it the best; concentration and perspicuity have been my aim.

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works,) the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the MS. lost in the printing. In truth, a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking, would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only remark, from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinage. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained:

The imagination of most cooks, is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish,—that

they seem to think, they cannot make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it, every thing that ever was eaten;—and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c. :—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of "piquance," and compound flavours, may have recourse to "the Magazine of Taste."

And now will the reader believe it? the work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c. we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, page 142 begins anew with—*boiling*! It is little comfort to us that the joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way; and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl, who, after three quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the *Scotch step*. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject:

Obs.—In Mrs. Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, aitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs. Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs. M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone.

Of 'half a calf's-head,' Dr. Kitchen-er says, slyly enough, 'If you like it *full-dressed*, score it *superficially*; beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather*; *powder it*,' &c. Such a calf's-head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr. Kitchen-er regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c. as we are by no means sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull obstinate personage, "is a very

troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked*; send a quarter of a pound of butter, and beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkins's wrestling instructions: "Lay your *pig back to back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who bought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Isaac Walton be the greatest of writers on the *catching* of fish, Dr. Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggy's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very justly, "that the humane executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them, before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon, the Doctor rather quaintly and *poizingly* observes,—"*the thinnest part of the fish is the fattest.*" "*If you have any left, put it into a pye-dish, and cover it,*" &c. Remember to choose your lobsters "*heavy and lively.*" "*Motion,*" says the Doctor, "*is the index of their freshness.*"

Upon oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "*native* here, and to the manner born."

The true lover of an oyster, will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator,—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death.

Who would not be an oyster, to be

thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenement of mother of pearl,—to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our *shell*, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

N. B.—This is rather a family dish than a company one,—the bones cannot be well picked, without the help of a live pincers.

Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A. D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put "pickers and stealers" into soup.

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock turtle soup, he proceeds—

This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for "the far fetcht and dear bought" turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of "sovereign of savouriness," to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a "starved turtle," has not more intrinsic sapidity than a "FATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

Obs.—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those who "eat to live;" but if it had been composed expressly for those who only "live to eat," I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable: as it is, the lover of good eating will "wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palatable."

"Mr. Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf-head, or cow-heel."

Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful,—of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter.

Gad a mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr. Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan;" but then he tells you, in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour for entering upon it by the following observation: "*Mem. You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate

upon made dishes, &c.; in the course of which he says,—“The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts; I first have it nicely *boned*!” This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs. Phillips’s Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before :

Of all the fowls of the air commend me to a shin of beef,—for there’s marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs.

On pounded cheese, the Doctor writes—“The *piquance* of this *buttery-caseous* relish,” &c. Is not this a little *over-done*? The passage, however, on the frying of eggs, makes up for all.

Be sure the frying-pan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon:—when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will in about a couple of minutes, they are done enough;—the white must not lose its transparency, but the yolk be seen *blushing*

through it:—if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached, take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them.

The beauty of a poached egg, is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, which should only be just sufficiently hardened, to form a transparent veil for the egg.

So much for the Cook’s Oracle. The style is a *piquant* sauce to the solid food of the instructions; we never recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping-pan, with the point of his spit,—so very cook-like does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook’s Oracle; for, let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve’s Jeremy says, “a feast for an emperor.” Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

Voyages and Travels.

KINGDOM OF PALEMBANG AND BANCA.*

THE kingdom of Palembang holds the first rank among the native states of Sumatra, and occupies the portion of that island to the southward of the equator, which is included between the latitudes of 2° and 4° 30'. It is bounded on the N. and E. by the straits of Banca, on the S. by the Lam-poong country, on the W. and S. W. by mountains which separate it from our settlement of Bencoolen, and on the N. W. by the territories of the Sultaun of Jambee. The principal river is the Moosee, on which the town of Palembang stands. Up to Palenibang this river exhibits no signs of population, though navigable for vessels of the largest burthen; it swarms with alligators, which are very daring and voracious. The following particulars are given by the author:—“The pantjallangs, or river passage-boats, which are

of various dimensions according to the rank of the owners, and which, being cut from the solid trunk of a tree, are almost on a level with the surface of the water, expose the men who paddle them very much to the attacks of these monsters of the river. Some of the pantjallangs belonging to the Sultaun and his family are no less than forty-two feet in length and ten or twelve in the greatest breadth, requiring twenty-four men to paddle them, who are ranged on each side. The trees from which these boats are formed are cut in the forests near the mountains, whence they are brought to Palembang with considerable labour.” * * *

“I have seen, on two occasions, alligators raise their heads out of the water near the side of the boat, in the attempt to take one of the paddlers out of this large description of pantjallang. The

* An Exposition of the Relations of the British Government with the Sultaun and State of Palembang, &c. &c. By Major M. H. Court. London, 1821.

boatmen, having plenty of room to move away, escaped their grasp; which was checked also by the height of the side of the boat from the water, though in this large pantjallang the deck at the centre, upon which the paddlers sit cross-legged, did not exceed nine or ten inches above the surface of the water. — From the smaller description of pantjallangs no less than seventeen paddlers were carried away by alligators during the time I was at Palembang. Two gentlemen, coming up the river to visit me in one of the smaller boats, had provided themselves with a basket of provisions for their journey. On their way an alligator raised himself from the water; the paddlers shrieked and fortunately escaped, but the basket of provisions became the prey to his voracity."

Palembang stands on both banks of the Moosee, which is there about 1,200 feet in breadth. The Sultaun's palace is a magnificent brick building; the other houses are chiefly of timber, and some of them built on rafts which rise and fall with the tide.

"Not more than three or four houses have any communication one with another, excepting by boats. This does not proceed from a necessity arising out of the nature of the country, so much as from the habit and inclination of the people to have ready access to the conveniences of the river. The principal inhabitants, who have their houses generally built upon the banks of the river, have piers constructed to the distance of low-water-mark, in order that they may at all times command uninterrupted communication with their boats.

"From one extreme to the other, the town may be estimated to extend at least three miles along each bank, and to contain a population of nearly twenty-five thousand souls, including about one thousand Arabs and Chinese."

"There is a description of wild people in the interior of the Palembang dominions who refuse all intercourse, and who are called Orang-Cubu. They are considered a very harmless and inoffensive people, and with them a trade is contrived to be carried on in the following manner. Cloth, tobacco, and

other articles, of which they have need, are placed at certain spots near which they are known to live, and the owner of the goods, as a signal to them, beats a gong when he retires from the place. These people then come and take away the goods, leaving a very full equivalent in honey, wax, and other articles they collect in their wild retreats."

This island (Banca) is situated between latitudes $1^{\circ} 30'$ and $3^{\circ} 8'$ south of the equator; its greatest length 135 miles, and its greatest breadth 68 miles. It runs parallel to the Sumatra coast, and the channel between them forms the straits of Banca. Many of its hills have conical summits, but there is no trace of volcanic eruption. It is curious, however, that "on the morning of the 11th of April, 1815, a constant succession of sounds was heard at Min-to," the chief town, "like reports of distant cannon. Thinking it possible they might be signals of distress from a ship in the straits, the government vessels then in the roads were directed to proceed down the straits in the direction whence the reports appeared to come. Captain O'Brien, in his majesty's frigate Doris, got under weigh at the same time.

"It is remarkable that the reports were not heard by any person on board the frigate or vessels in the road, nor at any time whilst they were at sea. A Swedish ship arrived from the southward the next day, from which no tidings could be obtained in explanation, as no person on board had heard or seen any thing extraordinary on their passage up the straits.

"Expressions were received from the inspectors of every district, conveying their apprehensions of attack from pirates, each observing that heavy firing of cannon had been heard, which they supposed to be near. It struck me that one of the hills in Banca must have exploded; but the sounds were afterwards proved to have proceeded from the explosion of a hill on the island of Sumbawa, to the eastward of Java, a distance not less than seven hundred miles, and still farther from Palembang, over which country also the sounds were distinctly heard."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON, BOYSE THE POET, &c.*

(Literary Gazette.)

WHETHER we look at the venerable age of the Gentleman's Magazine; at its character and consistency; at its intrinsic value as a repository of history, science, antiquities, biography, and literature; at its claims as the mirror of almost a century; or at perhaps its still higher claims, on account of the important influence it has had in the production of that periodical press, which now gives a tone to the age and operates so essentially in the destinies of mankind—in whichever of these points of view we look at this work, it certainly presents much for reflection to the public in general, and to the Editors of any similar undertaking in particular. To us, indeed, it is a subject of peculiar gratification. We have always held a very favourable opinion of this publication, and have constantly admired the steady pace with which it pursued its useful and entertaining objects, like a fine veteran, who has fought the battles of other years, and adheres to his formal regimentals, accoutrements, and discipline, uninfected with the popinjay innovations in dress, arms, and manœuvring, which modern fashions introduce. We regard it too, as the respectable father of a long and numerous line of Letters, of great consequence to the world, and when we open its pages, taste the same sort of feeling, as if we were shaking hands with a respected old relative, from whose stores of experience and friendly chat we were sure to reap a pleasant hour's amusement.

The author of this book, in his 76th year, thus states his purpose, independent of its prefatory character. "Not to enter too deeply into the *arcana* of a Miscellaneous Publication, the very nature of which depends on a sort of masonic secrecy, it may not be improper to introduce a few anecdotes, and to unfold some particulars, over which concealment is no longer needful. If I

should in some instances be thought too minute, let it be attributed to the proper cause, the natural garrulity of age.

"This long-established Periodical Miscellany was commenced in January, 1731, by Edward Cave, who, by the admirable Memoir of Dr. Johnson, has been consigned to deserved celebrity."

The first Number of the Gentleman's Magazine was published in January, 1731, at St. John's Gate, and one of the reasons assigned for starting it was, to form a collection or *Magazine* of the essays, intelligence, &c. which appeared in the "200 half sheets per month," which the London press was *then* calculated to throw off, besides "written accounts," and as many more half sheets printed "elsewhere in the three kingdoms." Of the plan devised by Mr. Cave, Dr. Kippis, says, "the invention of this new system of publication may be considered something of an epocha in the literary history of this country. The periodical publications before that time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrences. But the magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young authors, who have afterwards risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts in composition. Here, too, are preserved a multitude of curious and useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared; or, if they had appeared in a more evanescent form, would have incurred the danger of being lost. If it were not an invidious task, the history of them would be no incurious or unentertaining subject. The magazines that

* The Rise and Progress of the Gentleman's Magazine, with Anecdotes of its Projector, and his early Associates. By John Nichols, F.S.A. &c. London, 1821.

unite utility with entertainment are undoubtedly preferable to those (*if there had been any such*) which have only a view to idle and frivolous amusement."

These remarks are very just, and merit the regard of most of our monthly brethren; of some of them, because they seem too often to think that mere badinage and drolling are enough for this species of publication; of others, because they make their principal stand upon indifferent and wirey papers, written by persons of unstored minds; and of all, because the rare combination of utility and entertainment is frequently sacrificed to partiality, selfish views, personal provocations, and vapid nothing.

But the most interesting part of the Preface is the account it gives of the early intercourse of Dr. Johnson and other eminent men with periodical literature. Many of the anecdotes are piquant, and may, we presume, from the integrity of the quarter whence they are derived, be considered authentic. Among other things Mr. Nichols says, "the tenor of this narrative requires that the name of Dr. Johnson should be prominently brought forward, in his early correspondence with Cave; which led to an uninterrupted friendship, and ultimately to Johnson's permanent celebrity." * * * *

"Speaking to me in conversation of his own employment, on his first arrival in town, Dr. Johnson observed, that he applied, among others, to Mr. Wilcox, then a bookseller of some eminence in the Strand; who, after surveying Johnson's robust frame, with a significant look, said, 'Young man, you had better buy a porter's knot!'—The great Moralist, far from being offended at the advice which had been given to him, added, 'Wilcox was one of my best friends.'—He added, that Cave was a generous paymaster; but, in bargaining for poetry, he contracted for lines by the hundred, and expected the *long hundred*." * * * *

"Sir John Hawkins, speaking of Johnson's Translation, says, "Cave's acquiescence in the above proposal drew Johnson into a close intimacy with him. He was much at St. John's Gate; and taught Garrick the way thither.—

Cave had no great relish for mirth, but having been told by Johnson, that his friend had talents for the theatre, and was come to London with a view to the profession of an Actor, expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. Garrick readily complied, and, as Cave himself told me, with a little preparation of the room over the great arch of St. John's Gate, and with the assistance of a few journeymen printers, who were called together for the purpose of reading the other parts, represented, with all the graces of comic humour, the principal character in Fielding's farce of the *Mock Doctor*."

In the preface to the Vol. for 1740, we detect the Doctor's style. For example:—"Having now concluded our Tenth Volume, we are unwilling to send it out without a Preface, though none of the common topics of prefaces are now left us. To implore the candour of the public to a work so well received, would expose us to the imputation of affected modesty or insatiable avarice. To promise the continuance of that industry, which has hitherto so generally recommended us, is at least unnecessary; since from that alone we can expect the continuance of our success. To criticise the imitations of our Magazine, would be to trample on the dead, to disturb the dying, or encounter the still-born. To recommend our undertaking by any encomiums of our own, would be to suppose mankind have hitherto approved it without knowing why. And to mention our errors or defects, would be to do for our rivals what they have never yet been able to do for themselves."

It is further stated, "a new æra in politics bringing on much warmer parliamentary debates, required 'the pen of a more nervous writer than he who had hitherto conducted them;' and 'Cave, dismissing Guthrie, committed the care of this part of his monthly publication to JOHNSON;' who had already given ample specimens of his ability. But the Lilliputian disguise was still continued even beyond the period of Johnson's Debates; [which, as has been authenticated by his own Diary, began Nov. 19, 1740, and ended Feb. 23, 1742-3.] And these Debates,

which, every competent judge must allow, exhibit a memorable specimen of the extent and promptitude of Johnson's faculties, and which have induced learned foreigners to compare British with Roman eloquence, were hastily sketched by Johnson while he was not yet 32, while he had little acquaintance with life, while he was struggling, not for distinction, but existence."

The truth of this assertion is corroborated by a singular story. In 1743, after the publication of the *Life of Savage*, which was anonymous, "Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. Cave told Harte, when they next met, that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of *Savage's Life*. 'How could that be?'—Cave replied, 'You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the skreen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly.'

These extracts will serve to show, that the present publication possesses curious attractions not to be expected from its title. We shall quote another instance. Mr. Boyse was a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* between 1741 and 1743. "When in a spunging-house in Grocers'-alley, in the Poultry, he wrote the following letter to Cave, which was communicated by the late Mr. Astle to the late Dr. Kippis.

"SIR,—I wrote you yesterday an account of my unhappy case. I am every moment threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid before-hand, and I am loth to go into the Compter, till I can see if my affair can possibly be made up; I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands.—The Ode to the British Nation I hope to have done to-day, and want a proof copy of that part of *Stowe* you design for the present Magazine, that it may be improved as far as possi-

ble from your assistance. Your papers are but ill transcribed. I agree with you respecting *St. Augustine's Cave*. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed, so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of. I am, with sincere regard, Sir,

"Your unfortunate humble servant,
"S. BOYSE.

"*Crown Coffee-house, Grocer's-alley, Poultry,*
July 21, 1742.

"I send Mr. Van Haren's Ode on Britain.

"To Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell."

"July 21, 1742. Received from Mr. Cave the sum of half a guinea, by me in confinement. S. BOYSE."

"The greater number of the Poems which Boyse wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, during the years above mentioned, are reprinted in Mr. Alexander Chalmers's late edition of the *English Poets*; but all his fugitive pieces were not written for the Magazine, some of them having been composed long before he had formed a connexion with Cave, and, as there is reason to believe, were sent in manuscript to such persons as were likely to make him a pecuniary return. Mr. Boyse died in May 1749."

We must now conclude, which we do with one other extract of literary interest, and with sincere respect for the patriarch of our craft, to whose deserts we are happy in having had an opportunity to offer our tribute. "I have, (says Mr. N.) mentioned, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, that the price given by Mr. Robert Dodsley for '*London*,' Johnson's First Imitation of Juvenal, was *fifty pounds*. But Mr. Boswell says, 'the fact is, that, at a future conference, Dodsley bargained for the whole property of it, for which he gave Johnson *ten guineas*;' who told me, 'I might, perhaps, have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem; and I did not like to be less than Whitehead.'—For '*The Vanity of Human Wishes*,' his second Imitation of Juvenal, in 1749, with all the fame which he had acquired, it is certain that he received only *fifteen guineas*."

Sketches of Society.

(New Monthly Magazine, Nov.)

JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL.

July 19, 1821.

CORONATION DAY. Awakened at three o'clock, A. M. with the offer of tickets for the Hall and the Abbey. Thinking, however, that to get up at such an hour to see a sight which was not to commence till ten, would be, as we Americans say, "to give too much for my whistle," I turned about upon my pillow to take another nap, and resolved to spend the day in an excursion to Windsor. This is a truly royal residence; realizing what the imagination—warm from the perusal of a tale of chivalry—would figure out as the palace of a king. Nothing can be more grand than the park and the castle;—proudly placed as it is on a commanding eminence. The prospect from the terrace is, in the strictest sense of the word, superb. The eye ranges over a vast expanse of rich, populous, and luxuriant landscape; the extent of which may perhaps be collected from a board upon the leads of the Round Tower—that twelve counties are visible. Combined with this *general* character of magnificence, there is also enough of *particular* objects of interest to arrest the attention of the spectator, and interrupt the usual *monotony* of a bird's eye view. Thus the "antique towers," that rise up in the "watery glade" below, present a delightful feature, upon which all must dwell with pleasure, even without remembering the "Ode to Eton College." Perhaps, indeed, the pleasure derived from the ode is greater than the actual contemplation of the reality;—just as it happens too in painting, that a picture will often delight us more than the very scene in Nature from which it has been taken,—that is, if the picture contain, as it ought, evidence of the *mind* of the painter, in the feeling and sentiment infused into it by the creative power of his pencil. But to return:—the Castle is a splendid pile of building, the work of many tastes and many hands, commenced and continued in different

centuries. The late King did much to embellish and improve it, particularly by removing the round windows with which Charles the Second had deformed it, and substituting the gothic arch in their stead. The Chapel of St. George and the Knights of the Garter—the scene of their installation, and the repository of their banners—is a part of the pile; and is worthy of the castle to which it is appended.

In traversing the stately halls, the rusty armouries, and the deserted chambers of this majestic structure, we are carried back irresistibly to the days of the Edwards and the Henries, when kings lived in castles, and founded colleges;—and when courts were something different from those of modern times. It would seem at first sight as if human nature were degenerated, and that kings had shrunk from their ancient dimensions, and that with the robes of their ancestors, they had also lost the royal spirit that used to reign in the halls of those palaces that are now forsaken. Or, is it that kings, being born to inhabit and inherit palaces, look to a humbler residence with the same feelings of envy with which men in lower life regard the castles of their superiors;—in other words, that a cottage is to a king, what a palace is to a peasant? How else can we account for George the Third's living for so many years in the *lodge*, as it is called;—an ordinary dwelling-house, which he himself built under the very walls of his Castle, and which still remains an eyesore on the prospect, blocking up the view towards the Great Park. The present King too leaves the halls of Edward's hospitality untenanted, to spend thousands and tens of thousands upon a thatched cottage in his own park. But such is the perversity of human nature, which is never contented with legitimate gratification, but delights to steal its pleasures from a forbidden source, and is always most ardent in the pursuit of unattainable happiness.

The advantages which naturally belong to our situation, however splendid they may be, we consider as belonging to us by our birthright; and the pleasures which ought to flow from these,

——“like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because they are our own.”

We lingered as long as the day allowed, roaming about the courts of the Castle; we read Geoffry Crayon's chapter in the room of the Round Tower, and were glad we were not born with crowns on our heads, that we might enjoy in full perfection the witchery of the scene around us.

July 27.—A morning in Newgate. I had long been anxious to see with my own eyes the effect of Mrs. Fry's benevolent exertions, and, having obtained from her an order of admittance, I repaired at ten o'clock to the door of the keeper's house, where, upon the production of my ticket, I was instantly conducted to a small room in which some other visitors were already assembled; and in a short time, Mrs. Fry entered, attended by two of her quaker sisterhood. Soon afterwards a bell was rung, to give notice to the female prisoners to prepare themselves; and upon the second ringing they came in, to the number of forty or fifty, and ranged themselves upon benches raised one above the other for their reception. Their appearance was much better than I could have expected. All were cleanly and decently dressed, and there was in some a neatness of person that bespoke a familiarity with better company and better days. After a considerable pause, Mrs. Fry began to read from the Bible, the story of Mary Magdalen, accompanying the text with occasional explanations and remarks, and concluding the whole with a very affecting address, in which she pointed out the obvious application of the story, and the consolation to be extracted from it. All this was done too in so gentle and encouraging a tone, and with so much temper and discretion, that it was impossible not to be moved by the quiet pathos of her discourse. I was never before so much impressed with the importance of *manner*; for it was certainly much less what she said than

2K ATHENEUM VOL. 10.

her mode of saying it that produced so great an effect;—it was a beautiful personification of the text in scripture, “the wisdom that cometh from above is *gentle*.” Her auditors listened to her with all the signs of the most serious earnest attention, and many were melted into tears by the touching tenderness of her appeal, in pointing out the penitence and contrition of the Magdalen as the true object of imitation.

At the close of the lecture, various articles of needle-work, the productions of the prisoners' industry, caps, dressing-gowns, baby-linen, rugs, counterpanes, bell-ropes, &c. were brought out, which found ready purchasers amongst the visitors. For myself, I shall wear my patch-gown as long as the shreds will hang together, in remembrance of my morning in Newgate. Mrs. Fry now conducted us round the female side of the prison, explaining the nature of her regulations, and recounting the obstacles against which, in the first commencement of her labours, she had to contend, in all the different shapes and modifications that idleness, riot, vice, and wretchedness, can assume. It seems, however, that there is scarcely any disposition so depraved that may not be touched by *kindness*. The patient and persevering efforts of Mrs. Fry have succeeded in softening and reclaiming the most hardened, whom severity would probably have rendered only more callous and desperate. There is a shame of appearing *ungrateful*, which operates strongly even in the most vicious breast. Mrs. Fry told us, that when, as it sometimes will happen, a prisoner after her discharge finds her way back into gaol for some fresh offence, the delinquent is more afraid of meeting her kindness, than of facing the reproof of the Bench:—

“There lies more peril, lady, in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords —.”

The heart even of the guilty rises up to resist and defy reproach, but sinks with all the humiliation of self-condemnation at the accents of kindness which it feels that it does not deserve.

In the course of our round we came to the school, where there was a little

circle of gaol-delivered children learning to read. I was pleased at the alacrity of attention, which in the midst of her own occupation Mrs. Fry bestowed upon the least of those around her. A very little boy was employed in reading his Testament, at which she appeared surprised; but, finding that he had really made this progress, she called him out in the most encouraging manner, and begged us all to stop and hear him read a verse aloud, as a reward for his industry. It is not every woman who would be content to yield, even for a moment, the first place in the attention of her company. Lastly, we came to a ward where there were a few ragged wretched creatures, who were just admitted into the gaol;—and we were all forcibly struck, not only with the difference of dress, but with the marked contrast between the wild, savage, and reprobate cast of features of these, when compared with the quiet, orderly, and resigned demeanour of Mrs. Fry's flock. And yet I hear that this amiable woman's labours are decried and ridiculed, as the vain and visionary offspring of a perverted philanthropy. If there be such persons in the world, let them devote a morning to Newgate;—and if those who came to scoff do not remain to approve,—Charity must have lost all her powers of attraction.

There is, perhaps, no part of the art of government in which so little progress has been made as in the prevention of crimes; for it is the punishment rather than the prevention of crime which seems to be almost the exclusive object of the laws. So much so, that it would seem crimes were sometimes encouraged, in order that they might be punished. This, however, is a large question, and it is easier to see the evil, than to point out the remedy. Still, while things remain as they are, we should be grateful to those who undertake the task of reclaiming the wicked; feeling, as we must, how much, as the world goes, virtue and vice—at least, as far as regards the eighth commandment—are merely the result of situation, and that—"handy dandy, which is the hangman, and which the thief?"

July 30.—A pugilistic pasticcio at the Fives Court in St. Martin's-street. I had long been anxious to witness a good exhibition of this sort, and the present, being for Tom Belcher's benefit who is a great favourite with the *Fancy*, afforded a good opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. A large crowd was assembled in the street for some time before the doors were opened, and the general eagerness to get in occasioned a considerable crush. Not that there was any thing to be gained by this impetuosity; for as we all stood in the area of the Fives Court, in the middle of which was raised the platform for the combatants, those who came last were as well placed as those who came first. The diversion began with clumsy sparring between some young beginners, who were desirous of attracting notice as candidates for pugilistic honours. There was little skill or science in the first setting-to of these heroes, and the little they had was lost in the irritation produced by the first round, so that the contest soon became a mere rivalry of hard hits, which was put an end to when the company thought they were sufficiently glutted with the flavour of each other's knuckles, by a cry of "enough! enough!" A general shower of silver and copper then took place, of which these worthies seemed to bide the pelting with great glee, so that the proverb of "more kicks than halfpence" could not, I hope, be applicable to either. At last we had a rich scientific display of the whole art of attack and defence, by Spring and Harmer, and Belcher and Eales. Whatever objections may be made to a *prize-fight*, there can surely be none to the muffled mimicry of a *sparring-match*. It is impossible not to admire the symmetry of the combatants, who, stripped to the waist, and in all the exertion of nerve and muscle, might often furnish a study to the sculptor. And then to see them with eye fixed on eye;—to read as it were the conception of the intended blow in the mind, before the hand has had time to carry the will into effect;—to watch the awful business of preparation—the attitudinising of the guard—the parley of provocation—and all

the graceful variety of action and posture that arises out of the rapid succession of hitting, stopping, manœuvring, rallying, advancing, and retreating :—this is a fine sight, and even ladies might look on, without being shocked, at so bloodless and blameless a spectacle of human exertion.

The Fancy, as the amateurs of the art of boxing are called, appear to form a distinct class among the innumerable sects and parties into which England is divided. They are by no means confined to the lower orders, but may reckon a large proportion of rank and talent amongst their numbers. To understand the theory, if not the practice, of boxing, is considered in this country as one of the accomplishments of a gentleman. The great professor of the pugilistic art, Mr. Jackson, has a spacious school in the most fashionable street in London ; and here may be contemplated a picture of the “youth of England,” which will verify at a glance the assertion of Burke,—that the age of chivalry is over. Tilts and tournaments have had their day ; squires have been transformed into bottle-holders ; and though the *ring* still retains its name, it has strangely changed its signification. Something of the spirit of chivalry, however, has survived its fall, and still regulates the contests of the ring. To shake hands is always the prologue of a battle, as the pledge of fair hostility between the combatants ; and to strike an adversary on the ground would still be considered a disgrace to pugilism. I have always admired the trait of generous forbearance which is recorded of the famous Chicken in his battle with Jem Belcher. He had given his adversary a *facer* that laid him sprawling upon his back on the ropes which encircled the ring, and when he had an opportunity of repeating his blow, he refrained from taking advantage of the occasion. A sentiment of compassion for his old associate prevailed over the passion of the moment, and contenting himself with shaking his fist over his prostrate antagonist, his feelings found a vent in the following strange but characteristic expression : “ G—d—n thee, Jem, I won’t hurt thee ! ” The phraseology indeed of the *Fancy* in general is

peculiar to themselves, and they may be almost said to speak a language of their own. Some of their terms are humorous enough to deserve recording. When a man appears to advantage out of his clothes, he is said to *buff* well ; to knock a man down is to *floor* him ; a blow in the mouth is a *mugger* ; and if, in addition to this, an injury should be done to the teeth, it is called a rattling of the *box of dominos* ; the old phrase of a punch in the g—ts is now termed an attack upon the *victualling office* ; and all the varieties of *punishing* are designated by such appellations as,—a lashing hitter,—a swishing hitter,—or a rum customer. Their very oaths are of an original cast ; and I venture to set down at random a few specimens of their slang which happened to strike my ear. There was one who was continually exclaiming,—“ Burn my breeches ; ” another, with a higher reach of imagination,—“ Thunder me dead ; ” and Dutch Sam astonished us by the following poetical description of his manner of treating his opponents :—“ When they walk round me, I break down their guard and give ’em a punch in the face ; just like the sun, Sir, lets the planets dance about him and sends a comet at ’em.” There seems indeed about all this fraternity a quaint humour, which enlivens their conversation with a raciness of repartee that cannot fail to amuse when it is heard for the first time. The following dialogue which passed in our hearing, may perhaps serve as an example :—“ I say, Tom, have you heard what has happened to Dick Symonds ? ” “ No,” answered Tom, “ not I ; what ! is he dead ? ” “ Why, if he a’nt, they have used him very ill, for they buried him last Saturday.”

But enough of the race of prize-fighters. They are all much indebted to Mr. Jackson, who has given a sort of respectability to their vocation, while his school has spread a general taste for the noble art of fisticuffs. As he is probably the finest model of Herculean proportion that has appeared for many years, I record a few particulars of his size and stature, as well as some feats of his strength. His height is five feet eleven inches, and he weighs within

half a pound of fifteen stone in his clothes. Some time ago he lifted 84lb. on his little finger, and wrote his name, John Jackson, on the wall of Alderman Combe's drawing-room. On another occasion he lifted 2 cwt. with his teeth, and 10 cwt. with both his hands. He has very appropriately placed on the wall of his school a fine engraving representing an Italian scene, in which, the usage of the stiletto is exemplified: from which, I suppose, he would lead us to infer, that it is better to teach men the use of their fists than leave it to their own malice to suggest more mischievous weapons.

Sept. 15.—Visit to Bedlam. My mind was so full of the dreadful recollections of what I had heard of the old hospital of this name in Moor-fields, that I went prepared to have my feelings harrowed up by the most awful and distressing scenes of human suffering. What then was my surprise to find the New Bethlehem not only divested of every thing shocking and terrible, but exhibiting a character of cheerfulness and comfort that could scarcely be expected to enliven the gloomy abodes of Madness. Nothing can well demonstrate more convincingly the inevitable tendency of all power to abuse, and the necessity of constant vigilance to prevent the degeneracy and perversion of all human institutions, than the state of the old Bedlam Hospital. Will it be believed that, in the nineteenth century, in the heart of the British metropolis, and under the superintendence of physicians of the highest reputation for intelligence and humanity, a system of cruelty was exposed that would disgrace the worst history of the worst times. In one cell was found a poor wretch who had been chained down to his bedstead for twelve years under a load of fetters—compared with which Trenck's were a plaything—that scarcely allowed him liberty enough to turn himself round. No one ever entered the door of his dungeon. His food was pushed in through a hole in the wall; and there he was left to linger out his life without help or hope, till he was rescued by the arrival of the commissioners of inquiry.

The heart sickens at the thought of such misery, and gladly turns to the

contemplation of the new establishment. It is a handsome and spacious building, not decorated with too much architectural magnificence without, to mock, as it were, the misery within, but plain and simple in its exterior; and the care of the architect seems to have been properly confined to its true object,—the convenience and well-being of the patients. It is calculated to accommodate two hundred; and nothing can exceed the neatness, even to nicety, of the whole establishment, in all the details of its provisions for carrying on the daily incidents of life, connected with eating, drinking, and sleeping. There was nothing to offend the sight or the smell; and even in those unhappy cases, where the patients had lost all mental and bodily control, the most complete arrangements were made for securing their cleanliness and comfort, to an extent indeed that could scarcely be looked for in a charity institution, where the patients are received and maintained gratuitously out of the funds of the hospital.

Our visit was made under the most advantageous circumstances; for, just as we arrived, Mr. D——, the governor of St. Luke's was announced, whose object being the same as our own, we went round the hospital together. There was only one patient under restraint, and he was confined in his cell by a light chain. This was a desperate maniac, who had a few days before committed a savage murder on the person of a fellow-patient. He had found, in grubbing up the gravel of one of the court-yards, the blade of an old knife, which he contrived to fix in a handle of wood, and having sharpened it for his purpose, he seized upon his victim, and in the middle of the day, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, laid him prostrate at his feet, with twenty mortal gashes—"the least a death to nature." All the rest were at large, taking exercise in the courts, or roaming about the galleries, the windows of which, with a view to their amusement, were made to command a prospect of the adjacent road. In the course of our round we approached the bed of an old man who was languishing in the last stage of a palsy. He addressed Mr. D—— as

an old acquaintance. "Why," said Mr. D——, "you don't know who I am, do you?"—"Yes, to be sure I do," said the madman, "you are Mr. D——." Upon inquiry, it was discovered that this man had once seen Mr. D—— about five and thirty years before at the old Bedlam Hospital. Thus it seems that the memory, at least, may remain unimpaired amidst the general wreck of the understanding.

There are certain wards set apart for the reception of criminal lunatics. In one of these were assembled nine persons, every one of whom had committed murder; and it required no little exertion of nerve to feel at ease in such company. Amongst this class old Peg Nicholson was pointed out to us, who sometime in the last century attempted the life of King George the Third, and whose appearance, or rather apparition, after the lapse of so many years, seemed like a resurrection from the dead. Here, too, is Hatfield, who made a similar attempt at a later period; and here, also, are all those mischievous maniacs, whose histories have from time to time served to fill up a column in the public prints:—from the disappointed lover, who fired a pistol at Miss Kelly, to the disappointed half-pay officer, who took a flying shot at Lord Palmerston.

We were continually assailed with petitions for a few coppers for the purchase of snuff and tobacco; and many took us aside with coherent well-told tales of the treacherous devices by which they had been trepanned into a place of confinement;—some of which really sounded so probable, that if this were not known to be the commonest of delusions that prevail in these cases, it would have been difficult to withhold belief from such very circumstantial details. We had an example of the ruling passion, strong in madness as in death, in the reply of a poor dancing-master, of whom we were inquiring whether he had any thing to complain of. "Complain of!" said he, "look at my shoes!"—which were certainly not of that light fantastic character to which he had probably been accustomed in his dancing-days. We were much struck, too, with a pretty interesting-looking girl who had gone mad for love. Her

hair was floating loosely about her shoulders, and she came tripping up to us, humming an air, and suddenly addressed us—"Did you know Sam Williams?—Ah! he was a sweet youth. But then, do you know, they took him away to India, and there Warren Hastings killed him;—but I made him pay a guinea for it, that's what I did!" And then bursting out into a wild hysterical laugh, she turned away and ran off in another direction. Amongst the incurables, we saw a poor cracked creature, the miserable victim of nervousity. His fears had at last driven him out of his wits, and he was at this time a prey to the strongest paroxysms of apprehension. All day long he was crouching down and trembling, under an idea that the sky was about to fall; and he cried out to us—"Take care! Don't you see it shake? Now it is coming!" There was another man, who fancied himself in the *family way*, and was under terrible alarm with the notion that he was about to be brought to-bed of a black boy. In short, it would be endless to recount all the strange and ridiculous delusions which we found possessing the distempered brains of the inhabitants of Bedlam, and ruling them with all the force of reality.

If there was any thing in the management of this asylum to which one might object, it is, perhaps, the unnecessary parade of locks and keys, and bars and bolts;—but upon the whole, we were strongly impressed with the admirable regulations that prevailed throughout, and of the excellent effects of kindness and conciliation in mitigating the violence of this dreadful visitation. The admiration we felt was expressed in every language of Europe, by the various visitors from different countries, who had recorded their sentiments in the books of the hospital. I select one by way of example, from the late minister and ambassador of France.

"Cet établissement ne laisse d'autres vœux à former que celui de voir toutes les maisons de la même nature en Europe administrées d'après les mêmes principes et avec les mêmes soins; et je croirai avoir bien mérité de mon pays et de l'humanité, si je peux contribuer à faire suivre en France les réglemens en les plans de Bethléhem qu'a bien voulu me promettre de me communiquer M. le Gouverneur, à qui

j'offre l'expression de ma reconnaissance,
comme ami de la morale et de l'humanité.

DE CAZES."

Having concluded our survey, we were glad to escape from this melancholy scene. We had seen examples of almost every variety of mental derangement: Religious enthusiasts;—political projectors;—despairing lovers;—husbands frantic for the loss of their wives;—wives for the loss of their husbands;—parents for the loss of their children. One only modification of grief seemed wanting,—there were no filial instances of the same effects being produced by the loss of parents. In reflecting upon this fact, however, we ought rather to admire the wise dispensation of Providence in thus constructing the human mind, than suppose the younger part of our species deficient in the kindly feelings of affection. In the natural course of events such excessive sensibility must have proved a constant source of misery. Happily it has been ordered otherwise;—and the reasoning that Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the hypocritical king of Denmark, has its just and reasonable effect on the most sensitive mind.

————— "The survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term
Performs obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief,
And shews a will most impious to Heaven."

What an awful impression does the contemplation of a spectacle like Bedlam leave upon the mind! How wonderfully, and yet how fearfully, are we made! There is no part of the mysterious subject of evil, with respect to its origin and purpose, that is so inexplicable as this;—and who can help exclaiming, *why* is it that we are mad?

But we are surrounded with mysteries on every side, which baffle our inquiries, and the result of our boasted knowledge

"Is but to know how little can be known."

If we endeavour to push our conjectures farther, and escape from the narrow circle, with which it has pleased Heaven to circumscribe our faculties, the attempt always ends in defeat and disappointment. We have, it is true, a glimmering of the world above us, but if we presume to imagine we can break the bars of our prison, and soar into these forbidden regions, what is the result? We exhaust our strength in fruitless efforts;—like an imprisoned blue-bottle, who, seeing the light without, tries to escape from the confinement of a room, and bangs himself with piteous violence against the window, humming and buzzing with increasing impatience at every successive failure of his hopes, till wearied out at last he sinks down into a corner, sore and crest-fallen, to brood in silence over his own ignorance and helplessness.

October 1. Letters from America,—which summon me away. I should lament my departure more if I did not hope soon to renew my intimacy with a country in which I have met with so much hospitality and kindness. It is indeed lamentable to think that two nations so formed by nature to be friendly to each other, should have ever been at enmity. Let us hope that we shall both grow wiser as we grow older. Every impulse of feeling, and every consideration would seem to bind America and England together by the firmest ties of friendship:—"Those then whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder!"

New Monthly Magazine, Nov.

DIRGE FOR MUNGO PARK.

Air, "Rousseau's Dream."

HOPE no more—in peace he sleepeth—
All his pains and toils are o'er;
'Tis thine eye alone that weepeth,
His is clos'd to open no more.
He hath gain'd that unknown river,
He hath found a hero's grave;
There his head in peace for ever
Rests beneath the dashing wave.

We, like him, our barks are guiding
Swiftly to an unknown shore,
Here, we know, is no abiding,
There is rest for evermore.
Pilot through this mighty ocean!
Lord of earth, and air, and sea!
Thou canst still the wild wave's motion;
All our hopes are fix'd on thee.

THE FORGERS.

“LET us sit down on this stone seat,” said my aged friend, the pastor, “and I will tell you a tale of tears, concerning the last inhabitants of yonder solitary house, just visible on the hill-side, through the gloom of those melancholy pines. Ten years have passed away since the terrible catastrophe of which I am about to speak ; and I know not how it is, but methinks, whenever I come into this glen, there is something rueful in its silence, while the common sounds of nature seem to my mind dirge-like and forlorn. Was not this very day bright and musical as we walked across all the other hills and valleys ; but now a dim mist overspreads the sky, and, beautiful as this lonely place must in truth be, there is a want of life in the verdure and the flowers, as if they grew beneath the darkness of perpetual shadows.”

As the old man was speaking, a female figure bent with age and infirmity, came slowly up the bank below us with a pitcher in her hand, and when she reached a little well dug out of a low rock all covered with moss and lichens, she seemed to fix her eyes upon it as in a dream, and gave a long, deep, broken sigh.

“The names of her husband and her only son, both dead, are chiselled by their own hands on a smooth stone within the arch of that fountain, and the childless widow at this moment sees nothing on the face of the earth but a few letters not yet overgrown with the creeping timestains. See ! her pale lips are moving in prayer, and, old as she is, and long resigned in her utter hopelessness, the tears are not yet all shed or dried up within her broken heart,—a few big drops are on her withered cheeks, but she feels them not, and is unconsciously weeping with eyes that old age has of itself enough bedimmed.”

The figure remained motionless beside the well ; and, though I knew not the history of the griefs that stood all embodied so mournfully before me, I

felt that they must have been gathering together for many long years, and that such sighs as I had now heard came from the uttermost desolation of the human heart. At last she dipped her pitcher in the water, lifted her eyes to heaven, and, distinctly saying, “O, Jesus, Son of God ! whose blood was shed for sinners, be merciful to their souls !” she turned away from the scene of her sorrow, and, like one seen in a vision, disappeared.

“I have beheld the childless widow happy,” said the pastor, “even her who sat alone, with none to comfort her, on a floor swept by the hand of death of all its blossoms. But her whom we have now seen I dare not call happy, even though she puts her trust in God and her Saviour. Her’s is an affliction which faith itself cannot assuage. Yet religion may have softened even sighs like those, and, as you shall hear, it was religion that set her free from the horrid dreams of madness, and restored her to that comfort which is always found in the possession of a reasonable being.”

There was not a bee roaming near us, nor a bird singing in the solitary glen, when the old man gave me these hints of a melancholy tale. The sky was black and lowering, as it lay on the silent hills, and enclosed us from the far-off world, in a sullen spot that was felt to be sacred unto sorrow. The figure which had come and gone with a sigh was the only dweller here ; and I was prepared to hear a doleful history of one left alone to commune with a broken heart in the cheerless solitude of nature.

“That house from whose chimnies no smoke has ascended for ten long years,” continued my friend, “once shewed its windows bright with cheerful fires ; and her whom we now saw so woe-begone, I remember brought home a youthful bride, in all the beauty of her joy and innocence. Twenty years beheld her a wife and a mother, with all their most perfect happiness, and with some, too, of their inevitable

griefs. Death passed not by her door without his victims, and, of five children, all but one died, in infancy, childhood, or blooming youth. But they died in nature's common decay.—peaceful prayers were said around the bed of peace; and when the flowers grew upon their graves, the mother's eyes could bear to look on them, as she passed on with an unaching heart into the house of God. All but one died,—and better had it been if that one had never been born.

“Father, mother, and son now come to man's estate, survived, and in the house there was peace. But suddenly poverty fell upon them. The dishonesty of a kinsman, of which I need not state the particulars, robbed them of their few hereditary fields, which now passed into the possession of a stranger. They, however, remained as tenants in the house which had been their own; and for a while, father and son bore the change of fortune seemingly undismayed, and toiled as common labourers on the soil still dearly beloved. At the dawn of light they went out together, and at twilight they returned. But it seemed as if their industry was in vain. Year after year the old man's face became more deeply furrowed, and more seldom was he seen to smile; and his son's countenance, once bold and open, was now darkened with anger and dissatisfaction. They did not attend public worship so regularly as they used to do; when I met them in the fields, or visited them in their dwelling, they looked on me coldly, and with altered eyes; and I grieved to think how soon they both seemed to have forgotten the blessings Providence had so long permitted them to enjoy, and how sullenly they now struggled with its decrees. But something worse than poverty was now disturbing both their hearts.

“The unhappy old man had a brother who at this time died, leaving an only son, who had for many years abandoned his father's house, and of whom all tidings had long been lost. It was thought by many that he had died beyond seas; and none doubted, that, living or dead, he had been disinherited by his stern and unrelenting parent.

On the day after the funeral, the old man produced his brother's will, by which he became heir to all his property, except an annuity to be paid to the natural heir, should he ever return. Some pitied the prodigal son, who had been disinherited—some blamed the father—some envied the good fortune of those who had so ill borne adversity. But in a short time, the death, the will, and the disinherited were all forgotten, and the lost lands being redeemed, peace, comfort, and happiness were supposed again to be restored to the dwelling from which they had so long been banished.

“But it was not so. If the furrows on the old man's face were deep before, when he had to toil from morning to night, they seemed to have sunk into more ghastly trenches, now that the goodness of Providence had restored a gentle shelter to his declining years. When seen wandering through his fields at even-tide, he looked not like the Patriarch musing tranquilly on the works and ways of God; and when my eyes met his during divine service, which he now again attended with scrupulous regularity, I sometimes thought they were suddenly averted in conscious guilt; or closed in hypocritical devotion. I scarcely know if I had any suspicions against him in my mind, or not; but his high bald head, thin silver hair, and countenance with its fine features so intelligent, had no longer the same solemn expression which they once possessed, and something dark and hidden seemed now to belong to them, which withstood his forced and unnatural smile. The son, who, in the days of their former prosperity, had been stained by no vice, and who, during their harder lot, had kept himself aloof from all his former companions, now became dissolute and profligate, nor did he meet with any reproof from a father whose heart would once have burst asunder at one act of wickedness in his beloved child.

“About three years after the death of his father, the disinherited son returned to his native parish. He had been a sailor on board various ships on foreign stations—but hearing by chance of his father's death, he came to claim

his inheritance. Having heard on his arrival, that his uncle had succeeded to the property, he came to me and told me, that the night before he left his home, his father stood by his bedside, kissed him, and said, that never more would he own such an undutiful son—but that he forgave him all his sins—at death would not defraud him of the pleasant fields that had so long belonged to his humble ancestors—and hoped to meet reconciled in heaven. “My uncle is a villain,” said he, fiercely, “and I will cast anchor on the green bank where I played when a boy, even if I must first bring his grey head to the scaffold.”

“I accompanied him to the house of his uncle. It was a dreadful visit. The family had just sat down to their frugal midday meal; and the old man, though for some years he could have had little heart to pray, had just lifted up his hand to ask a blessing. Our shadows, as we entered the door, fell upon the table—and turning his eyes, he beheld before him on the floor the man whom he fearfully hoped had been buried in the sea. His face was indeed, at that moment, most unlike that of prayer, but he still held up his lean, shrivelled, trembling hand. “Accursed hypocrite,” cried the fierce mariner, “dost thou call down the blessing of God on a meal won basely from the orphan? But, lo! God, whom thou hast blasphemed, has sent me from the distant isles of the ocean, to bring thy white head into the hangman’s hands!”

“For a moment all was silent—then a loud stifled gasping was heard, and she whom you saw a little while ago, rose shrieking from her seat, and fell down on her knees at the sailor’s feet. The terror of that unforgiven crime, now first revealed to her knowledge, struck her down to the floor. She fixed her bloodless face on his before whom she knelt—but she spoke not a single word. There was a sound in her convulsed throat like the death-rattle. “I forged the will,” said the son, advancing towards his cousin with a firm step, “my father could not—I alone am guilty—I alone must die.” The wife soon recovered the power of

speech, but it was so unlike her usual voice, that I scarcely thought, at first, the sound proceeded from her white quivering lips. “As you hope for mercy at the great judgment day, let the old man make his escape—hush, hush, hush—till in a few days he has sailed away in the hold of some ship to America. You surely will not hang an old grey-headed man of threescore and ten years!”

“The sailor stood silent and frowning. There seemed neither pity nor cruelty in his face; he felt himself injured; and looked resolved to right himself, happen what would. “I say he has forged my father’s will. As to escaping, let him escape if he can. I do not wish to hang him; though I have seen better men run up to the fore-yard arm before now, for only asking their own. But no more kneeling, woman.—Holla! where is the old man gone?”

“We all looked ghastly around, and the wretched wife and mother, springing to her feet, rushed out of the house. We followed, one and all. The door of the stable was open, and the mother and son entering, loud shrieks were heard. The miserable old man had slunk out of the room unobserved during the passion that had struck all our souls, and had endeavoured to commit suicide. His own son cut him down, as he hung suspended from a rafter in that squalid place, and, carrying him in his arms, laid him down upon the green bank in front of the house.—There he lay with his livid face, and blood-shot protruded eyes, till, in a few minutes, he raised himself up, and fixed them upon his wife, who, soon recovering from a fainting fit, came shrieking from the mire in which she had fallen down. “Poor people!” said the sailor with a gasping voice, “you have suffered enough for your crime. Fear nothing; the worst is now past: and rather would I sail the seas twenty years longer, than add another pang to that old man’s heart. Let us be kind to the old man.”

“But it seemed as if a raven had croaked the direful secret all over the remotest places among the hills; for,

in an hour, people came flocking in from all quarters, and it was seen, that concealment or escape was no longer possible, and that father and son were destined to die together a felon's death."

Here the pastor's voice ceased ; and I had heard enough to understand the long deep sigh that had come moaning from that bowed-down figure beside the solitary well. "That was the last work done by the father and son, and finished the day before the fatal discovery of their guilt. It had probably been engaged in as a sort of amusement to beguile their unhappy minds of ever-anxious thoughts, or perhaps as a solitary occupation, at which they could unburthen their guilt to one another undisturbed. Here, no doubt, in the silence and solitude, they often felt remorse, perhaps penitence. They chiselled out their names on that slab, as you perceive ; and hither, as duly as the morning and evening shadows, comes the ghost whom we beheld, and, after a prayer for the souls of them so tenderly beloved in their innocence, and doubtless even more tenderly beloved in their guilt and in their graves, she carries to her lonely hut the water that helps to preserve her hopeless life, from the well dug by dearer hands, now mouldered away, both flesh and bone, into the dust."

After a moment's silence the old man continued,—for he saw that I longed to hear the details of that dreadful catastrophe, and his own soul seemed likewise desirous of renewing its grief,—“The prisoners were condemned. Hope there was none. It was known, from the moment of the verdict—guilty,—that they would be executed. Petitions were, indeed, signed by many thousands ; but it was all in vain,—and the father and the son had to prepare themselves for death.

“About a week after condemnation I visited them in their cell. God forbid, I should say that they were resigned. Human nature could not resign itself to such a doom ; and I found the old man pacing up and down the stone-floor, in his clanking chains, with hurried steps, and a countenance of unspeakable horror. The son was lying on his face upon his bed of straw, and

had not lifted up his head, as the massy bolts were withdrawn, and the door creaked sullenly on its hinges. The father fixed his eyes upon me for some time, as if I had been a stranger, intruding upon his misery ; and, as soon as he knew me, shut them with a deep groan, and pointed to his son. ‘I have murdered William—I have brought my only son to the scaffold, and I am doomed to hell !’ I gently called on the youth by name, but he was insensible—he was lying in a fit. ‘I fear he will awake out of that fit,’ cried the old man with a broken voice. ‘They have come upon him every day since our condemnation, and sometimes during the night. It is not fear for himself that brings them on—for my boy, though guilty, is brave—but he continues looking on my face for hours, till at last he seems to lose all sense, and falls down in strong convulsions, often upon the stone-floor, till he is all covered with blood.’ The old man then went up to his son, knelt down, and, putting aside the thick clustering hair from his forehead, continued kissing him for some minutes, with deep sobs, but eyes dry as dust.

“But why should I recal to my remembrance, or describe to you, every hour of anguish that I witnessed in that cell. For several weeks it was all agony and despair—the Bible lay unheeded before their ghastly eyes—and for them there was no consolation. The old man's soul was filled but with one thought—that he had deluded his son into sin, death, and eternal punishment. He never slept ; but visions, terrible as those of sleep, seemed often to pass before him, till I have seen the grey hairs bristle horribly over his temples, and big drops of sweat plash down upon the floor. I sometimes thought, that they would both die before the day of execution ; but their mortal sorrows, though they sadly changed both face and frame, seemed at last to give a horrible energy to life, and every morning that I visited them, they were stronger, and more broadly awake in the chill silence of their lonesome prison-house.

“I know not how a deep change was at last wrought upon their souls,

but two days before that of execution, on entering their cell, I found them sitting calm and composed by each other's side, with the Bible open before them. Their faces, though pale and haggard, had lost that glare of misery, that so long had shone about their restless and wandering eyes, and they looked like men recovering from a long and painful sickness. I almost thought I saw something like a faint smile of hope. "God has been merciful unto us," said the father, with a calm voice.—"I must not think he has forgiven my sins, but he has enabled me to look on my poor son's face—to kiss him—to fold him in my arms—to pray for him—to fall asleep with him in my bosom, as I used often to do in the days of his boyhood, when, during the heat of mid-day, I rested from labour below the trees of my own farm. We have found resignation at last, and are prepared to die."

"There were no transports of deluded enthusiasm in the souls of these unhappy men. They had never doubted the truth of revealed religion, although they had fatally disregarded its precepts; and now that remorse had given way to penitence, and nature had become reconciled to the thought of inevitable death, the light that had been darkened, but never extinguished in their hearts, rose up anew; and knowing that their souls were immortal, they humbly put their faith in the mercy of their Creator and their Redeemer.

"It was during that resigned and serene hour, that the old man ventured to ask for the mother of his poor unhappy boy. I told him the truth calmly, and calmly he heard it all. On the day of his condemnation, she had been deprived of her reason, and, in the house of a kind friend, whose name he blessed, now remained in merciful ignorance of all that had befallen, believing herself, indeed, to be a motherless widow, but one who had long ago lost her husband, and all her children, in the ordinary course of nature. At this recital his soul was satisfied. The son said nothing, but wept long and bitterly.

"The day of execution came at last. The great city lay still as on the morn-

ing of the Sabbath day; and all the ordinary business of life seemed, by one consent of the many thousand hearts beating there, to be suspended. But as the hours advanced, the frequent tread of feet was heard in every avenue; the streets began to fill with pale, anxious, and impatient faces; and many eyes were turned to the dials on the steeples, watching the silent progress of the finger of time, till it should reach the point at which the curtain was to be drawn up from before a most mournful tragedy.

"The hour was faintly heard through the thick prison walls by us, who were together for the last time in the condemned cell. I had administered to them the most awful rite of our religion, and father and son sat together as silent as death. The door of the dungeon opened, and several persons came in. One of them, who had a shrivelled bloodless face, and small red grey eyes, an old man, feeble and tottering, but cruel in his decrepitude, laid hold of the son with his palsied fingers, and began to pinion his arms with a cord. No resistance was offered; but, straight and untrembling, stood that tall and beautiful youth, while the fiend bound him for execution. At this mournful sight, how could I bear to look on his father's face? Yet thither were mine eyes impelled by the agony that afflicted my commiserating soul. During that hideous gaze, he was insensible of the executioner's approach towards himself; and all the time that the cords were encircling his own arms, he felt them not,—he saw nothing but his son standing at last before him, ready for the scaffold.

"I darkly recollect a long dark vaulted passage, and the echoing tread of footsteps, till all at once we stood in a crowded hall, with a thousand eyes fixed on these two miserable men. How unlike were they to all beside! They sat down together within the shadow of death. Prayers were said, and a psalm was sung, in which their voices were heard to join, with tones that wrung out tears from the hardest or the most careless heart. Often had I heard those voices singing in my own peaceful church, before evil had disturbed, or misery broken them;—but the last word

of the psalm was sung, and the hour of their departure was come.

"They stood at last upon the scaffold. That long street, that seemed to stretch away interminately from the old Prison-house, was paved with uncovered heads, for the moment these ghosts appeared, that mighty crowd felt reverence for human nature so terribly tried, and prayers and blessings, passionately ejaculated, or convulsively stifled, went hovering over all the multitude, as if they feared some great calamity to themselves, and felt standing on the first tremor of an earthquake.

"It was a most beautiful summer's day on which they were led out to die; and as the old man raised his eyes, for the last time to the sky, the clouds lay motionless on that blue translucent arch, and the sun shone joyously over the magnificent heavens. It seemed a day made for happiness or for mercy. But no pardon dropt down from these smiling skies, and the vast multitude were

not to be denied the troubled feast of death. Many who now stood there wished they had been in the heart of some far-off wood or glen; there was shrieking and fainting, not only among maids and wives, and matrons, who had come there in the mystery of their hearts, but men fell down in their strength,—for it was an overwhelming thing to behold a father and his only son now haltered for a shameful death. "Is my father with me on the scaffold?—give me his hand, for I see him not." I joined their hands together, and at that moment the great bell in the Cathedral tolled, but I am convinced neither of them heard the sound.—For a moment there seemed to be no such thing as sound in the world;—and then all at once the multitude heaved like the sea, and uttered a wild yelling shriek.—Their souls were in eternity—and I fear not to say, not an eternity of grief."

* * * * *

Poetry.

(English Magazines, November, 1821.)

PARTING.

YON fleecy cloud that veils the gentle moon,
My Lelia! seems some lover lingering there,
Whom destiny hath doom'd to sever soon
From all its loves in heaven—that mistress fair.
And now it slowly leaves her, floating bright
Through the soft azure, but more dim appears
As farther from her beams, till, dark as night,
The joyless cloud dissolves in dewy tears. —
O! Lelia, we must part! For I have been
At best a cloud upon thy happiness,
Which thou hast render'd bright like that thou' st seen;
And like it will I flee in dark distress,
To free thy brow from sadness—for 'twill be
Clear as that cloudless moon, when I have pass'd from thee.

C.L.

SONNET.

O sing that sweet and soothing strain again!
Oft in the quiet night it comes to me,
And memory of the past, and home, and thee,
And joys long gone are ever in its train:
Sweet strains! sweet days! if there be hours when pain
O'er pleasure sways, your joys remembering,
Soon can my heast those weaker thoughts restrain,
And nobler musing to my spirit bring.—
Nor would I prize the uncertain dawning light
Above the splendour of a noon-day sun;
Nor live again the hours, however bright,
And full of joy, as when my life begun,
If my faint knowledge of the just and true,
And good and holy must desert me too.

E.T.

(Monthly Magazine, Nov.)

Stephensiana, No. XX.GENERAL WASHINGTON'S FATHER *and*
MR. JEFFERSON.

THE following particulars I had from the Rev. Mr. —, of —, in America, who was well acquainted with Governor Jefferson, and had been actually at college with him. My authority for them is so good, that we may rely upon them.

Mr. Washington's father was a young Englishman, who had repaired to America, and studied mathematics in William and Mary College, in the then Colony of Virginia. Towards the latter end of his life, he purchased a tract of land in that portion of the province which constituted what was called the Back Settlements. So they were at that period, but such a difference has taken place, in consequence of the extension of the Indian country, that they now form a part of the interior. To his house and plantations he gave the name of Monticello, or Little Mountain, and there he spent the remainder of his days.

Colonel Wakefield says, that the Washington family emigrated from Thorn, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, in Yorkshire; and I understand that traces of them are preserved in the church-yard, in the monumental form.

Young Jefferson was a boy on the demise of his father, whose moral and religious principles, with the arrangements and pursuits he engaged in as a man of business, had rendered him respectable. During a long minority, the neighbourhood becoming more extensive and populous, from numerous families removing thither, his property kept pace with the improvements and advantages resulting therefrom; so that on his attaining the age of 21, he was considered as one of the most opulent of the Virginians.

It would be a curious speculation to trace the extraordinary effects sometimes produced by education—to discuss the point of doctrine, how far principles early instilled, become pre-

judices—how far opinions and conduct depend on those who have the charge of tuition—of preparing an exordium—a fit foundation for the great structure, Man. Leaving this induction to the philosopher's judgment, it is sufficient if I state that young Jefferson's tutor happened to be a French Huguenot, who having suffered injuries and insults, grave and pointed, as the victim of arbitrary power, had conceived the most determined antipathy to kingly government. Placed under this man, whose examples and reasonings were more forcible than his authority, the political morals of the youth corresponded with the means of his education, and he became, in doctrine and theory, with scarcely the exception of a feature, a staunch republican.

When the unhappy contest took place with our colonies, Mr. Jefferson carried his early principles into practice, declaring against the oppressive conduct of the mother country—exhorting and encouraging the insurgents to persevere in their exertions. On the war breaking out, he acted with great energy and spirit, distinguishing himself by his eloquence in popular assemblies, and employing his efforts to propagate his own principles. To mark his disapprobation of the cruelties exercised by the English, he imprisoned a Colonel Hamilton in a common jail—as an event subservient to the purposes of the *Lex Talionis*.

I should have stated previously that, as soon as qualified for that purpose, he was sent to William and Mary College, where he studied mathematics, under Mr. Small, brother of the late Colonel S., and Greek under Mr. —.

—
On a Scotch Lady of Quality about to bathe in the Sea.

Too lovely Scot, what would'st thou crave
From yonder Heaven-directed wave?
Not health, the Loves and Graces cry,
Hygeia beams in either eye;
Not Beauty, for the rose's hue,
The rose's sweetness dwells with you.

EXTEMPORE, on seeing the new Barracks at Buckingham House, in 1802, with the King's Arms above, and a long chain dangling below, towards the head of a Centinel.

Such are the glories of great George's reign,
Below the bayonet, and above the chain!

—
PAUL JONES.

This brave man was the son of Robert Craik, Esq. of Arbiggling, county of Dumfries, about sixteen miles distant from the town of that name. His father died at the advanced age of ninety, in 1796 or 7. Paul was his son by a female servant, and as he did not wish to own him, that task devolved on his gardener, Mr. C—, who had a place in the excise, and late in life he came to an estate of about £50 a year. Paul, during his infancy, was brought up on the sea-coast, where Arbiggling is situated, and a sea-faring life being adapted to his disposition, he early acquired the habits and manners peculiar to its nature, which the local circumstances of the people and country assisted.

The choice made by Paul of a profession, to the dignities of which he aspired, contributed, eventually, to his rise and celebrity, by lifting him from obscurity, and enabling him to play, at least, a secondary part, on the stage of public politics. The sea proved fatal, however, to his legitimate brother, the heir to the family estate, who perished during a voyage in an open boat, between Arbiggling and Carlisle; his first cousin now enjoys the estate.

Paul went to sea, sailed to America, and there found himself an humble adventurer: but his conduct manifesting all the characteristics of intrepid and persevering valour, aided by active vigilance, his sentiments also being truly patriotic, on the war breaking out he displayed a degree of vigour, which gave an impulse to American energies, and his exertions contributed to their assistance, in repelling the aggressions of Great Britain.

Paul had military talents, with coolness and judgment. In his cruise in the British seas, he signalized alike his skill and prowess, and from the promptness and decision with which he acted, our officers conceded to him superior understanding and a determined mind. He

was a man much talked of in the world, and if caressed by the principal actors in different governments, it was personal merit that constituted the ground of his fame and elevation.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To deliver my opinion on this subject, I shall premise that my sentiments are similar to the language which philosophy has ever assumed. That labour is honourably and profitably employed by parents in the instruction of their children, which exhibits and inculcates, produces and confirms, mildness and benevolence of character towards their fellow animals. Moral improvement ought to be a general object, preparatory in education to that which is intellectual. It is not the *bipes impennis* only that can resist and complain. Other species, whatever be their necessary inequality, are adapted to their different functions, in the order of beings, and are equally proper for their several destinations in the diversity which pervades the fitness of things.

As those are the best governments, and the best upheld, which act systematically on this principle, a portion of tuition, public and private, ought to be directed accordingly. Parents should enter fully and minutely into this subject, as it is a matter of the first importance to render liberal sentiments compatible with extensive knowledge and mental vigour.

Man arrogates to himself the proud title of Lord of the creation: If he is the first in dignity, he should extend his protection to the dependent creatures, a part of whom suffer from his unparalleled injustice, supported by his extraordinary power.

The parent who, either from indifference, or a savage disposition, allows a son to be brought up without forming or correcting his judgment, in accordance with the principle here considered, must expect to reap a crop of ingratitude on the part of the child. Without knowing or wishing to know any thing of his family, sure I am that some gross mismanagement must have taken place in the education of the late Mr. A— of Hampstead, or he could not have ordered a game fowl to be roasted alive, because it had refused to fight

another animal of the same kind at a cockpit.

APOLOGIES for ABUSES.

There is no abuse, ancient or modern, for which ingenious men will not employ their art to find an excuse. France was overrun by a swarm of drones, secular and regular, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery." A display of erudition is pleaded in extenuation of the offence of idleness. In "*Laborious nihil agendo*" we discover the great character of the *genus*, and we put it to this test, but we see that it is connected with some collateral good in the *species*. Hence we are told that the Benedictines cherished a love for the knowledge of antiquities; that the Dominicans, for their scholastic philosophy, reflected lustre on their order; as also the Jesuits, for raising literary fabrics, formed on classic models, and the Oratorians as men of capacity and information in the higher branches of the mathematics.

CURE for the GRAVEL.

Take leek roots, cut them into pieces, and boil a quart until reduced to a pint, in soft water; then add a quartern of gin, and drink near a tumbler full on going to bed. This will act as a salutary diuretic.

RIGHTS of ENGLISHMEN.

The King of England cannot force any of his subjects out of the realm, not even on an embassy, for this might be the means of keeping them in an honourable exile.

The chancellor, however, may grant a writ on oath made, and cause being shewn, to keep a subject within the jurisdiction of the laws; but neither he, nor any other subject can prevent an Englishman from entering the kingdom.

Written by Sir F. BURDETT, and affixed to JOHN HORNE TOOKE'S EUST, in his parlour.

Behold the man, who, touch'd with human woe,
Stood, tho' alone, Oppression's constant foe.
With Reason's light revived the patriot flame,
And dragg'd forth public guilt to public shame.
Felt Vengeance arm'd Corruption's harpy tribe,
And strove to murder, what she could not bribe.
Dauntless he brav'd the storm, still undismay'd,
Proclaimed the people and their rights betrayed.
Made Nero tremble on his blood-stain'd throne,
And Truth and Freedom mark'd him for their own,

DR. FRANKLIN and his SON.

In the month of February, 1801, I dined with Governor F. at the house of a relation, and was highly entertained. I heard the quondam governor describe the much vaunted and trifling process by which his father proved that lightning was electricity. He entered into the particulars of making the kite, an operation at which he himself assisted; the mode of letting it fly during a thunder-storm, at a little farm belonging to his father, about two miles from Philadelphia. His father had retired, in consequence of the rain, to a shed in the neighbourhood, but emerged from time to time, to survey and state the phenomena. At length the critical moment occurred, but no metallic thread was twined round the string, but being wet, it became a conductor.

Undue importance is attached to this experiment—no person in Europe ever doubted that lightning and electricity were identical.

MAXIMS from VOLTAIRE.

In war we ought to do that which the enemy most dreads.

The balance of power, whether well or ill understood, has been the favourite passion of the English.

The Swiss cantons sell soldiers to all parties, and defend their country against all: although the government is pacific, the people are all warriors.

Sea fights are generally indecisive.

Above 120 battles have been fought in Europe, since the year 1600, and amongst them all, ten only were decisive.

History is only a detail of the same events, repeated with some variation.

In ancient times a battle consisted of a multitude of single combats, in which there was less noise, but more slaughter than at present.

At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Marquis de St. Severin, said "that he came to fulfil the words of his master, and that he would make peace, not as a merchant but as a king."

In all important state affairs there is an avowed pretext, and a concealed reason.

SOCIETY.

Many great authorities, from whose opinion I shall not venture to deviate,

have been strenuous in maintaining that the happiest state of society, though not the most refined, is where the members are equally distant from that opulence which corrupts, and that misery which debases the human mind. America lays before us a sample to judge of the accuracy of this position.

MR. PITT,

Though confessedly a great orator, and of superior understanding as a financier, did not possess, as I apprehend, an animated, natural, and consistent taste for literature. I do not recollect any man of letters whom he patronised as such, or without some reference to the tame and graceless purposes of his ambition—that ambition, on the surface of which deception floats.

DR. FRANKLIN.

I have ever been hardy enough to admire the following verse, by Turgot, on that great and universally respected character, whose portrait, it seems, had been presented to him by a friend.

“Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.”

The above line I suspect is an imitation of the following, which I found in turning over some book rather hastily :

“Eripuit fulmenque Jovi Phœboque sagittam.”

I have since found another proof of the imitation, in Manilius, a poet of the Augustan age, representing the cultivation of human genius :

———“Solvitque animus miracula rerum
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonantū.”

TURBOT FISHERY.

This fishery is carried on solely from Barking, in Essex. and the vessels employed, each of which has but one mast, consisted in 1809, of about sixty, all having wells or reservoirs for salt water. Much has been said of our rivaling, and even excelling the Dutch, of late years, in this art ; but truth obliges me to declare the contrary, and sacrifice national vanity at the shrine of impartiality.

Our expert and industrious neighbours not only possess the advantage of fishing on their own immediate coast, but in the *plastes* and *salt water inlets* which indent it. These we are not tempted by the law of nations to occupy with our small craft, and therefore, for the most part, we act as mere *carriers* only.

The Dutch make use of smelts which they salt, and also a piece of the gorse-bill, by way of bait.

The English but-men, (for so this description of vessel is termed) re-visit their coasts, both in time of war and peace. As they collect the turbot, they place them in boxes, and do not turn them adrift in the wells, until some time after.

ENGLISH GLOOM.

If we may credit common fame, the English character will undoubtedly be thought too grave by foreigners—not so, perhaps, by the philosopher and the man of taste, who trace humanity, clothed in various modifications of manners. I happened one afternoon to be rather cheerful in the company of a foreigner, who, in consequence of this trifling event, gave me more surprise than delight by politely asking whether I was actually born in the island of Great Britain.

PRINCE GEORGE.

The Earl of Chesterfield thus speaks of his late Majesty, while a boy, in a letter to his son, dated London, March 25, O. S. 1751.

“The death of the Prince of Wales, who was more beloved for his affability and good nature, than esteemed for his steadiness and conduct, has given concern to many and apprehension to all. The great difference of age in the King and Prince George, presents the prospect of a minority: a disagreeable prospect for any nation. But it is most probable that the king, who is now perfectly recovered of his late indisposition, may live to see his grandson of age. He is seriously a most hopeful boy: gentle and good-natured with good sense. This event has made all sorts of people here historians as well as politicians. Our histories are rummaged for all the particular circumstances of the six minorities which have been since the conquest: viz. those of Henry III. Edward III. Richard II. Henry VI. Edward V. and Edward VI. The reasonings and the speculations, the conjectures and the predictions, you will easily imagine must be innumerable and endless in this nation, where every porter is a consummate politician.”

“Doctor Swift says,” very humour-

ously, "every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them, but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences, from having never learned them."

SELF-DENIAL.

The old Duke of Cumberland was wounded by a ball, at the battle of Dettingen, in the calf of his leg, but perceiving that a Frenchman of the name of Guardan, had no one to assist him, he turned round, and said "begin by dressing this French officer's leg, he is more hurt than I am, and I shall have help enough."

MR. COBBETT.

When his Majesty visited Cuffnell's, in 1804, he said the moment he entered the house, "where is my friend Cobbett's paper?" Mr. C. at that time wrote in the ministerial interest.

The PRETENDER.

Prince Charles Edward, the son of the Chevalier de St. George, was fated like his ancestors to experience a variety of fortunes. His grandfather, James II. had been dethroned, or in gentler language, was forced "to abdicate," for his attachment to tyranny and the catholic religion. His great grandfather, Charles I. was condemned to the block by his own subjects. His great grandmother was put to death by Elizabeth. His father was condemned to experience an ignominious exile, and this last scion of so many kings of England, escaped decapitation by an effort almost miraculous. After contending with the appearance of success for the crown of England, he was seized as a common prisoner in France, and transported to Italy, where he shortened his days by intoxication.

The old WHIG POET to his old BUFF WAIST-COAT. By CAPT. MORRIS.

Farewell, thou poor rag of the muse!
In the bag of the cloathsman go lie:
A sixpence thou'lt fetch from the Jews,
Which the hard hearted Christians deny.
Twenty years in adversity's spite,
I bore thee most proudly along:
Stood jovially buff to the fight,
And won the world's ear with my song.
But, prosperity's humbled thy case:
Thy friends in full banquet I see,
And the door kindly shut in my face,
Thou'st become a *fool's garment* to me!

2M ATHENEUM VOL. 10.

Poor rag! thou art welcome no more,
The days of thy *service* are past,
Thy toils and thy glories are o'er,
And thou and thy master are *cast*.
But though thou'rt forgot and betrayed,
'Twill ne'er be forgotten by me,
How my old lungs within thee have play'd,
And my spirits have swelled thee with
glee.
Perhaps they could swell thee no more,
For Time's icy hand's on my head;
My spirits are weary and sore,
And the impulse of Friendship is dead.
Then adieu! tho' I cannot but fret
That my constancy with thee must part,
For thou hast not a hole in thee yet,
Though through *thee* they have wounded
my heart.
I change thee for sable, more sage,
To mourn the hard lot I abide;
And mark upon *gratitude's* page,
A blot that hath buried my *pride*.
Ah! who would believe in these lands
From the *Whigs* I should suffer a wrong?
Had they seen how with hearts and with
hands
They followed in frenzy my song.
Who'd have thought, though so eager their
claws,
They'd condemn me *thus hardly* to plead?
Through my *prime*, I have toiled for your
cause
And you've left me, when aged, in need.
Could ye not midst the favours of fate,
Drop a mite where all own it is due?
Could ye not, from the *feast of the state*
Throw a *crumb* to a servant so true?
In your *scramble* I stirred not a jot,
Too proud for rapacity's strife;
And sure that all hearts would allot
A scrap to the *claims of my life*.
But go, faded rag, and while gone
I'll turn thy hard fate to my ease;
For the hand of kind heaven hath shewn
All crosses have colours that please.
Thus a *bliss* from thy shame I receive,
Though my body's met treatment so foul,
I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
And get comfort, more worth for my *soul*.
And when seen on the rag-seller's rope,
They who know thee'll say ready enough,
"There service hangs jilted by hope,
"This once was poor Morris's buff."
If they let them give *Virtue* her name
And yield an example to teach,
Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *shame*
Better ends than thy *honours* could reach.
But though the soul gain by the loss,
The stomach and pocket still say,
"Pray what shall we do in this cross?"
I answer, "be *poor* and be *gay*."
Let the muse gather mirth from her wrong,
Smooth her wing in *adversity's* shower;
To new ears and new hearts fill her song,
And still look for a *sun-shining hour*!
While I, a disbanded old Whig,
Put up my discharge with a smile;
Face about—prime and load—take a swig,
And march off—to the opposite file.

Varieties.

(English Magazines, November 1821.)

HATS.

"What man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows."

Shakespeare.

"To begin firste with their hattes. Sometymes thei use them sharpe on the crowne peaking up, like the spere or shafte of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heades; some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Other some be flat and broad in the crowne like the battlements of a house."—*Philip Stubbes.*

A HAT is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. It often serves as a beacon to the wary against lewdness, extravagance, cold-heartedness, and vulgarity; vain pomp and parade, unblushing impudence, affected singularity, and many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, unnaturally gross, rigidly chaste, or venially flexible in his taste, by this infallible test. Much may be deduced too from the style in which it is worn. One man entombs his pericranium in its beaver; another sets it so lightly and delicately on, that it seems to be ever "straining upon the start," and, like "the sweet pea, on tip-toe for a flight."

What an infinity of associations are linked and embodied with the different styles and fashion of the head-covering! The monk's cowl, the turban, the mitre, and the helmet, would each furnish themes innumerable for dissertation and reflection. One might even descant with advantage on the humble mariner's cap.

I encountered a hat yesterday which I had long deemed obsolete; it reminded me of quaint garbs, and the republican names of Cromwell, Fairfax, Iretton, Bradshaw, Blake, with his well-curled mustachios, and the far famed battle of Marston-Moor. Henri Quatre with his particular face and half-closed eyes, the fair Gabrielle, the princely Mary de Medicis, the fierce leaguers,

and the desperate fanatic Ravillac, float along with the up-turned brim, shadowing plumes, and strange fashion of their time. The Spanish hat breathes of soft serenades, and the tinkling guitarra, with its delicate voice stealing into the dark-eyed sleeping lady's dream of love, revelling for a moment with all her fanciful and warm ideas, and then gently, and by degrees, awakening her to realities, just as her lover's voice blends gently in, and seduces her to the flower-encircled casement by some magic rhymes of beauty, love, and constancy eternal. The formal beaver reminds me of cold, voiceless meetings, habitual gravity, William Penn, and the primitive immaculates. An opera-hat is associated with the delicious cameos, *cau de mille fleurs*, eloquent dancing, passionate music, and a tiara of living beauty, with bright eyes and beaming brows, sparkling about in delightful exuberance. The small, elegant white chapeau, with its broad band, polished steel clasp, and fluttering plumes, speaks to me always of gallant maidens, mounted on slender palfreys, and fantastically gamboling over dewy swards richly begemmed with gay smiling margarites, and the deep green circles formed by "the light-footed fays." The most pathetic inanimate object I ever beheld was the gay white beaver of a lively high-spirited girl, floating in a calm and delusive stream over its drowned mistress; it was a beacon which none could mistake—a fleeting monument, that spoke more to the heart than perdurable marble or erudite inscriptions.

Every man's hat is a cast of his head, and is strongly tintured with his habits and prejudices. We may discover as great a variety in hats as in men. There is your hat bellicose, flaunting, and soldierly, that seems to court applause, and your tame, pusillanimous, and meekly covering, without shape or feature, emollient, pliable, and unresisting as wax; your technical dot-and-carry-one companion to the ledger, and your

little, pert, upstart, whipper-snapper chapeau. There is your hat clerical, devout, orthodox, and sanctified; your brazen-looking, up-turned symbol of arrogant stupidity; your demure, obtuse, and inflexible receptacle of a quaker's caput, whose elaborate brim is one of the chief insignia of the sect; and the incomparative and superlative aristocrat, that graces a noble buck's brows, and utterly defies criticism. There is also your deformed, mis-shapen, unbrushed hat, Benedictine and matrimonial, with its "knotty and combined locks;" and your steady, sober, bachelorly nap-lacking hat, everlasting and immortal, whose olden fashion and antique hue prove it to have enjoyed its present situation since its now-wrinkled possessor first entered the East India House as a stylish junior clerk. There is, besides, your majestic hat of capacity and dominion, and your hat subaltern and un aspiring; your profound, bronze-coloured, overbearing Johnsonian, and your prying, inquisitive, jealous, and "unsatisfied imp;" your infirm, elderly beaver, and your lusty, coarse, dog's-hair agriculturist, with its corollary of documents; your hat morose, sullen, and forbidding, with its never failing accompaniment of an octagon face, scowling eyes, and clenched lips, and your gay, honest, graceful, but negligent harbinger of vivacity and good humour; your insinuating, silky-smiling cap of salutation and complacency, which oftener graces its wearer's hand than his head, and the supercilious, haughty *noli me tangere*; your money-getting Mosaic slouch, and your worn-out, half-naked, and ruined silk hat, in its last stage of existence, still "smiling at grief," and striving to keep up appearances.

The catalogue is indefinite: but I shall content myself, at present, with naming two or three others only: the delectably light straw Creolian, with its shady and efficient panoply, crowning a made-up, magisterial, monotonous and mahogany visage, strongly impregnated with molasses, Jamaica rum, and bitter aloes;—the poetical vagary, with its infinite and inexplicable bends, contortions, freaks, and undulations (the maker would not know his own handy-

work in its present state of uncivilization and absurdity; it always inclines one to fancy that the bearer has lately been "in a fine frenzy rolling;"—and the obdurate, hard-brimmed, and frost-bitten hat of anti-sociality, under which a sharp, thin, satirical, and calumniating nose juts out, with its prolonged extremity beetling over a venomous adder's nest-looking mouth, and a chin that altogether repels communion.

I shall never forget the reverence and awe, with which the scholars at—— school were wont to inspect the hat of our head-master. "I shall not look upon its like again." It was large and expansive, encrusted with powder and the learned dust of many a year. It was hallowed by recollections of imperative frowns, grave lectures, and profound disquisitions on the Greek and Roman tongues. It would have been deemed akin to sacrilege to touch it irreverently. He often left it in the most conspicuous part of the room, to preserve order in his absence. No one could forget him who beheld his hat; they were so mixed up and amalgamated together, that the hat was a component, and almost essential part of the man. It looked dominant, impressive, and gubernatorial. A.

TILLOTSON.

Archbishop Tillotson left nothing to his family but the copy of his posthumous sermons, which was afterwards sold for 2,500 guineas. King William granted Dr. Tillotson's widow a pension of 600*l.* per annum, and forgave the first fruits.

BURKE and DALRYMPLE.

The king is supposed by some to have given Burke and Sir John Dalrymple access to King William's cabinet at Kensington, where they made some extracts unfavourable to Sydney and Russel.

TOOTH-ACHE.

A gentleman is at this moment sitting by the writer, who has experienced decided benefit in a violent face ache, (most probably originating from a carious tooth) by putting a drop or two of the prussic acid into the hollow of the tooth affected, and taking two drops of the same internally upon retiring to rest. This is not the first nor the second case

in which the potent medicine referred to has effected relief from tooth-ache, and its success has been so great as to induce this notice and recommendation of its virtues.

SPIKENARD OF THE ANCIENTS.

Among other interesting articles in the *Flora Nepalensis*, a full and correct botanical description of the plant which yielded the spikenard of the ancients may be expected. This plant is the *Valeriana Jatamansi*. It is remarkable that although Sir W. Jones was the first who determined this point, he has by mistake described and figured another species of Valerian in place of the *Jatamansi*, viz. *V. Hardwickii*, or at least he has confounded this species with the true one; for he describes the radical leaves as being cordate, while the leaves of *V. Jatamansi* are lanceolate. In Mr. Lambert's rich collection are specimens of the *Jatamansi* with fibrous roots; these agree exactly with what was formerly sold in the shops, and answer well the description given by ancient authors, as to the root resembling the tail of an ermine.

SHOWER OF SNAILS.

A heavy shower of snails was reported to have fallen lately near Tockington, in Gloucestershire. Ground, to the extent of two acres, is said to have been covered with them. These supposed specimens of the sidereal system, were eagerly purchased by the curious and the credulous, who will probably be somewhat surprised to learn, that they may pick up bushels of similar rarities in favorable situations, any morning between the hours of four and six o'clock. The natural history of this snail is accurately given in Montague's *Testacea Britannica*. Its name is *Felix Virgata*; or *Zoned Snail Shell*. "It may be considered," he says, "as a local species; but is found in prodigious abundance in some sandy or barren stony situations, most plentifully near the coast, especially about Whitsand-bay, Cornwall, and in the South of Devonshire, where it is believed they contribute not a little to fatten sheep, the ground being covered with them." This snail occurs also abundantly in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and county of Somerset. On approaching heat they are observed to leave their hiding-place near the roots of grass, crawling upon the leaves and plants near it, and thus becoming visible to the superficial observer. From this remark of Montague, and the well-known fact that snails furnish much nourishing matter, it would be perhaps best for the farmer belonging to the field at Tockington to turn into it a flock of sheep, which would soon crush the snails in eating them with the grass, and they would doubtless improve thereby. In this phenomenon, the philosophic mind will easily trace the provision of nature to render these snails (fattened near the roots of the succulent grass) a pasture, when parched by the rays of the

sun, of a most nourishing nature to herbaceous animals. A similar circumstance occurred in the same field about three years ago.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

To W. F. COLLARD, of the Firm CLEMENTI, COLLARD and Co. Patent Piano Forte makers to the King, of Cheapside, London; for New Patent Grand and Square Piano Fortes, with Harmonic Swell and Bridge of Reverberation.

At the suggestion of certain eminent musicians, a celebrated mathematician some years since directed his attention to enriching the tone of piano fortes by the aid of harmonics; but his designs were never carried into effect. Clementi and Co., by their present patent invention, obtain this desirable improvement, at the addition of a comparatively trifling cost.

By the "BRIDGES OF REVERBERATION," the strings have the effect of being fixed, like those of the harp, in the sound-board itself, instead of being checked by an immediate attachment to a solid substance. This contrivance not only produces a more equal and rich flow of vibration, but takes away the whistling of the large steel strings, so common and often so disagreeable in grand piano fortes on the usual construction. It also gives the great advantage of turning all those portions of the strings beyond the original bridge, which were before useless, to the augmentation and perfection of the tone produced on the main body of the instrument by means of the "HARMONIC SWELL."

In expressive movements and legato passages the addition of the harmonics, independent of the beauty of sound, procures an advantage which must be obvious to every one, since it effects that continuity of vibration which, somewhat like the bow of a violin, makes one note glide into another; and as this effect is produced without at all interfering with the dampers, the bass may be played *staccato* whilst the treble is played *legato*, and vice versa. The whole volume of tone called forth by the harmonic swell and damper pedal combined, is of extraordinary richness and power; and in passages requiring bold contrast, dramatic energy, or sustained grandeur, will be found of singular efficacy. The great improvement given by this new construction also to the *extra additional keys in the treble*, must be considered very important, since all the great continental composers and performers now employ them so frequently in passages of brilliant effect; and since they are found so highly useful not only for duetts by two persons on the same instrument, but for giving the master an opportunity of marking the character of passages above, whilst the scholar is practising them in the octave below.

The additional pedal for fixing the keys on two strings is found very convenient, as it leaves the feet to be employed on the harmonic swell and damper pedal during a delicate strain, or for the purpose of accompaniment.

The simple principle on which the improved grand piano forte cases are constructed is of such efficacy as to resist an immensely greater force than the most extensive compass of string can possibly produce. The advantage of this, in keeping the instrument in tune and counteracting the *effects of climate*, are sufficiently obvious.

From the long and deep attention bestowed on the structure of piano fortes, and the eminent success with which every hint for their improvement has been pursued, we were not prepared to expect any invention that might add to the general powers of the instrument, although among the prodigious assistance mechanics are able to lend to art, we should not have doubted that there might be yet some particular parts susceptible of a superior construction. The object of Mr. COLLARD's invention is however general, and it imparts not only a new and richer degree of tone, but it submits a choice of fresh varieties and degrees to the player, which can hardly fail to call forth novel and beautiful effects in performance.

Freedom of vibration, power, richness and equality of tone, being the great and essential qualities to be desired in piano fortes, the attention of the patentee appears to have been directed generally to the discovery of some principle by which these requisites could be obtained in a higher degree than by the plan hitherto employed in their construction. The mechanism used having been already brought to a very high degree of excellence, it seemed manifest that if the qualities sought after could at all be produced to the extent desired, they must either result from a new construction of the sound-board, or from the mode of applying the strings, or from both means combined.

The mechanism of each description of piano fortes now commonly in use he leaves nearly in the same state as that employed by the most eminent manufacturers, so that the performer has no new difficulties whatever to encounter from the application of Mr. COLLARD's inventions.

The cases or frame-work of grand piano fortes he constructs on a simple principle, of so great strength as to enable them to resist the *effects of climate*, and a far greater power than the combined pull of the strings produce. The improvement, that is the basis on which the other is founded, is an additional bridge on the sound-board, not for the purpose of regulating musical intervals, but of augmenting the duration of the vibration, and consequently increasing and beautifying the tone. This bridge, which he calls 'the bridge of reverberation,' is placed at a regulated distance on the sound-board; and the important advantage resulting from it is, that the motion given to the principal part of the string by the impulse of the hammer, is kept up by the bridge of reverberation, instead of being suddenly checked by an attachment to an unyielding substance. The prolonged vibration produces an extraordinary purity, power, and continuity of

sound, somewhat resembling the richness of an octave below.

From this essential improvement the patentee's second invention is derived, which is as follows:—

On the old plan of passing the strings directly from the side of the case to the original bridge on the sound-board, it became necessary, in order to prevent the jarring noise of those portions of the wire which lie between them, not only to place some soft substance on the top of the moulding, but also to weave a piece of cloth between the strings.

The second improvement, which the patentee calls the *harmonic swell*, substitutes a novel action for those portions of the strings which lie between the two bridges, yielding most sweet and melodious tones. The performer, by lifting a valve, is enabled to elicit those harmonious sounds through a well-known sympathetic relation between accordant strings, without touching those portions of the strings which produce them. The augmentation of sound caused by this means, resembles in some measure the effect of lifting the dampers, but without producing the same confusion, since every note on the body of the instrument is regularly damped as the performer lifts his finger. By this apparatus a threefold power of augmenting the sound is acquired; whereas instruments of the common construction have but the one caused by lifting the dampers.

The first augmentation of power is by lifting the harmonic swell.

The second—by dropping the harmonic swell and raising the dampers.

The third—by raising the harmonic swell and the dampers together. By the last means the performer adds all the tones which are sympathetically elicited from the strings between the original bridge and bridge of reverberation, over and above all that can be produced on instruments of the common construction, and the effect is accordingly of extraordinary richness and power.

These inventions are alike applicable to upright, cabinet, and square piano-fortes; the latter of which acquire by this new mode of construction, much of the richness and depth of tone peculiar to grand instruments.

The improvements, as simple in themselves as their effects are striking, enable the player greatly to extend the variety of his performance, and are acknowledged by the first professional judges to have given a new character to the instrument of the most effective kind. That which we heard appeared to us to produce the kind of prolonged tone which arises in a room of fine resonance, and the power was certainly vastly augmented. Upon the whole, the inventor seems to have accomplished far more than could have been expected, after the very high state of improvement the piano-forte had already attained.

In the press, a Historical Romance, in four volumes, called the *Festival of Mora*. By Mrs. Sidney Stanhope.

Intelligence.

THE author of the Scottish novels, determined "to make hay while the sun shines," announces another work under the title of *THE PIRATE*. This gentleman must be regarded as the most fortunate writer of this or any other age. We congratulate him on his success, and heartily wish that other genius in higher walks of literature met with corresponding rewards. The profits, however, of these novels, at the price which the author puts upon his copies, are worthy of being recorded in the annals of literature. His first editions are 20,000 copies, (we have heard even of 30,000) and to this is usually added another of 10,000. The following then is something like the account between him and his printer, for a novel of three volumes of fifteen sheets each:—

1800 reams of paper, 26s.	£ 2340
Printing 45 sheets, at 21l.	945
Advertising	100
Commission, and other expences	600
	3985

Taking the returns at only 1l. 1s. per copy, the retail price being 1l. 11s. 6d. we have a net produce of } 21,000

Profit on first edition 17,015

If to this be added 8000l. for the profit of the second edition, it appears that each of those novels of three volumes, yields the enormous profit of 25,015l. and if the copies were sold at the usual price of 21s. to the public, the profit would still be 15,000l. Of course two of these publications per annum yields to their fortunate author 50,000l. per annum. Such a case of reward for moderate exertions of genius and labour has no parallel. We have been taught to wonder at the proceeds of three or 4000l. for the lectures of the ancient philosophers repeated twice a year; at the 3500l. paid to Dr. Johnson for his Dictionary; at the 6000l. netted by Mr. Pope for his translation of Homer; at the 3000l. paid to Mr. Moore for his *Lalla Rookh*; and at the 3000l. paid to Sir Walter Scott for some of his poems; at the 1000l. paid to Mrs. Radcliffe for her *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and to Miss Burney for her last novel: but the author's profits on these repeated productions transcend every former example of literary remuneration.

An expedition has been formed to explore certain parts of Africa which border upon Egypt. The object of the present expedition is the discovery of the remains of Greek and Roman edifices, which, it is conjectured, are scattered in different parts of Libya. The gentleman who has been chosen by government, with the approbation of his Majesty, to superintend this expedition, is Mr. Beechy, many years secretary to Mr. Salt, the English consul in Egypt. The Lords of the Admiralty have fitted out a

small vessel with a complement of men, and intrusted the command to Lieutenant Beechy. The vessel is intended to sail round the coast, and to wait upon the expedition, which will only proceed so far in the interior as will allow an easy return to the coast. The expedition will start from Tripoli, to the Bey of which a communication has been despatched from this government to request assistance, which will, no doubt, be afforded. Libya, the country about to be explored, is that which in ancient times contained the two countries of Cyrenaica and Marmorica. South of Marmorica, which our countrymen will visit, and in the midst of the sands of the Libyan Desert, was a small and beautiful spot, refreshed by streams and luxuriant with verdure, in which stood the Temple, so celebrated in antiquity, of Jupiter Ammon. The expedition will, in all probability, be engaged three or four years.

Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, &c. announces a new work, under the title of the *May-Day of the Muses*.

Dr. JOHN MASON GOOD, F.R.S. will speedily publish a body of medical science, under the title of *The Study of Medicine*, comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice, in four volumes, 8vo. These volumes, in addition to that lately published on Nosology, will complete the author's design; and constitute an entire body of Medical Science, adapted equally to the use of lecturers, practitioners, and students.

Memoirs of the Court of King James the First, by LUCY AIKEN, are printing in 2 vols.

A plan has been lately suggested, and will be acted upon in Edinburgh, for instructing by lectures and demonstrations, the operative mechanics of that city in the principle of those branches of science, which are useful in the various trades that are carried on there. It may readily be conceived that to the ingenious men who will have the opportunity of deriving benefit from these lectures and scientific demonstrations, the stimulus to improvement and to invention will be powerful indeed. In our metropolis, likewise, it is to be anticipated that similar opportunities of instruction in the mechanic arts, and in those branches of science which are applicable to them, and adapted to the previous acquirements of the working artisan and mechanic, would be eminently useful; and it appears reasonable to hope that no obstacles would present themselves to such a scheme but what could be readily surmounted. The establishment of such schools of instruction would probably succeed if left to private adventure, and if they should, no national aids to set them in motion would be required.

The late Dr. VICISSIMUS KNOX's *Spirit of Despotism* will appear early in the present month, in a handsome octavo volume, with a Preface by the editor.

New-Year Address

OF

THE CARRIER OF THE ATHENEUM.

Written by a Young Lady of Boston.

PAUSE ! at the portal of the coming year—
 Where swings the mighty gate, when Time draws near,
 And closes after, ne'er to open more,
 Till dates, and years, and Time himself are o'er,—
 Hope with her eager gaze stands looking through,
 Dreads not the gloom intense that mocks her view;
 Shields with her hand her raised, uplifted eye,
 And begs one ray of prescience from on high.
 While, ling'ring near, her pensive sister turns
 To sigh o'er scenes for which her bosom yearns ;
 Fain would retrace the past, whate'er betide,
 Weeps o'er its sorrows, loves the friends it tried,
 Regrets its pleasures, marks its wisdom fail,
 And draws a moral from the useful tale.
 Full well may one short year its scenes renew,
 Calm and distinct to Mem'ry's busy view :
 And all its sickness, sorrow, cares and tears,
 Or all its lively joys and groundless fears,
 And hopes that suffer'd no untimely blight,
 In soft remembrance of the *Past* unite.—
 The awful Past ! thick studded with bright names,
 Where Glory streams with mild, but living flames,
 Throws a rich halo round the hero's head,
 And sheds her radiance o'er the mighty dead !
 A strange, blest contrast with the starless gloom
 Where glimmering phantoms through the darkness loom,
 And clouds and silence rest upon the deep
 Where coming ages in the *Future* sleep.—
 The calm, but oh ! the never silent Past !
 Whose low, deep voice, while Heav'n and Earth shall last,
 Shall breathe its solemn tale to mortal ears ;
 And like the moaning which the sailor hears
 When storms are rising o'er the chafing deep,
 And winds are waking from cloud-cradled sleep,
 Shall sound its awful warning from afar,
 Telling of revolutions dire, and war ;
 Of altars prostrate on some unknown spot,
 Their name and worship both alike forgot ;
 Of empires mouldering to their awful fall,
 Of crownless sovereigns laid without a pall,
 Unhonour'd and unwept by all the train
 Who swelled their pomp, when Fortune smil'd in vain !
 Year after year the mighty page shall grow,
 Where History traces tales of varied woe,
 And notes, while tears th' unconscious lines bedew,
 Man's guilty heroes, and his pious few ;
 And points to chronicles of years gone by
 As half prophetic of those yet to fly.
 One now flits onward to its speedy close !
 Its task is done ! and all its joys or woes
 Dispens'd as Heaven saw best for human weal !
 Joy hath it brought to some ; and set the seal
 Of full completion on long-cherish'd vows,
 Bound wreaths on some, a crown on one man's brows.
 But some are weeping o'er the robe of black,
 And dread the day which brings too keenly back
 The sad remembrance of those hopes—so vain—
 Which fondly thought to hail that day again,
 With smiles and blessings on the much lov'd head,

Now laid unconscious mid the silent dead.
 Sickness hath laid her blighting hand on some,
 And bid the blooming cheek of youth become
 A pale forewarner of the early grave,
 While Friendship weeps to think she cannot save.
 Trials and cares, and all the ruder shocks
 Which man must know, have thinn'd perhaps the locks
 That, one year since, were yet untouch'd by Time;
 Warning Life's pilgrim of a ruder clime,
 Announcing Age with all its hoary snows,
 Its sober pleasures, its peculiar woes.
 And some—sad tribute to the ling'ring year!
 Claim on the fresh carv'd stone a bitter tear.
 Some, who had crown'd the season of their days,
 Sow'd, watch'd and reap'd the harvest of their praise,
 Mark'd generations rising round their knees,
 Tried each vicissitude of pain or ease,
 Toil'd through a long and ever-shifting scene,
 And staid to ripen all youth's promise green,
 Have gone, at length, to lay the silver'd head
 Where Sorrow comes not to molest the dead.
 We miss, we mourn the venerable man
 Who scatter'd blessings while his course he ran;
 But Reason checks the too strong tide of grief,
 And bids a *better* world afford relief.
 The good man's memory dwells within the heart,
 But there inflicts no deep and cureless smart.
 Alas! how vain is Faith or Reason's voice
 When all the soul had held most dear and choice,
 Youth with its promise, beauty with its bloom,
 Are swept, at once, untimely to the tomb!
 When Fancy paints not only all that *was*,
 But all that *might have been*, had Nature's laws
 Spared but that one dear object of our hope,
 The pledge of comfort for Life's downward slope!
 Spring with its blossoms, Summer in its pride,
 Autumn and Winter as they swiftly glide,
 Bring not the balm which Time is wont to shed
 On hearts that grief has wrung until they bled.
 Yet years roll on, and each one in its turn
 Bids thousands more the lot of sorrow learn.
 The gay may laugh, the reckless wretch may scoff,
 While countless throngs are swept unnotic'd off,
 And busy death his ceaseless office plies:
 Whiles Pestilence o'er crowded cities flies,
 Hovers, and shakes the poison from her wings;
 While War's loud clangour o'er a nation rings;
 And Ocean opes his wide untravers'd realms
 To thousands, trusting in their faithless helms.
 Famine is gnawing with her blunted fangs
 Unnumbered wretches, writhing in her pangs;
 Suffering and toil, where'er man's haughty race
 Have trod the soil, and found a resting place,
 Pursue him close, nor leave one season free,
 Till comes the *last*, and man must cease to be!
 Cease! busy dream! Man suffers, it is true:
 But life has gayer, happier moments too.
 The past may warn—it should not be forgot:
 But on the present hangs our future lot.
 Hail! coming Year! whate'er thy course may bring,
 We know from whence our joys and sorrows spring.
 If trial wait, submit we kiss the rod;
 If fortune smile, we breathe our thanks to God!



"THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES"
 These solemn truths with choicest pastime blends.
 Reader! unchill'd by Winter's cheerless scenes,
 For thee the grateful *Carrier's* pray'r ascends.

Boston, January 1, 1822.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, JANUARY 15, 1822.

[NO. 8.

(English Magazines, for November 1821.)

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs, with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter on the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Fairy Queen*?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I

shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part, heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend *Homo Humanus*, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose mind the conception of never wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and

have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating, when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which arises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and the means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed the awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of his duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season,

when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celeno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcase. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with, and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:—

A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all the fish from sea or shore,
Freshest or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid, the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of

saucers, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

—— As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and mora;
Though ravenous taught to abstain from what they
brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat as a horse bolts his

chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dump-lings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's taste, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things in their way, jollity and feasting.—But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of

the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application of them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders? I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance

he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church; in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to be unreverend; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, when we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horesco referens*—trousers instead of mutton.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

WHITHER doth frantic horror urge
My hurried steps?—O woe is me!
These dark waves roll a sanguine tide—
No, no—they are the sea.
To the broad earth's remotest verge
The wrath of God before me flies,
And with a voice that tears my soul
"Vengeance—eternal vengeance" cries.
I am accursed—my brother's blood
Dashes against this wild sea-shore;
It shrieks upon the hollow blast—
It thunders in the torrent's roar.
As round the craggy wave-worn rock
Whirls the impetuous, eddying flood,

So fiercely terror racks my frame
From God's decree for Abel's blood.
Lay bare thy depths, thou great profound!
Shew me the womb of night, thou deep!
Vain prayer—the Avenger waits me there;
His eyes are flame—they never sleep—
Plunged in thy bottomless abyss,
Abel's pale form would meet my sight,
As flying—flying, now I see it
On the tall mountain's topmost height.
E'er since my brother's blood was spilt,
O woe is me!—O woe is me!
My steps the Avenger's curse pursues,
It follows—ever follows me!

VISIT TO JOHN CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

WITH A NOTICE OF HIS NEW POEMS.*

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.**Wansford, Oct. 12, 1821.*

I HAVE just returned from visiting your friend Clare at Helpstone, and one of the pleasantest days I ever spent, was passed in wandering with him among the scenes which are the subject of his poems. A flatter country than the immediate neighbourhood can scarcely be imagined, but the grounds rise in the distance clothed with woods, and their gently swelling summits are crowned with village churches; nor can it be called an uninteresting country, even without the poetic spirit which now breathes about the names of many of its most prominent objects, for the ground bears all the traces of having been the residence of some famous people in early days. "The deep sunk moat, the stony mound," are visible in places where modern taste would shrink at erecting a temporary cottage, much less a castellated mansion; fragments of Roman brick are readily found on ridges which still hint the unrecorded history of a far distant period, and the Saxon rampart and the Roman camp are seen mingled together in one common ruin. On the line of a Roman road, which passes within a few hundred yards of the village of Helpstone, I met Clare, about a mile from home. He was going to receive his quarter's salary from the Steward of the Marquis of Exeter. His wife Patty, and her sister were with him, and it was the intention of the party, I learned, to proceed to their father's house at Casterton, there to meet such of the family as were out in service, on their annual re-assembling together at Michaelmas. I was very unwilling to disturb this arrangement, but Clare insisted on remaining with me, and the two cheerful girls left their companion with a "good bye, John!" which made the plains echo again, and woke in my old-bachelor heart the reflection "John Clare, thou art a very happy fellow."

As we were within a hundred yards of Lolham Brigs, we first turned our steps there. "Tradition gives these

brigs renown," but their antiquity is visible only to the poet's eye—the date of the present structure is 1641; still, the Roman road crossed over on the same foundation, and that is enough; or if more certain evidence of Roman origin were wanted, a fragment of a most ancient wall runs into the road diagonally at this place leaving the mind in that degree of obscurity, with respect to its age or use, which Burke esteems to be essentially connected with the sublime. Of the Poem, Clare gave me the following account. He was walking in this direction on the last day of March, 1821, when he saw an old acquaintance fishing on the lee side of the bridge. He went to the nearest place for a bottle of ale, and they then sat beneath the screen which the parapet afforded, while a hasty storm passed over, refreshing themselves with the liquor, and moralizing somewhat in the strain of the poem. I question whether Wordsworth's pedlar could have spoken more to the purpose. But all these excitations, would, I confess, have spent their artillery in vain against the wool-pack of my imagination; and after well considering the scene, I could not help looking at my companion with surprise: to me, the triumph of true genius seemed never more conspicuous, than in the construction of so interesting a poem out of such common-place materials. With your own eyes you see nothing but a dull line of ponds, or rather one continued marsh, over which a succession of arches carries the narrow highway: look again, with the poem in your mind, and the wand of a necromancer seems to have been employed in conjuring up a host of beautiful accompaniments, making the whole waste populous with life, and shedding around the rich lustre of a grand and appropriate sentiment. Imagination has, in my opinion, done wonders here, and especially in the concluding verse, which contains as lovely a groupe as ever was called into life by the best "makers" of any age or country.

* The Village Minstrel and other Poemes. 1821.

THE LAST OF MARCH.

Written at Lolham Brigs.

Though o'er the darksome northern hill
 Old ambushed winter frowning lies,
 And faintly drifts his threatenings still
 In snowy sleet and blackening skies ;
 Yet where the willow leaning lies
 And shields beneath the budding flower,
 Where banks to break the wind arise,
 'Tis sweet to sit and spend an hour.

Though floods of winter bustling fall
 Adown the arches bleak and blea,
 Though snow-storms clothe the mossy wall,
 And hourly whiten o'er the lea ;
 Yet when from clouds the sun is free
 And warms the learning bird to sing,
 'Neath sloping bank and sheltering tree
 'Tis sweet to watch the creeping Spring.

Though still so early, one may spy
 And track her footsteps every hour ;
 The daisy with its golden eye,
 And primrose bursting into flower ;
 And snugly, where the thorny bower
 Keeps off the nipping frost and wind,
 Excluding all but sun and shower,
 There, children early violets find.

Here 'neath the sheltering bank's retreat
 The horse-blob swells its golden ball ;
 Nor fear the lady-smocks to meet
 The snows that round their blossoms fall :
 Here by the arch's ancient wall
 The antique elder buds anew ;
 Again the bulrush sprouting tall
 The water wrinkles rippling through.

As spring's warm herald April comes,
 As nature's sleep is nearly past,
 How sweet to hear the wakening hums
 Of aught beside the winter blast !
 Of feather'd minstrels first and last,
 The robin's song's again begun ;
 And, as skies clear when overcast,
 Larks rise to hail the peeping sun.

The startling pewits, as they pass,
 Scream joyous whirling over-head,
 Right glad the fields and meadow grass
 Will quickly hide their careless shed ;
 The rooks, where yonder witchens spread,
 Quawk clamorous to the Spring's approach ;
 Here silent, from its watery bed,
 To hail her coming, leaps the roach.

While stalking o'er the fields again
 In stripp'd defiance to the storms,
 The hardy seedsman spreads the grain,
 And all his hopeful toil performs,—
 In flocks the timid pigeon swarms,
 For scatter'd kernels chance may spare ;
 And as the plough unbeds the worms,
 The crows and magpies gather there.

Von bullocks lowe their liberty,
 The young grass cropping to their fill ;
 And colts, from straw-yards neighing free,
 Spring's opening promise 'joy at will :
 Along the bank, beside the rill,
 The happy lambskins bleat and run,
 Then weary, 'neath a sheltering hill
 Drop basking in the gleaming sun.

At distance from the water's edge,
 On hanging sallow's farthest stretch,
 The moor-hen 'gins her nest of sedge
 Safe from destroying school-boy's reach.
 Fen-sparrows chirp and fly to fetch
 The wither'd reed-down rustling nigh,
 And, by the sunny side the ditch,
 Prepare their dwelling warm and dry.

Again a storm encroaches round,
 Thick clouds are darkening deep behind ;
 And, through the arches, hoarsely sound
 The risings of the hollow wind :
 Spring's early hopes seem half resign'd,
 And silent for a while remain ;
 Till sunbeams broken clouds can find,
 All brighten all to life again.

Ere yet a hailstone pattering comes,
 Or dims the pool the rainy squall,
 One hears, in mighty murmuring hums,
 The spirit of the tempest call :
 Here sheltering 'neath the ancient wall
 I still pursue my musing dreams,
 And as the hailstones round me fall
 I mark their bubbles in the streams.

Reflection here is warm'd to sigh,
 Tradition gives these brigs renown,
 Though heedless Time long pass'd them by
 Nor thought them worthy noting down :
 Here in the mouth of every clown
 The "Roman road" familiar sounds ;
 All else, with everlasting frown,
 Oblivion's mantling mist surrounds.

These walls the work of Roman hands !
 How may conjecturing Fancy pore,
 As lonely here one calmly stands
 On paths that age has trampled o'er.
 The builders' names are known no more ;
 No spot on earth their memory bears ;
 And crowds, reflecting thus before,
 Have since found graves as dark as theirs.

The storm has ceased,—again the sun
 The ague-shivering season dries ;
 Short-winded March thou'lt soon be done,
 Thy fainting tempest mildly dies.
 Soon April's flowers and dappled skies
 Shall spread a couch for lovely May,
 Upon whose bosom Nature lies
 And smiles her joyous youth away.

From Lolham Brigs we turned to-
 wards the village of Helpstone, and at
 a distance I saw "Langley Bush,"
 which Clare regretted was fast hasten-
 ing to utter decay ; and could he have
 the ear of the noble proprietor, he said,
 he would beg that it might be fenced
 round to preserve it from unintentional
 as well as wanton injury. There is a
 melancholy cadence, in the construction
 of the little poem which he addressed
 to this Bush, that chimes on my ear
 whenever its name is mentioned, and
 seems to attach me to it as to a rational
 object, though I know nothing further

of its history than is contained in the following lines.

What truth the story of the swain allows,
That tells of honours which thy young days knew
Of "Langley Court" being kept beneath thy boughs
I cannot tell—thus much I know is true,
That thou art reverenc'd : even the rude clan
Of lawless gipsies, driven from stage to stage,
Pilfering the hedges of the husbandmen,
Spare thee, as sacred, in thy withering age.
Both swains and gipsies seem to love thy name,
Thy spot's a favourite with the sooty crew
And soon thou must depend on gipsy-fame,
Thy mouldering trunk is nearly rotten through.
My last doubts murmur on the zephyr's swell,
My last look lingers on thy boughs with pain ;
To thy declining age I bid farewell,
Like old companions, ne'er to meet again.

The discretion which makes Clare hesitate to receive as canonical all the accounts he has heard of the former honours of Langley Bush, is in singular contrast with the enthusiasm of his poetical faith. As a man, he cannot bear to be imposed upon,—his good sense revolts at the least attempt to abuse it ;—but as a poet he surrenders his imagination with most happy ease to the illusions which crowd upon it from stories of fairies and ghosts. The effect of this distinction is soon felt in a conversation with him. From not considering it, many persons express their surprise that Clare should be so weak on some topics and so wise on others. But a willing indulgence of what they deem weakness is the evidence of a strong mind. He feels safe there, and luxuriates in the abandonment of his sober sense for a time, to be the sport of all the tricks and fantasies that have been attributed to preternatural agency. Let them address him on other subjects, and unless they entrench themselves in forms of language to which he is unaccustomed, or take no pains to understand him according to the sense rather than the letter of his speech, they will confess, that to keep fairly on a level with him in the depth and tenour of their remarks, is an exercise requiring more than common effort. He may not have read the books which they are familiar with, but let them try him on such as he has read, (and the number is not few, especially of the modern poets,) and they will find no reason to undervalue his judgment. His language, it is true, is provincial, and his choice of

words is indifferent, because Clare is an unpretending man, and he speaks in the idiom of his neighbours, who would ridicule and despise him for using more or better terms than they are familiar with. But the philosophic mind will strive to read his thoughts, rather than catch at the manner of their utterance ; and will delight to trace the native nobleness, strength, and beauty of his conceptions, under the tattered garb of what may, perhaps, be deemed uncouth and scanty expressions. But why do I plead for his language ? We have nothing in our poetry more energetic or appropriate than the affecting little poem of

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

Each scene of youth to me's a pleasing toy,
Which memory, like a lover, doats upon ;
And mix'd with them I am again a boy,
With tears and sighs regretting pleasures gone.

Ah ! with enthusiast excesses wild
The scenes of childhood meet my moistening eye,
And with the very weakness of a child
I feel the raptures of delight gone by.

And still I fancy, as around I stroll
Each boyish scene, to mark the sport and game,
Others are living with a self-like soul,
That think, and love such trifles, just the same.

An old familiar spot I witness here,
With young companions where we oft have met :
Tho' since we play'd 'tis bleach'd with many a year,
The sports as warmly thrill my bosom yet.

Here winds the dyke where oft we jump'd across,
'Tis just as if it were but yesternight ;
There hangs the gate we call'd our wooden horse,
Where we in see-saw ridings took delight.

And every thing shines round me just as then,
Mole-hills, and trees, and bushes speckled wild,
That freshen all these pastimes up again—
O grievous day that chang'd me from a child !

To seek the play-thing and the pleasing toy,
The painted pooty-shell* and summer-flowers,
How blest was I when I was here a boy ;
What joys were mine in those delightful hours !

On this same bank I bound my posies up,
And cul'd the sweetest blossoms one by one ;
The cowslips still entice me down to stoop,
But all the feelings they inspired are gone.

Though in the midst of each endear'd delight,
Where still the cowslips to the breezes bow,
Though all my childish scenes are in my sight,
Sad manhood marks me an intruder now.

Here runs the brook which I have damm'd and stopt
With choking suds, and water-weeds, and stones,
And watch'd with joy till bursting off its plop,
In rushing gushes of wild murmuring groans.

* Snail shell.

Here stands the tree with clasping ivy bound,
Which oft I've climb'd, to see the men at plough,
And chequer'd fields for many a furlong round,
Rock'd by the winds upon its topmost bough.

Ah, on this bank how happy have I felt,
When here I sat and mutter'd nameless songs,
And with the shepherd-boy, and neatherd, knelt
Upon yon rush-beds, plaiting whips and thongs.

Fond memory warms, as here with gravel-shells
I pil'd my fancied eots and walled rings,
And scoop'd with wooden knife my little wells,
And fill'd them up with water from the springs.

Ah, memory sighs, now hope my heart beguiles
To build as yet snug cots to cheer despair,
While fate at distance mocks with grinning smiles,
And calls my structures "castles in the air."

Now 'e'en the thistles quaking in the wind,
The very rushes nodding o'er the green,
Hold each expressive language to my mind,
And, like old comrades, tell of what has been.

O "sweet of sweets" from infancy that flow,
When can we witness bliss so sweet as then?
Might I but have my choice of joy below,
I'd only ask to be a boy agen.

Life owns no joys so pleasant as the past,
That banish'd pleasure, wrapt in memory's womb:
It leaves a flavour sweet to every taste,
Like the sweet substance of the honey-comb.

If elegance and tenderness of expression are required, from what author in our language can we adduce more delightful instances than are found in the following

BALLAD.

Winter's gone, the summer breezes
Breathe the shepherd's joys again,
Village scene no longer pleases,
Pleasures meet upon the plain;
Snows are fled that hung the bowers,
Buds to blossoms softly steal,
Winter's rudeness melts in flowers:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Careless here shall pleasures lull thee,
From domestic troubles free;
Rushes for thy couch I'll pull thee,
In the shade thy seat shall be;
All the flower-buds will I get
Spring's first sunbeams do unseal,
Primrose, cowslip, violet:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Cast away thy "twilly willy,"
Winter's warm protecting gown,
Storms no longer blow to chill thee;
Come with mantle loosely thrown,
Gale ments, light as gale's embraces,
That thy lovely shape reveal;
Put thou on thy airy dresses:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Sweet to sit where brooks are flowing,
Pleasant spreads the gentle heat,
On the green's lap thyme is growing,
Every molehill forms a seat:
Fear not suns 'cause thou'rt so fair,
In the thorn-bower we'll conceal;
Ne'er a sun-beam pierces there:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

In the following little poem, the art of the composition, admirable as it is, and yielding to no other in this respect, is yet exceeded and kept properly under by the easy grace and delicate fancy with which the lover urges his passion.

BALLAD.

I love thee, sweet Mary, but love thee in fear;
Were I but the morning breeze, healthy and airy,
As thou guesst a walking I'd breathe in thine ear,
And whisper and sigh how I love thee, my Mary!

I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain;
Wert thou but a streamlet a winding so clearly,
And I little globules of soft dropping rain,
How fond would I press thy white bosom, my Mary!

I would steal a kiss, but I dare not presume;
Wert thou but a rose in thy garden, sweet fairy,
And I a bold bee far to rifle its bloom,
A whole summer's day would I kiss thee, my Mary!

I long to be with thee, but cannot tell how;
Wert thou but the elder that grows by thy dairy,
And I the blest woodbine to twine on the bough,
I'd embrace thee and cling to thee ever, my Mary!

One more quotation, and I return to my companion. Is it possible, that any mode of education, or any rank in life, could have taught Clare to express, in better language than he has chosen, the lovely images under which he commemorates

PLEASURES PAST.

Spring's sweets they are not fled, though Summer's
blossom
Has met its blight of sadness, drooping low;
*Still flowers gone by find beds in memory's bosom,
Life's nursing buds among the weeds of woe.*
Each pleasing token of Spring's early morning
Warms with the pleasures which we once did
know;
Each little stem the leafy bank adorning,
Reminds of joys from infancy that flow.
Spring's early heralds on the winter smiling,
That often on their errands meet their doom,
Primrose and daisy, dreary hours beguiling,
Smile o'er my pleasures past whenever they come,
And the speck't throstle never wakes his song,
*But Life's past Spring seems melting from his
tongue.*

I have dwelt more at length than may be necessary in a letter to you, on

the subject of Clare's power of language, but some of his friends object, in my opinion, most unreasonably, to his choice of words: one wishes he would *thresh* and not *thump* the corn, another does not like his eliding the first syllable of some of his words, as "proaching, &c." Every one seems to think that the words or phrases which are in common use in his native place, or where he happened to pass the greater part of his life, ought to be reckoned the true and entire "world of words" for all Englishmen: and so each disallows by turns almost every expression which has not received the sanction of the court. At this rate, Spenser and Shakspeare ought to be proscribed, and Clare may be well content to endure their fate. But in reality, Clare is highly commendable for not *affecting* a language, and it is a proof of the originality of his genius. Style at second-hand is unfelt, unnatural, and common-place, a parrot like repetition of words, whose individual weight is never esteemed,—a cluster-language framed and cast into set forms, in the most approved models, and adapted for all occasions,—an expedient, in fact, to give an appearance of thinking, without "the insupportable fatigue of thought." It suits the age, for we abound with machinery, invented to supersede man's labour; and it is in repute, for it "is adapted to the the meanest capacities;" but there never was a great poet, or grand original thinker in prose, who did not compose his phraseology for himself; words must be placed in order with great care, and put into combinations which have been unknown before, if the *things* which he is solicitous to express, have not been discovered and expressed before. In poetry, especially, you may estimate the originality of the thoughts by that of the language; but this is a canon to which our approved critics will not subscribe: they allow of no phrase which has not received the sanction of authority, no expression for which, in the sense used, you cannot plead a precedent. They would fetter the English poet as much as they circumscribe the maker of Latin verses,

and yet they complain that our modern poets want originality!

Helpstone consists of two streets, intersecting each other at right angles. In the middle stand the church and a cross, both rather picturesque objects, but neither of them very ancient. Clare lives in the right hand street. I knew the cottage by the elm trees which overhang it:

— The witchin branches nigh,
O'er my snug box towering high—

and was glad to hear that they are not now likely to be cut down.

On a projecting wall in the inside of the cottage, which is white-washed, are hung some well engraved portraits, in gilt frames, with a neat drawing of Helpstone Church, and a sketch of Clare's Head which Hilton copied in water colours, from the large painting, and sent as a present to Clare's father. I think that no act of kindness ever touched him more than this; and I have remarked, on several occasions, that the thought, of what would be his father's feelings on any fortunate circumstance occurring, has given him more visible satisfaction, than all the commendations which have been bestowed on his genius. I believe we must go into low life to know how very much parents can be beloved by their children. Perhaps it may be that they do more for them, or that the affection of the child is concentrated on them the more, from having no other friend on whom it can fall. I saw Clare's father in the garden: it was a fine day, and his rheumatism allowed him just to move about, but with the aid of two sticks, he could scarcely drag his feet along: he can neither kneel nor stoop. I thought of Clare's lines:

I'll be thy crutch, my father, lean on me;
Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee;
And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown,
To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.

The father, though so infirm, is only fifty-six years of age; the mother is about seven years older. While I was talking to the old man, Clare had prepared some refreshment within, and with the appetite of a thresher we went to our luncheon of bread and cheese, and capital beer from the Bell. In the

midst of our operations, his little girl awoke, a fine lively pretty creature, with a forehead like her father's, of ample promise. She tottered along the floor, and as her father looked after her with the fondest affection, and with a careful twitch of his eyebrow when she seemed in danger, the last verse of his Address to her came into my mind :

Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much ;
And may my feelings, aches, and such,
The pains I meet in folly's clutch
Be never thine :
Child, it's a tender string to touch,
That sounds "thou'rt mine."

A few more years, and we shall probably see him advanced to that state of patriarchal felicity, which is so beautifully pourtrayed in his Sunday Walks :

With love's sweet pledges poddling at his heels,
That oft divert him with their childish glee
In fruitless chases after bird and bee ;
And, eager gathering every flower they pass,
Of yellow lambtoe and the totter-grass,
Oft whimper round him disappointment's sigh
At sight of blossom that's in bloom too high,
And twitch his sleeve with al' their coaxing powers
To urge his hand to reach the tempting flowers ;
Then as he climbs, their eager hopes to crown,
On gate or stile to pull the blossoms down
Of pale hedge-roses straggling wild and tall,
And scrambling woodbine that outgrow them all,
He turns to days when he himself would teize
His tender father for such toys as these,
And smiles with rapture as he plucks the flowers,
To meet the feelings of those lovely hours,
And blesses Sunday's rest, whose peace at will
Retains a portion of those pleasures still.

Our meal ended, Clare opened an old oak bookcase, and showed me his library. It contains a very good collection of modern poems, chiefly presents made him since the publication of his first volume. Among the works of Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Crabbe, and about twenty volumes of Cooke's Poets, I was pleased to see the Nithsdale and Galloway Sang of our friend Allan Cunningham, to whom Clare expresses a great desire to be introduced ; he thought as I did, that only "Auld Lang Syne" could have produced such poems as the Lord's Marie, Bonnie Lady Anne, and the Mermaid of Galloway. The Lady of the Bishop of Peterborough had just made him a present of Miss Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth. From Sir W. Scott, he received (I think) the Lady of the Lake, and Chatterton's

Poems of Rowley, in lieu of two guineas which were offered him ; he had requested to have the value of the gift enhanced by the autograph of Sir Walter, in one or both the volumes, but his wish was refused. Crabbe's Works were sent him, by Lord Milton, on the day I called at Helpstone. To see so many books handsomely bound, and "flash'd about with golden letters," as he describes it, in so poor a place as Clare's cottage, gave it almost a romantic air, for, except in cleanliness, it is no whit superior to the habitations of the poorest of the peasantry. The hearth has no fire-place on it, which to one accustomed to coal fires looked comfortless, but Clare found it otherwise ; and I could readily picture him enjoying, as he describes himself in one of his early Sonnets,

—The happy winter-night,
When the storm pelted down with all his might,
And roar'd and bellow'd in the chimney-top,
And patter'd vehement 'gainst the window-light,
And on the threshold fell the quick eaves-drop.
How blest I've listen'd on my corner stool,
Heard the storm rage, and hugg'd my happy spot,
While the fond parent wound her whirling spool,
And spar'd a sigh for the poor wanderer's lot.
In thee, sweet hut, this happiness was prov'd,
And these endear and make thee doubly lov'd.

Having directed my man to set off in an hour's time, and wait for me at the top of Barnack Hill, I walked with Clare to the lower end of the street, to see the place where "Jenny" drowned herself. It is a large pond, partly overhung with trees ; a deep wood backs the field ; and in front is an ancient building, which looks like an old manor-house, but it is now in ruins : the scene is, perhaps, the most picturesque of any in the neighbourhood. Here let me refer you at once to the poem of Cross-Roads, or the Haymaker's Story. It is so true to nature, so full of minute incidents, all telling the story in the most dramatic way, that any attempt to glance at it otherwise than in the words of the original, would be to destroy some portion of its interest ; and altogether it is a most affecting narrative. The following lines are beautifully characteristic of those numberless recollections which rush upon the memory after an irreparable deed is done, and seem to have been so strikingly prophetic

of the fact, that our indifference to them assumes even a culpable taint, and we almost feel as if we might have prevented the mischief. An old woman, who was Jenny's companion, thus narrates the story :

Poor thoughtless wench ! it seems but Sunday past
Since we went out together for the last,
And plain enough indeed it was to find
She'd something more than common on her mind ;
For she was always fond and full of chat,
In passing harmless jokes 'bout beaus and that,
But nothing then was scarcely talk'd about,
And what there was, I even forc'd it out.
A gloomy wanness spoil'd her rosy cheek,
And doubts hung there it was not mine to seek ;
She ne'er so much as mention'd things to come,
But sigh'd o'er pleasures ere she left her home ;
And now-and-then a mournful smile would raise
At freaks repeated of our younger days,
Which I brought up, while passing spots of ground
Where we, when children, "hurly-burly'd" round,
Or "blindman buff'd" some morts of hours away—
Two games, poor thing, Jane dearly lov'd to play.
She smil'd at these, but shook her head and sigh'd
When'er she thought my look was turn'd aside ;
Nor turn'd she round, as was her former way,
To praise the thorn, white over then with May ;
Nor stooped once, tho' thousands round her grew,
To pull a cowslip as she us'd to do.
Ah, these were days her conscience view'd with pain,
Which all are loth to lose, as well as Jane.
And, what I took more odd than all the rest,
Was, that same night she ne'er a wish exprest
To see the gipsies, so belov'd before,
That lay a stone's-throw from us on the moor :
I hinted it ; she just reply'd again—
She once believ'd them, but had doubts since then.
But though her tears stood watering in her eye,
I little took it as her last good-bye ;
For she was tender, and I've often known
Her mourn when beetles have been trampled on ;
So I ne'er dream'd from this, what soon befel,
Till the next morning rang her passing bell.

And how wonderfully natural on these reflections !

That very morning, it affects me still,
Ye know the foot-path sidles down the hill,
Ign'rant as babe unborn I pass'd the pond
To milk as usual in our close beyond,
And cows were drinking at the water's edge,
And horses brows'd among the flags and sedge,
And gnats and midges danc'd the water o'er,
Just as I've mark'd them scores of times before,
And birds sat singing as in mornings gone,
While I as unconcern'd went soodling on,
But little dreaming, as the wakening wind
Flapp'd the broad ash-leaves o'er the pond reclin'd,
And o'er the waters crink'd the curdled wave,
That Jane was sleeping in her watery grave.
The neatherd boy that us'd to tend the cows,
While getting whip-sticks from the dangling boughs
Of osiers drooping by the water side,
Her bonnet floating on the top espied ;
He knew it well, and hasten'd fearful down
To take the terror of his fears to town,—
A melancholy story, far too true ;

And soon the village to the pasture flew,
Where, from the deepest hole the pond about,
They dragg'd poor Jenny's lifeless body out,
And took her home, where scarce an hour gone by
She had been living like to you and I.
I went with more, and kiss'd her for the last,
And thought with tears on pleasures that were past ;
And, the last kindness left me then to do,
I went, at milking, where the blossoms grew,
And handfuls got of rose and lambtoe sweet,
And put them with her in her winding-sheet.
A wifal murder, jury made the crime ;
Nor parson 'low'd to pray, nor bell to chime ;
On the cross roads, far from her friends and kin,
The usual law for their ungodly sin
Who violent hands upon themselves have laid,
Poor Jane's last bed unchristian-like was made ;
And there, like all whose last thoughts turn to heaven,
She sleeps, and doubtless hop'd to be forgiven.

The tale is a true one, and in a little village it would doubtless make a deep impression at the time ; but Clare received it from tradition, for the circumstance happened long ago : he would learn therefore the mere fact, that such a girl was drowned in such a pond, and all those particulars which constitute the poetry of the story, would remain to be created by the activity of his own imagination. The true poet alone could so faithfully realize to himself, and few of that class would dare to dwell so intensely upon, the agonizing considerations which pass in the mind of a person intent on self-destruction : the subsequent reflections of the narrator on her own indifference in passing the pond where Jenny lay drowned, and on the unconcern of the cattle and the insects, may be, perhaps, more easily conceived, but are no less faithfully and eloquently uttered.

In our way to Barnack, we skirted the "Milking pasture," which, as it brought to my mind one of the most delicious descriptions I ever saw of the progress of love, shall be my apology, if any is necessary, for the following quotation.

Now from the pasture milking-maidens come,
With each a swain to bear the burden home,
Who often coax them on their pleasant way
To soothe loiter on in love's delay ;
While on a mole-hill, or a resting stile,
The simple rusties try their arts the while
With glegging smiles, and hopes and fears between,
Snatching a kiss to open what they mean :
And all the utmost that their tongues can do,
The honey'd words which nature learns to woo,
The wild-flower sweets of language, "love" and
"dear,"
With warmest utterings meet each maiden's ear ;

Who as by magic smit, she knows not why,
 From the warm look that waits a wish'd reply
 Droops fearful down in love's delightful swoon,
 As s'inks the blossom from the suns of noon;
 While sighs ha' smother'd from the throbbing breast,
 And broken words sweet trembling o'er the rest,
 And cheeks, in blushes burning, turn'd aside,
 Betray the plainer what she strives to hide.
 The amorous swain sees through the feign'd disguise,
 Discerns the fondness she at first denies,
 And with all passions love and truth can move
 Urges more strong the simpering maid to love;
 More freely using toying ways to win—
 'Tokens that echo from the soul within—
 Her soft hand nipping, that with ardour burns,
 And, timid, gentlier presses its returns;
 Then stealing pins with innocent deceit,
 To loose the kerchief from its envied seat;
 Then unawares her bonnet he'll untie,
 Her dark-brown ringlets wiping gently by,
 To steal a kiss in seemly feign'd disguise,
 As love yields kinder taken hy surprise:
 While, nearly conquer'd, she less disapproves,
 And owns at last with tears and sighs, she loves.
 With sweetest feelings that this world bestows
 Now each to each their inmost souls disclose,
 Vow to be true; and to be truly ta'en
 Repeat their loves, and vow it o'er again;
 And pause at loss of language to proclaim
 Those purest pleasures, yet without a name:
 And while, in highest ecstasy of bliss
 The shepherd holds her yielding hand in his,
 He turns to heaven to witness what he feels,
 And silent shows what want of words conceals;
 Then ere the parting moments hustle nigh,
 And night in deeper dye his curtain dips,
 Till next day's evening glads the anxious eye,
 He swears his truth, and seals it on her lips.

At the end of that same pastoral,

“Rural Evening,” how perfect in form, character, and colour, is the following sketch of an aged woman in the almshouse.

Now at the parish cottage wall'd with dirt,
 Where all the cumber-grounds of life resort,
 From the low door that bows two props between,
 Some feeble tottering dame surveys the scene;
 By them reminded of the long-lost day
 When she herself was young, and went to play;
 And, turning to the painful scenes again,
 The mournful changes she has met since then,
 Her aching heart, the contrast moves so keen,
 E'en sighs a wish that life had never been.
 Still vainly sinning, while she strives to pray,
 Half-smother'd discontent pursues its way
 In whispering Providence, how blest she'd been,
 If life's last troubles she'd escap'd unseen;
 If, ere want sneak'd for grudg'd support from pride,
 She had but shar'd of childhood's joys, and died.
 And as to talk some passing neighbours stand,
 And shove their box within her tottering hand,
 She turns from echoes of her younger years,
 And nips the portion of her snuff with tears.

But you are tired, or at least I am, with this long letter. Briefly then, suppose that I parted with my interesting companion, on the top of Barnack Hill, a place which he has celebrated in his poems; that he pursued his way to Casterton; and that, after dinner I tried to put these my imperfect recollections of the day on paper for your amusement. * * *

(Blackwood's Magazine, Oct.)

THE FLOATING BEACON.

ONE dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happen-

ed to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our main-sail was

split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay. 'How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?' cried he, staggering forwards. 'This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!'—'No, no,' returned one of the crew, 'we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind.'—'Captain, you are drunk,' said another; 'you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey *us* now.'—'Silence! mutinous villain,' answered the captain. 'What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze—Up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye.'

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent

spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment, if they did not come on board, and return to their duty. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments, trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulph, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides, were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea, my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and shewed, by their motion, that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him, but, next moment, the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvas disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea, about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam ends, and that the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated, near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain, appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment, the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth. 'That,' cried one of the crew, 'must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet.' This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that some-

times rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat, brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as long as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light, and

looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time, they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required by means of ropes and pullies. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the

latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the birth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still ran very high, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norwegian coast, lying at eleven miles distance could be dimly seen. I looked in vain for some remains of the sloop or boat. Not a bird enlivened the heaving expanse of waters, and I turned shuddering from the dreary scene, and asked Morvalden, the youngest of the men, when he thought I had any chance of getting ashore. "Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us supply of provisions and other necessities. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so, as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free

them from the expence of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in every thing.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so reserved and forbidding in her manners, that she formed no desirable acquisition to our party, already so heartless and unsocial in its character.

When night approached, after the lapse of a wearisome and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. I watched the lantern, as it swung from side to side, and flashed upon different portions of the sea alternately, and sometimes fancied I saw men struggling among the billows that tumbled around, and at other times imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of

moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away, and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unmolested by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—“There’s a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of any thing—and the woman is as bad as him.”—I asked what proof he had of all this.—“Oh, I know it,” returned he; “that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife’s affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations.”—“Why do you not leave the beacon,” inquired I, “and abandon your companion and guilty wife?”—“Ah, that is impossible,” answered Morvalden; “if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here

that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile?—a hopeless despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose."—"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."—"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of

this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship a-ground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and shewed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children, writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall have ever courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me, while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I then went below, and took refuge in my birth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my know-

ing why ; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed. "Because I hate trouble," replied Angerstoff.—"I am master here," said Morvalden, "and have been entrusted with the direction of every thing. Do not attempt to trifle with me."—"Trifle with you!" exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. "No, no ; I am no trifler ; and I advise you to walk up stairs again, lest I prove this to your cost."—"Why, husband," cried Marietta, "I believe there are no bounds to your laziness. You make this young man toil from morning to night, and take advantage of his good nature in the most shameful manner."—"Peace, infamous woman," said Morvalden ; "I know very well why you stand up in his defence ; but I'll put a stop to the intimacy that exists between you. Go to your room instantly ! You are my wife, and shall obey me."—"Is this usage to borne?" exclaimed Marietta. "Will no one step forward to protect me from his violence?"—"Insolent fellow !" cried Angerstoff, "don't presume to insult my mistress."—"Mistress !" repeated Morvalden. "This to my face !" and struck him a severe blow ! Angerstoff sprung forward, with the intention of returning it, but I got between, and prevented him. Marietta then began to shed tears, and applauded the generosity her paramour had evinced in sparing her husband, who immediately went upon deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work that had engaged his attention previous to the quarrel.

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had

some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight ; and as I did not wish to have any communications with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock, Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his birth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my birth, and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand. "Do you hear that?" cried I.—"Hear what?" returned she ; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."—"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.—"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta, "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."—"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."—"How can that be?" answered Marietta ; "Angerstoff is asleep."—"Asleep ! Didn't you say he went up stairs?"—"I don't know," returned she ; "I am hardly awake yet—Let us listen a moment."

Every thing was still for a few seconds ; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah !

that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!”—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs, and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose. “Some one is killed,” cried I. “The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty.”—“I know nothing of that,” returned Marietta. “We can’t be of any use now.—Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—My God!—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are you looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices——”

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, “Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned.” His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion! “You are a murderer!” exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.—“How do you know that?” said he, staggering back; “I’m sure you never saw—” “Hush, hush,” cried Marietta to him; “are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don’t you run and help Morvalden?”—“Has any thing happened to him?” inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.—“You told us he had fallen overboard,” returned Marietta. “Must my husband perish?”—“Give me some water to wash my hands,” said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the

murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky, appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Every thing was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words ‘murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death.’—I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the

vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—‘Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won’t burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn’t go down soon they’ll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!—Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his birth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over

it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupefied with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?—‘Why, that you are one,’ replied I, after a pause.—‘Beware what you say,’ returned he fiercely,—‘you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard.’—‘Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?’ inquired I.—He grew pale, and then cried, ‘You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!’—‘I saw it,’ said I.—‘I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said’—‘Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!’—exclaimed Angerstoff—‘Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don’t be afraid, for you’ll find me a good fellow in the end.’ He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived

the cause of the affray, and cried, 'Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For God's sake, prevent the possibility of that!'—'Yes, yes,' returned Angerstoff; 'he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care, lest I do to him what I did to—' 'To Morvalden, I suppose you mean,' said I.—'Well, well, speak it out,' replied he ferociously; 'there is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—' 'Come,' interrupted Marietta, 'don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—If he wants to give you the slip he must leap overboard.'

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and, more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on, I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and

the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first, I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my birth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up, and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprang from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin.—I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, 'What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest.—Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it.' I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he shewed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and, for a time, forgot that my situation had any thing painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my birth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the ex-

panse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours ; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to any thing else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, 'It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened.' Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, 'Come down instantly, accursed villain ! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so.' I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, 'What noise is this ? Oh, just as I expected ! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards ? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once ? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand.' They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accom-

plise to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.—'Well, quite well,' replied the former ; 'but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person.'—'Strange enough,' said the first speaker, laughing. 'Is he ill and in good health at the same time ? he had as well be overboard as in that condition.'—'Overboard !' repeated Angerstoff, 'what !—how do you mean ?—all false !—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore ?'—'Why,' said the stranger, 'the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business ; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye.—Why you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell.'—'No, no, no,' returned Angerstoff ; 'I never hear of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid.'—'So you don't want any fish to-day ?' cried the stranger. 'Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and bye.' I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said, 'Do you believe what that man has told you ?'—'Yes, by the eternal hell !' cried he vehemently ; 'I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough.'—'My God !' exclaimed she, 'what is to become of us ?—How dreadful ! We are chained here, and cannot escape.'—'Escape

what ?' interrupted Angerstoff ; ' girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice ? Keep a guard over your tongue.'— ' Oh,' returned Marietta, ' I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words ; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there.' They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell ; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, ' God help us ! they are coming now ! ' Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time, he started, and cried, ' I have it now !—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled ! '—He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence, that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, ' She will capsize ! shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom ! ' In the midst of this, I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which

was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved, was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel ; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us, neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us ; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause or it, for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice

against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard a-ground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs, the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around, I neither saw any thing distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been

wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here, and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it, the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

(Literary Gazette.)

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

OF all the days in memory's list,
 Those motley banish'd days;
 Some overhung with sorrow's mist,
 Some gilt with hopeful rays;
 There is a day 'bove all the rest
 That has a lovely sound,
 There is a day I love the best—
 When Patty first was found.

When first I look'd upon her eye,
 And all her charms I met,
 There's many a day gone heedless by,
 But that I'll ne'er forget;

I met my love beneath the tree,
 I help'd her o'er the stile,
 The very shade is dear to me
 That blest me with her smile.

Strange to the world my artless fair,
 But artless as she be,
 She found the witching art when there
 To win my heart from me;
 And all the days the year can bring,
 As sweet as they may prove,
 There'll ne'er come one like that I sing,
 Which found the maid I love.

Voyages and Travels.

HUMBOLDT'S NARRATIVE.

Concluded.

Stories of Crocodiles.

OUR latter extracts from this publication have been as desultory as the curious nature of the author's inquiries seemed to require, without servilely following him through all his topographical details, and philosophical generalizations. In the same spirit, we shall now conclude our notice of these volumes with a brief sequel relating to the crocodiles of the Oroonoko.

"When the waters (says Mr. H.) are high, the river inundates the keys; and it sometimes happens, that even in the town imprudent men become the prey of crocodiles. I shall transcribe from my journal a fact, that took place during Mr. Bonpland's illness. A Guaykeri Indian, from the island de la Marguaretta, went to anchor his canoe in a cove, where there were not three feet of water. A very fierce crocodile, that habitually haunted that spot, seized him by the leg, and withdrew from the shore, remaining on the surface of the water. The cries of the Indian drew together a crowd of spectators. This unfortunate man was first seen seeking for a knife in the pocket of his pantaloons. Not being able to find it, he seized the head of the crocodile, and thrust his fingers into its eyes. No man in the hot regions of America is ignorant, that this carnivorous reptile, covered with a buckler of hard and dry scales, is extremely sensible in the only parts of his body which are soft and unprotected, such as the eyes, the hollow underneath the shoulders, the nostrils, and beneath the lower jaw, where there are two glands of musk. The Guaykeri Indian had recourse to the same means which saved the negro of Mungo Park, and the girl of Uritucu, whom I have mentioned above; but he was less fortunate than they had been, for the crocodile did not open its jaws, and lose hold of its prey. The animal, yielding to the pain, plunged to the bottom of the river; and, after having drowned the Indian, came up to the surface of

the water, dragging the dead body to an island opposite the port. I arrived at the moment when a great number of the inhabitants of Angostura had witnessed this melancholy spectacle.

"As the crocodile, on account of the structure of its larynx, of the hyoid bone, and of the folds of its tongue, can seize, though not swallow, its prey under water; a man seldom disappears without the animal being perceived some hours after near the spot devouring its prey on a neighbouring beach. The number of individuals who perish annually, the victims of their own imprudence and of the ferocity of these reptiles, is much greater than it is believed to be in Europe. It is particularly so in villages, where the neighbouring grounds are often inundated. The same crocodiles remain long in the same places. They become from year to year more daring, especially, as the Indians assert, if they have once tasted of human flesh. These animals are so wary, that they are killed with difficulty. A ball does not pierce their skin, and the shot is only mortal when directed at the throat, or beneath the shoulder.

The Indians, who know little of the use of fire-arms, attack the crocodile with lances, after it is caught with large pointed iron hooks, baited with pieces of meat, and fastened by a chain to the trunk of a tree. They do not approach the animal till it has struggled a long time to disengage itself from the iron fixed in the upper jaw. There is little probability that a country in which a labyrinth of rivers without number brings every day new bands of crocodiles from the eastern bank of the Andes, by the Meta and the Apure, towards the coast of Spanish Guyana, should ever be delivered from these reptiles. All that will be gained by civilization will be to render them more timid, and more easily put to flight.

"Affecting instances are related of African slaves, who have exposed their lives to save those of their masters, who had fallen into the jaws of the cro-

codile. A few years ago, between Uritucu and the *Mission de Abaco*, a negro, hearing the cries of his master, flew to the spot, armed with a long knife, (*machette*,) and plunged into the river. He forced the crocodile, by putting out his eyes, to let go his prey, and hide himself under the water. The slave bore his expiring master to the shore, but all succour was unavailing to restore him to life. He died of suffo-

cation, for his wounds were not deep; the crocodile, like the dog, appears not to close its jaws firmly while swimming. It is almost superfluous to add, that the children of the deceased, though poor, gave the slave his freedom."

Upon the whole, this portion of Mr. Humboldt's work is equally entertaining with what has gone before, and throws much light on Physics and Geography.

Original Letters.

DAVID HUME.

[Eleven original and unpublished letters, written by this eminent man, have been very kindly put into our hands, with permission to insert them in the Literary Gazette. They are derived from a quarter which leaves no doubt of their authenticity; and we are sure that we could hardly offer a more acceptable treat to our Readers, or one more congenial to the spirit of our publication, than these examples of the amiable temper and playful manner of the illustrious Scottish historian. Five of them are addressed to the late Baron Mure, and six of them to Dr. Adam Smith. We need scarcely say, that our copies are *verbatim et literalim*.]

NO. I.

Addressed to William Mure, Esq. M. P. London.
(This gentleman was afterwards one of the Baron of the Scotch Court of Exchequer.)

I HAVE wrote to Mr. Oswald by this post, in order to promote an intimacy and friendship betwixt you. I exhort you to persevere in your intention of cultivating a friendship with him. You cannot possibly find a man of more worth, of a gentler disposition, or better understanding. There are infinite advantages attending an intimacy with such persons; among which this is not the least, as far as I can judge by my own experience, that I always derive from it an additional motive to preserve my character for honour and integrity; because I know that nothing else can preserve their friendship. Should I give you an exhortation of this kind, you might think me very impertinent; though really you ought to ascribe it more to my friendship, than my diffidence. 'Tis impossible ever to think ourselves secure enough, where our concern is extremely great; and, tho' I dare be confident of your good conduct as of my own, yet you must allow me to be diffident of it, as I shou'd be of my own. When I consider your disposition to virtue, cultivated by letters, together with your moderation, I cannot doubt of your

steadiness. The delicacy of the times does not diminish this assurance, but only dashes it with a few fears, which rise in me without my approbation, and against my judgment. Let a strict frugality be the guardian of your virtue; and preserve your frugality by a close application to business and study. Nothing wou'd so effectually throw you into the lumber and refuse of the House as your departure from your engagements at this time; as a contrary behaviour will secure your own good opinion, and that of all mankind. These advantages are not too dearly purchased even by the loss of fortune, but it belongs to your prudence and frugality to procure them, without paying so dear a purchase for them. I say no more; and hope you will ascribe what I have said, not to the pedagogue, or even to the philosopher, but to the friend. I make profession of being such with regard to you; and desire you to consider me as such no longer, than I shall appear to be a man of honour.—Yours,
Jan. 26. (Signed) D. HUME.

No. II. September 10.

I made a pen, dipt it in ink, and set myself down in a posture of writing, before I had thought of any subject, or made provision of one single thought, by which I might entertain you. I

trusted to my better genius, that he wou'd supply me in a case of such urgent necessity : but having thrice scratcht my head, and thrice bit my nails, nothing presented itself, and I threw away my pen in great indignation. O ! thou instrument of dulness," says I, "doest thou desert me in my greatest necessity ; and being thyself so false a friend, hast thou a secret repugnance at expressing my friendship to the faithful Mure, who knows thee too well ever to trust to thy caprices, and who never takes thee in his hand without reluctance. While I, miserable wretch that I am, have put my chief confidence in thee ; and relinquishing the sword, the gown, the cassock, and the toilette, have trusted to thee alone for my fortune and my fame. Begone ! avaunt ! Return to the goose from whence thou camest. With her thou wast of some use, while thou conveyedst her thro' the etherial regions. And why, alas ! when pluckt from her wing, and put into my hand, dost thou not recognize some similitude betwixt it, and thy native soil, and render me the same service, in aiding the flights of my heavy imagination."

Thus accus'd, the pen erected itself upon its point, placed itself betwixt my fingers and my thumb, and mov'd itself to and fro upon this paper, to inform you of the story, complain to you of my injustice, and desire your good offices to the reconciling such ancient friends.

But not to speak nonsense any longer, (by which, however, I am glad I have already fill'd a page of paper,) I arrived here about three weeks ago : am in good health ; and very deeply immerst in books and study. Tell your sister, Miss Betty, (after having made her my compliments,) that I am as grave as she imagines a philosopher should be : laugh only once a fortnight : sigh tenderly once a week : but look sullen every moment. In short, none of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ever show'd so absolute a change from a human creature, into a beast ; I mean, from a gallant into a philosopher.

I doubt not but you see my Lord Glasgow very often ; and therefore I shall suppose, when I write to one, I

pay my respects to both. At least, I hope he will so far indulge my laziness. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

Did you receive my letter from Glasgow ? I hope it did not displease you. What are your resolutions with regard to that affair ?

Remember me to your sister, Miss Nancy, to Miss Dunlop, and to Mr. Leechman. Tell your mother, or sisters, or whoever is most concern'd about the matter, that their cousin John Steuart, is in England, and, as 'tis believed, will return with a great fortune.

I say not a word of Mr. Hutcheson, for fear you should think I intend to run the whole circle of my West-country acquaintance, and to make you a bearer of a great many formal compliments. But I remember you all very kindly, and desire to be remember'd by you, and to be spoke of sometimes, —and to be wrote to.

(Addressed) Wm. Mure, of Caldwell, Esq.
at Caldwell.

No. III.

I am surprised you should find fault with my letter. For my part, I esteem it the best I ever wrote. There is neither barbarism, solecism, æquivoque, redundancy, nor transgression of one single rule of grammar or rhetoric, thro' the whole. The words were chosen with an exact propriety to the sense, and the sense was full of masculine strength and energy. In short, it comes up fully to the Duke of *Buckingham's* description of fine Writing. *Exact propriety of words and thought.* This is more than what can be said of most compositions. But I shall not be redundant in the praise of brevity, tho' much might be said on that subject. To conclude all, I shall venture to affirm, that my last letter will be equal in bulk to all the orations you shall deliver, during the two first sessions of Parliament. For, let all the letters of my epistle be regularly divided, they will be found equivalent to a dozen of *No's* and as many *Ay's*. There will be found a *No* for the Triennial Bill, for the Pension Bill, for the Bill about regulating Elections, for the Bill of Pains and Penalties against L. Orford, &c. There will also be found *Ay* for

the Standing Army, for Votes of Credit, for the Approbation of Treaties, &c. As to the last No I mentioned, with regard to Lord Orford, I beg it of you as a particular favour. For, having publish'd to all Britain my sentiments on that affair, it will be thought by all Britain, that I have no influence on you, if your sentiments be not conformable to mine. Besides, as you are my disciple in religion and morals, why shou'd you not be so in Politics? I entreat you to get the Bill about Witches repealed, and to move for some new Bill to secure the Christian Religion, by burning Deists, Socinians, Moralists, and Hutchinsonians.

I shall be in town about Christmas, where, if I find not Lord Glasgow, I shall come down early in the Spring to the Borders of the Atlantic Ocean, and rejoice the Tritons and Sea-gods with the prospect of Kelburn* in a blaze. For I find, that is the only way to unsettle his Lordship. But I intend to use the freedom to write to himself on this subject, if you will tell me how to direct to him. In the mean time do you make use of all your eloquence and argument to that purpose.

Make my humble compliments to the ladies, and tell them, I should endeavour to satisfy them, if they wou'd name the subject of the Essay they desire. For my part, I know not a better subject than themselves: if it were not, that being accus'd of being unintelligible in some of my writings, I shou'd be extremely in danger of falling into that fault, when I shou'd treat of a subject, so little to be understood as Women. I wou'd, therefore, rather have them assign me the Deiform fund of the Soul, the passive unions of nothing with nothing, or any other of those mystical points, which I would endeavour to clear up, and render perspicuous to the meanest readers.

Allow not Miss Dunlop to forget, that she has a humble servant, who has the misfortune to be divided from her, by the whole breadth of this island. I know she never forgets her friends; but, as I dare not pretend to that rela-

tion, upon so short an acquaintance, I must be beholden to your good offices, for preserving me in her memory; because I suspect mightily that she is apt to forget and overlook those who can aspire no higher than the relation I first mention'd.

This I think is enough in all conscience. I see you are tir'd with my long letter, and begin to yawn. What! can nothing satisfy you, and must you grumble at every thing. I hope this is a good prognostic of your being a patriot.

Nov. 14th.
(Addressed) To Wm. Mure, of Caldwell, Esq.
at Caldwell.

No. IV.

Dear Mure,—I hope you do not think yourself oblig'd by saying civil things, to make atonement for the too homely truths, which you told me formerly. I will not believe so. I take for granted, that you are equally sincere in both: Though I must own, that I think my first Volume* a great deal better than the second: the subject admitted of more eloquence, and of greater nicety of reasoning, and more acute distinctions. The opposition, I may say the rage with which it was received by the public, I must confess, did not a little surprise me. Whatever knowledge I pretend to in history, and human affairs, I had not so bad an opinion of men as to expect, that candour, disinterestedness, and humanity, cou'd entitle me to that treatment. Yet such was my fate. After a long interval, I at last collected so much courage, as to renew my application to the second Volume, tho' with infinite disgust and reluctance; that I am sensible, that in many passages of it, there are great signs of that disposition, and that my usual fire does not every where appear. At other times, I excited myself, and perhaps succeeded better.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est;
Mens intenta suis, ne foret usque malis.
Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora mæsæ,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

I leave you to judge, whether your letter came in a very seasonable time. I own, that I had the weakness to be

* The Earl Glasgow's house, on the coast of Renfrewshire.

† This alludes to the first Volume of his History of the House of Stuart.

affected by it; when I found, that a person, whose judgment, I very much valu'd could tell me, tho' I was not asking his opinion,—But I will not proceed any farther. The matter gave me uneasiness at the time, tho' without the least resentment: At present, the uneasiness is gone; and all my usual friendship, confirm'd by years and long acquaintance still remains.

Pray, whether do you pity or blame me most, with regard to this dedication of my Dissertation to my Friend, the Poet? I am sure I never executed any thing, which was either more elegant in the composition, or more generous in the intention: yet such an alarm seiz'd some fools here, (men of very good sense, but fools in that particular,) that they assail'd both him and me with the utmost violence; and engag'd us to change our intention. I wrote to Mil- lar to suppress that dedication: two posts after I retracted that order. Can any thing be more unlucky, than that, in the interval of these four days, he should have opened his sale, and disposed of 800 copies, without that dedication, whence, I imagin'd, my friend would reap some advantage, and myself so much honour. I have not been so heartily vexed at any accident of a long time. However, I have insisted that the dedication shall still be published.

I am a little uncertain what work I shall next undertake: for I do not care to be long idle. I think you seem to approve of my going forward, and I am sensible, that the subject is much more interesting to us, and even will be so to posterity, than any other I cou'd choose: but can I hope, that there are materials for composing a just and sure history of it? I am afraid not. However, I shall examine the matter. I fancy it will be requisite for me to take a journey to London, and settle there for some time, in order to gather such materials as are not to be found in print. But if I should go backwards, and write the History of England from the accession of Henry the 7th,—I might remain where I am; and I own to you, at my

time of life, these changes of habitation are not agreeable, even tho' the place be better, to which one removes.

I am sorry, my fair cousin does not find London so agreeable as perhaps she expected. She must not judge by one winter. It will improve against next winter, and appear still better the winter after that. Please make my compliments to her, and tell her that she must not be discourag'd. By-the-bye, Mrs. Binnie tells me that she writes her a very different account of matters, so that I find my cousin is a hypocrite.

I shall make use of your criticisms, and wish there had been more of them. That practice of doubling the genitive is certainly very barbarous, and I carefully avoided it in the first volume; but I find it so universal a practice, both in writing and speaking, that I thought it better to comply with it, and have even chang'd all the passages in the first volume in conformity to use. All languages contain solecisms of that kind.

Please make my compliments to Sir Harry Erskine, and tell him that I have executed what I have propos'd.—I am, dear Mure, your most affectionate friend and servant,

(Sd.)

DAVID HUME.

No. V.

St. David's-street, Oct. 25th, 1775.

Oh! dear Baron,—you have thrown me into agonies, and almost into convulsions, by your request. You ask what seems reasonable, what seems a mere trifle; yet am I so unfit for it, that it is almost impossible for me to comply. You are much fitter yourself. That address, by which you gain'd immortal honour, was done altogether without my knowledge, I mean that after the suppression of the late rebellion. Here is Lord Home teizing me for an address from the Merse; and I have constantly refus'd him. Besides, I am an American in my principles, and wish we would let them alone to govern or misgovern themselves, as they think proper: the affair is of no consequence, or of little consequence to us. If the county of Renfrew think it indispensably necessary for them to interpose in pub-

† John Home, author of *Douglas*, &c. at that time under the displeasure of the more zealous Ministers of the Church of Scotland.

lie matters, I wish they wou'd advise the king first to punish those insolent rascals in London and Middlesex, who daily insult him and the whole legislature, before he think of America. Ask him, how he can expect that a form of government will maintain an authority at 3000 miles distance, when it cannot make itself be respected, or even be treated with common decency at home. Tell him, that Lord North, tho' in appearance a worthy gentleman, has not a head for these great operations, and that if fifty thousand men and twenty millions of money were intrusted to such a lukewarm General as Gage, they never could produce any effect. These are objects worthy of the respectable country of Renfrew; not mauling the poor unfortunate Americans in the other hemisphere.

In return for thus sketching out to you the object of an address, I have a

favour to ask of you. Dr. Trail, the professor of divinity, is dead, and knows now whether there be any truth in all those doctrines, which he taught while alive. Dr. Wight is a candidate for the chair. I know you wish him well, and will favour him: but will you do it with sufficient zeal? I wish you would exert yourself. He is a sensible, good humoured, gentleman-like fellow, and as sound and orthodox as you could wish. If you can engage the principal in his interests, it will be great point gain'd. Wight is much connected with all our friends here, whom I know you wish to oblige.

You are to be at Hamilton, I hear, some day next week. Tell me the day; I will meet you at Cultness, that is, weather, health, and humour serving. Your's, D. H.

(Addressed) To the Hon. Baron Mure,
at Caldwell, near Glasgow.

Original Voyages.

CHAP. IX.

The Sandrich Islands.—A Patriot or Run-away Ship.—History of its change of Masters, Piracies, and Plundering.

ABOUT the middle of May, the Columbia took a cargo to Owhyhee. A few days after May 20th, 1818, one of the King's vessels made her appearance from that island, and informed us that a patriot ship, called the Santa Rosa, had arrived from the coast of Peru, under the command of Captain Turner, from whom Tameamah had purchased the ship and cargo, for 6000 peekles of sandal wood. It struck me very forcibly, that she must be some ship with which the crew had run away, or they could not afford to sell her for 6000 peekles, as she had a very valuable cargo of dry goods on board, and a great deal of money, which was, however, shared among the crew. The people went on shore after they had made their bargain, and three of them came down to Woahoo in the King's vessel. I got into conversation with one of them, who was half intoxicated, and after inquiring into the particulars of their cruise, I asked him what they had done with their former Captain? By this question he was thrown

off his guard, and answered, that he had been sent on shore with thirteen others, at Valparaiso. When I learned this, I went to the chief, named Bokee, and made him acquainted with the circumstance; he had them immediately brought to the fort, where an examination took place, in the course of which it came out, that the ship, Santa Rosa, alias Checka Boca, alias Liberty, had been fitted out at the River Plate, under the command of Captain Turner, and had sailed round Cape Horn, to cruise against the Spaniards in the North and South Pacific; on going round the Horn there were some symptoms of mutiny; the men would not allow punishment to be inflicted, and Captain Turner threatened hard that he would punish them severely, when the ship arrived at Valparaiso. When they had fine weather they were in the habit of exercising the guns, and on Sunday, the 27th of July, 1817, having just secured them, the man at the mast-head, called out '*A sail, ho!*' the people ran to their quarters, and one of the officers went aloft with the glass to look for the vessel; when the crew loaded the guns, and turned them aft, at the same time

seizing the captain and officers, and crying out *Liberty!* Captain Turner was standing on the companion with a spy glass in his hand, when a man of the name of Griffiths, took him by the legs and threw him off. The first lieutenant, Mr. Coran, was in the cabin getting his pistols, when he heard the the noise on deck, and found the ship in possession of the mutineers; he fired his pistols up the companion by which one man was wounded. The captain called out to him to blow the ship up; to prevent which, the sailors broke the sky-light, and got down and secured him. All the officers were then confined in irons in the fore-castle, and a master's mate, named M'Donald, took command of the vessel. When they got off Valparaiso, they sent the captain and officers on shore (excepting Mr. Prockley, the master, whom they kept to navigate the ship.) They then ran for Juan Fernandes to water, and stood along the coast, where they captured and destroyed many Spanish vessels. Their next run was to the Gallipagos Islands to refit, where a second mutiny was set on foot, but discovered. They sent the principals on shore, one of whom was drowned in landing. Here Mr. Prockley, the master, left them, and went off in an English whale ship. Mr. M'Donald then assumed the name of Turner, took the command, and appointed officers.

When the ship was fitted and watered, they again run in for the shore, where they took towns, destroyed vessels, robbed and burnt churches; in short, they became the terror of the coast. They sent a party of forty men, under the command of Griffiths, who

was then first lieutenant, to go into a port, and cut out some vessels, of which they had information; but, when this party were out of sight of the ship, it was agreed by those who remained on board, to steer her to the Sandwich Islands and sell her, which they accordingly did. Upon our obtaining this information of the Santa Rosa, we sent an account of it to Tameameah, who gave orders for the men to be distributed among the chiefs, each to have a certain number under his charge to be answerable for; shortly after this, the party, who had been away under the command of Mr. Griffiths, arrived at Owlyhee in a small brig, which they had captured. They were outrageous at finding the ship in possession of the King, and wanted him to give her up, offering him the brig and all her cargo in exchange; but he refused to do so, saying, they were robbers, and he would hold the ship for the owners. He had her accordingly hauled close in shore, and a number of white men and natives continually on board, and the guns double shotted. Mr. M'Donald made his escape on board the brig; they touched at Woahoo; I went on board, and they gave me letters for England, which I since delivered. Hence they ran to Atooi and back to Woahoo, hovering about the islands for some time in hopes of regaining their ship. In the middle of June, Captain Jennings returned from Owlyhee, leaving the King in a poor state of health; and we now only awaited the arrival of American N. W. ships (which generally call here in their passage to China,) to freight our wood to Canton.

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

There was a time, when love's young flowers
With many a joy my bosom prest;
Sweet hours of bliss!—but short are hours,
Those hours are fled—and I'm distressed.
I would not wish, in reason's spite;
I would not wish new joy to gain;
I only wish for one delight—
To see those hours of bliss again.

There was a day, when love was young,
And nought but bliss did there belong;
When blackbird's nestling o'er us sung,
Ah me! what sweetness wak'd his song.

I wish not springs for ever fled;
I wish not birds' forgotten strain;
I only wish for feelings dead
To warm, and wake, and feel again
But, ah! what once was joy is past;
The time's gone by; the day and hour
Are whirling fled on trouble's blast,
As winter nips the summer flower.
A shadow is but left the mind,
Of joys that once were real to view;
An echo only fills the wind,
With mocking sounds that once were true.

Biography.

(Literary Gazette.)

BUCKINGHAM, THE TRAVELLER.

FROM materials collected chiefly from the East India Journals, we are enabled to present our readers with a biographical notice of the enterprising traveller, Buckingham, whose tour in Palestine, through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the river, have recently been announced for publication.

J. S. Buckingham was born about the year 1786, and left his paternal home, to brave the dangers of an unruly element as a sailor, at the early age of nine years. In one of his first cruises he was made a prisoner of war, and carried with his shipmates by the Spaniards (who at this period were the allies of the French) into the port of Corunna. They were, however, speedily set at liberty, and proceeded on foot to Lisbon, on their journey to which place our young traveller was gratified with abundant opportunity of encouraging his itinerant propensities.

Whilst yet a boy, he made a series of voyages to America, the Bahama Islands, and the West Indies, and thus strengthened still more his passion for novelty and research.

The Mediterranean was the next scene of his wanderings. From this period he seems to have cherished the idea of visiting Egypt, Greece, Phœnicia, Italy, and Mauritania. Sicily, Malta, the Islands of the Archipelago, the coast of Asia Minor, were alternately visited by this juvenile adventurer, and the more he saw and read of these interesting classical countries, the stronger grew his thirst for information, and his desire to explore other regions, of which he could form no idea. The life of a sailor afforded him but slender opportunities of study, and every moment that could be spared from his maritime duties was employed by him in acquiring information of the geography of the countries which surrounded him.

He visited the port of Alexandria, ascended the Nile, and investigated the Pyramids. From thence he directed his course towards India, by way of

the Red Sea. It being represented to him, that a competent knowledge of the navigation of this ocean was desirable, he resolved to accomplish the attainment of it. Buckingham advanced to Keneh, in order to cross from thence to Kossier, having with him excellent instruments for nautical purposes; Her-mopolis, Antinoe, Panopolis, Abydos, Diosopolis, and Zentyra, were successively the objects of his attention.

In the midst of obstructions which would have appalled an ordinary traveller, Buckingham spread his sail for the more southern cities of the Nile. At Thebes he remained a week. At Latopolis he met with the late amiable and accomplished traveller Burckhardt. They passed a few days together, and then separated, Burckhardt for the desert and Buckingham to pursue his course up the Nile.

Our adventurer next visited the cata-racts, and the various stupendous monuments of art, at Zaefa, Gulabshee, Gartaarsy, Garfeceey, and Nubia. It was at this juncture that an attack of the ophthalmia deprived him for a time almost entirely of sight. In his passage through the Desert Keneh he was plundered of cloths, money, papers, arms, and instruments, and left to pursue his journey over a rocky path, naked and barefoot, scorched by day and frozen by night, it being the middle of an Egyptian winter. The hospitable mansion of Colonel Missett, the Consul-general for this country, at Keneh, afforded him a temporary asylum. During his second stay at Cairo, he applied himself to the study of the Arabic language, and, having acquired a partial knowledge of it, he crossed the desert of Suez to examine its port, and finally returned to Alexandria, the point from which he set out.

A short time subsequent to this, in the dress of a Mameluke, he journeyed with a caravan of fifty thousand camels and about as many pilgrims to Mecca. On his arrival at Jedda, our adventurer found himself so ill that he was obliged

to be carried on shore in a litter. Having no means of prosecuting his journey to Mecca, he was compelled to send a messenger to Mr. Burckhardt, then at the holy city, who visited him at Jedda, and remained with him several days, giving him, ere he left, the most unequivocal proofs of his friendship and benevolence.

At this time the Luffenut-ul-Russool ship, under English colours, arrived from India. Buckingham, at the request of her worthy captain, went on board, where he rapidly recovered from his indisposition. With this commander, Captain Boog, he proceeded to Bombay, during which voyage he collected materials for a chart of the Red Sea. He returned from India in the course of a few months with a Mr. Babington, and materially increased, during the voyage, his stock of hydrographical knowledge.

At Cairo, a third time, he encountered his friend, Mr. Burckhardt; but his stay in Egypt, on this occasion, was of short duration. His next route was by Syria and Mesopotamia. In the course of his journey he visited Palestine and the country beyond Jordan; the eastern parts of Moab, Bashan,

Gilead, and the Auranites; crossed Phœnicia and part of Syria, and from Antioch proceeded to Aleppo. He passed through Mesopotamia by Ur of the Chaldees, to Nineveh and Babylon; and so visited on his way Diarbeker, Mosul, and Baghdad. He was subjected to repeated illnesses on this expedition; for his recovery, on one occasion, he was indebted to the kind hospitality of Lady Hester Stanhope; and, on another, to Mrs. Rich, who was at that time a resident at Baghdad. His Arabic studies were continued, as far as the duties of his situation would admit, at Bassorah, Bushia, and Muscat. After returning to Bombay, he sailed, in order to complete his voyage, (touching at most of the ports on the Malabar coast,) to Calcutta. It was, on his arrival at this place, that Buckingham set about condensing his memoranda for the purpose of publication, and he has been encouraged in this object by the patronage of the Marquis of Hastings, the Bishop of Calcutta, Colonel Mackenzie, the Surveyor General of India, and Dr. Lumsden, Professor of Arabic in the College of Fort William. The results of these labours will, we understand, be speedily laid before the public.

SONG.

FROM THE OLD FRENCH.

MAID, where are the violets sweet,
Dress'd in colours all so gay,
Shedding soft perfume, to greet
The Queen of flowers on her way?
Past, O youth! is Spring's fair day,
With it violet died away.

Say where are the roses fair
We used to gather in the glade,
To deck the bosom or the hair
Of shepherd youth and village maid?
Maiden! fled is Summer's day,
Rose, alas! soon pass'd away.

Lead me to the secret shade,
Where the murmuring rivulet
O'er the pebbly bottom stray'd,
Watering gentle violet.
Suns too ardent scorched full sore,
Streamlet murmurs now no more.

Lead me then to bow'r so green,
Where the blushing muskrose grew,
Where the swain at eve was seen
With shepherdess for ever true.
Cruel storm and hail came o'er,
Bower, alas! is green no more.

Where, then, is the gentle maid,
Who, when'er my eye she met,
Tender, pensive, bow'd her head
Towards the modest violet?
Short, O youth! is mortal hour,
Faded, too, is beauty's flower!

Where is he, whose tuneful reed
Used to chaunt the secret shade,
Arbor, streamlet, flow'ry mead,
Violet, rose, and gentle maid?
Life, O maid! is quickly o'er,
E'en the minstrel is no more!

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.*

Literary Gazette.

SINCE the publication of our last number, Mr. Buckingham's splendid volume has issued from the press; and, as the curiosity of our readers will, in some measure have been excited by the notice already given of this distinguished traveller, we shall hasten to lay before them an account of the work itself, with extracts from such portions of the relation, as would seem to us most novel and interesting. There have, it is true, been many travels through the Holy Land in the course of the last twenty years: but the cradle of our religion, the birth-place of classic fable, the scene of all that is venerable in Holy Writ, and the theatre of the most heroic exploits, during the Jewish, the Roman, and the Saracenian wars, cannot well be too frequently or too minutely described; and that author must be dull indeed, who should prove unable either to correct or add his share of information to the labours of those who have gone before him.

"I come like those who have preceded me (says Mr. Buckingham) with a profession of dissatisfaction at the incompleteness of all that has been written before, and with the belief and assurance that I am able to add something new to the general fund of human knowledge, and, more particularly, to our local acquaintance with Judea."

By far the most important part of these travels, and that which may be termed entirely new, is the description of Bashan and Gilead, east of the Jordan. No traveller, whose works are before the public, has ever hitherto explored the country beyond this river; and as Mr. B.'s account of this neighbourhood occupies the greater portion of his volume, the acquirement of much and valuable information will naturally result from the perusal of his pages; rendered as they are peculiarly pleasing, by a correct and elegant style, and a clear but comprehensive description of

the objects which have engaged his attention.

Mr. Buckingham left Alexandria in a skutoor, or small vessel peculiar to the Syrian coast, on the 25th of December, 1815. The captain and crew, altogether ten in number, were Syrian Arabs of the Greek religion. They appeared to be entirely ignorant of navigation, and quite incompetent to manage the vessel. Besides these men, there were on board about ten passengers of different countries and persuasions, who were, for the most part, compelled to remain upon the deck, as the cabin was so small as scarcely to admit of a person sitting upright in it. The following instance of superstition is related by Mr. Buckingham; they had all suffered considerable inconvenience from a dead calm and want of water:—

"The moon had set in a dark bed of rising clouds, and the whole appearance of night portended a western gale. Not more than twenty quarts of water, and this extremely foul, now remained for the subsistence of about twenty persons, so that the anxiety with which every eye was directed towards the quarter from whence the wind was desired, may be readily conceived.

"The dawn opened, however, and not a breath of air was yet stirring. Prayers and incense were resorted to, and the tone of all those engaged in offering them, had sunk from confidence to melancholy despair. The men were evidently terrified at the prospect of approaching death, and their whole conduct, in this respect, (they were of the Greek church,) formed a striking contrast to the calm resignation of the Mahomedans on board, who continued to preserve all their former tranquillity, and console themselves with the assurance of their prophet, 'God is great and merciful, and what he hath decreed must come to pass.'

* Travels in Palestine, through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the river Jordan; including a visit to the cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, &c. &c.

"When prayers were ended, a straw mat, on which the captain slept, was let down into the sea, and with the shreds of another mat torn up for the purpose, a fire was kindled thereon, and the whole was pushed from the vessel's side as a burnt offering to the God of the Winds. I had at first conceived that the object of this ceremony was chiefly to mark the direction which the smoke would take when free from the influence of those eddies always occasioned by the flapping of a ship's sails in a calm; but it afterwards appeared that it was, in every sense, a sacrifice, from the peculiar marks of which our future fate was augured. If the flame burnt clear and bright, so as to be distinguished plainly through the thick smoke of the damp straw; if it continued unextinguished until the fuel became a heap of ashes, and if it returned not again to the vessel, but drifted in some other course, all these were to be so many proofs that the fire thus kindled should triumph over the element on which it floated; and that the God, to whom it ascended, had heard our prayers, and would not suffer that element to witness our destruction. Every omen was favourable; the mat floated from us from the mere impulse with which it was pushed from the ship, and the heat of the flame was sufficient, amid the stillness of the calm, to attract around it a sensible motion of the colder air, so as to feed the fire till most of the fuel was consumed.

"The joy of every one was not only extreme but almost as boisterous as their rage and disappointment on the preceding day; and, to crown the whole, in less than an hour afterwards, the glassy surface of the waters began to be ruffled by light airs from the south and from the west."

After weathering a very severe gale, during which Mr. Buckingham's personal exertions were put in requisition to save the vessel, she passed into the harbour of Soor. In this place, the ancient Tyre of the Scriptures, our traveller observed an article in the costume of the women of that city, which seems to illustrate an hitherto obscure passage in the Psalms.

"In the court of the house where we lodged, (says Mr. Buckingham,) I observed a female, whose garments appeared to resemble those of the Jewish women in Turkey and Egypt. The face and bosom were exposed to view, and the waist was girt with a broad girdle, fastened by massy silver clasps. This woman, who was a Christian, wore also on her head a hollow silver horn, rearing itself upwards obliquely from her forehead, being four or five inches in diameter at the root, and pointed at its extreme; and her ears, her neck, and her arms, were laden with rings, chains, and bracelets.

"The first peculiarity reminded me very forcibly of the expression of the Psalmist, 'Lift not up thine horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck: all the horns of the wicked will I cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.'"

After paying a bill at the inn at Soor of seventy-four piasters for only two days, and reading the inhabitants a severe lecture on their rapacity, Mr. Buckingham and his companion pursued their route from Soor to Acre. On his arrival at El Mufshoor, a village in its vicinity, he was informed that the struggle between the French and English for that place was still remembered. The latter are uniformly spoken of with the highest consideration and respect. An old man, who had been an eye witness, recounted to them, with much minuteness, the circumstances of the siege of Acre. The amount of the charges against them was very different from that paid at Soor; the whole demand, including provisions for four persons and their animals, was only three piastres and a half, or little more than half a dollar. They entered the town that evening on foot.

"The approach to this city (says our author) is rendered interesting by the appearance of gardens and cultivated land without, and by the full foliage of innumerable trees, rearing their heads within the walls. The town itself stands at the extremity of a plain on the sea shore, insomuch that we were obliged to descend on approaching its south-eastern gate of entrance."

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Buckingham of Hadjee Ahmet Pasha of Acre, commonly called Jezzar, or the Butcher:—

“He was a man famous for his personal strength, his ferocious courage, his cruelty, and his insatiable avarice, as well as for the great power which the active exertion of all these qualities together procured from him. Some short time before his decease, he was conscious of the approach of death; but so far from showing any remorse for his past actions, or discovering any indications of a wish to make atonement for them, the last moments of this tyrant were employed in contriving fresh murders, as if to close, with new horrors the bloody tragedy of his reign. Calling to him his father-in-law, Sheikh Taha, as he himself lay on the bed of death, ‘I perceive,’ said he, ‘that I have but a short time to live. What must I do with these rascals in my pri-

sons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to be let loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them are governors, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the wealth which I have taken from them; so it is best, both for their own sakes and for that of others, that I should destroy them. They will then be soon in a place where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, Yes! that’s best!—dispatch them!’ In obedience to the charitable conclusion of this pathetic apostrophe, twenty-three wretches were immediately added to the long list of the victims of Jezzar Pasha’s cruelty; and, it is said, they were all of them thrown into the sea together, as the most expeditious mode of execution.”

To be continued.

Varieties.

(English Magazines, November 1821.)

SNUFF-TAKING.

“When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.”

I OFTEN take a pinch myself—and though I never yet have carried a box, I know enough of the human nose, and its tendency after long indulgence, to exact as a matter of right what was originally granted as a favour, to make great allowances for those who do; I can, therefore, fully sympathise in the feelings of a numerous and respectable portion of the community, who complain with some indignation, of the uncharitable attack upon their private habits in a late Number of the New Monthly.* Certain epithets, altogether unworthy a civilized Journal, are there levelled at a very antient and harmless custom; and though backed by the authority of an English peer, bear unequivocal marks of that radical spirit, which, as far as a hatred of tobacco is concerned, cannot be too vehemently reprobated. But let not the

* Article on Noses.

writer flatter himself, that Rappee and High Toast are so easily put down. He may denounce our noses as “dust-holes” if he will—but what precious dust!—what an aider of thought—what a *solamen curarum*—what a helpmate of existence, *βίη ἀρσύν* as Plato said of the olive!—what a soother of irritability, as Sir Joshua found it. Let this anti-nasal declaimer just step into Messrs. Fribourg and Pontets, and he’ll soon see, in the formidable array of robust and well-battalioned jars, what an unequal contest he has undertaken to wage against one of the most popular usages of his country:—jars containing every modification of sterculatory materials, collected from every quarter of the globe, and sanctioned, many of them, in emblazoned characters, by the highest names in Europe, from Hardham’s No. 37, for rough sneezers, down to the delicate and costly Maccabau, whose essence is so subtle and pervading, that like Desdemona’s charms, it makes the “senses ache” with exuberance of delight. There is Martinique, pungent,

aromatic, and best after dinner ; Masulapatam, its name and odour transporting the fancy to the gorgeous East ; French Bureau, every grain of which gives a man a feel of business ; The King of Prussia's, compounded from Frederick's receipt, expressly for heroes and statesmen ; Fine Spanish, with which Bonaparte gained all his victories ; Mr. Vansittart's, usually called for by writers and readers of plans for paying off the National Debt ; Violet and a-la-Rose, for noviciates and dandies—and, above all, the inimitable Lundy Foot, that master-spirit in sneezing matters, whose single genius has done more for the human nose than combined discoveries of every preceding tobacconist or amateur, and whose name, though he now is "laid in dust," flourishes, and will flourish, as long as the world shall keep in view that cardinal maxim, to establish which his life was devoted—that snuff in its perfection should be taken dry. Nor let it be supposed, that these and the many others I might enumerate, operate solely as physical excitants ; no, the imagination comes in for its full share of the enjoyment. When we take a pinch for instance of Napoleon's favourite, (fine Spanish above-mentioned,) how soul-stirring to feel that we are doing precisely what the hero himself did after the battle of Marengo. Again, what a fund of delicious association is thrown in, without any extra charge, in a fresh canister of Wellington's or Lord Petersham's—what a conscious community of tastes !—what a grateful levelling of distinctions, without disturbing the public peace, or Mr. Birnie ! How cheering to our self-love to reflect that, however exalted above us these great men may be in other respects, their nostrils fare no better than our own. Let the libeller of noses think of this, and pause before he renews his unseemly vituperation. Let him further consider, that his invectives directly tend to bring into contempt some very venerable ceremonies, adopted after mature deliberation, for civic and state occasions, where, while, the other senses are disregarded, we see the pleasures of the noses elected as most worthy of public favour and princely

countenance. Who, for example, ever heard of the freedom of a city being presented in a splendid fiddle-case ? or a foreign ambassador, on the eve of departure, requested to accept, as an especial mark of Royal approbation, a valuable soup-ladle, or a beautifully wrought cork-screw ?—No such thing ; the bare idea excites derision : but for ages past, both in England and other European states, the snuff-box has been the favoured vehicle of privilege and honour ; and it requires little argument to shew, that a preference so long established and acquiesced in, must have solid reasons on its side, that cannot now be shaken by all the sophistries of ridicule or abuse. I once asked an ingenious friend, "how the organ of smelling had contrived to come in for all this honour ?"—His reply was : "clearly because it is now considered the scat of honour. The old Hudibrastic notion is exploded—at least if that noble quality dwells before, beyond a doubt, its head-quarters are the nose—pull it, even with the most circumspcct gentleness, and how incurable the insult. Now it being of the essence of honour, to be as alive to benefits as it is sensitive to outrage, hence its visible dwelling-place has been made the subject of all these costly gifts, precisely on the principle of the pagan offerings of old, at the shrine of some high-minded but irritable divinity."

The writer whom I am refuting expresses extraordinary wonder at the continuing prevalence of snuff-taking. I recommend to his consideration two facts : First, it is equally a luxury of the rich and the poor, and almost the only luxury which the rich have not discarded, because the poor can afford to enjoy it. I put it to his candour, whether there be not here some proof, "that there must be a pleasure in snuff-taking, which snuff-takers only know."—Secondly, it has ever been a favourite custom with men the most distinguished for genius in every department of intellect : I have already named a few, Sir Joshua, Frederick, Napoleon, and Mr. Vansittart ; and it is generally considered, that without some such help the minds of those eminent persons, however naturally elevated, could

not have risen so high, or soared so long. I might multiply examples without number. In my own poor way, I have found what an aid it is to inspiration. A celebrated Irish writer of the present day, being asked, where he had got one of his most brilliant fancies, replied with equal truth and candour, "where I got all the rest, in Lundy Foot's shop;" and (to give one more contemporary instance) the frequenters of the Italian Opera cannot fail to observe, that the admirable leader of the band there, no sooner perceives a difficult *Obligato* coming upon him, than he invariably prepares his mind by a hasty pinch for that exquisite conception of his subject, which his tones and execution never fail to communicate.

But to go an inch or two deeper into the subject: when a man takes a pinch of snuff, he exemplifies one of the most remarkable principles of human nature—the love of excitation. Nature has given our blood and thoughts a certain rapidity of movement, but we find it more agreeable to set them going a little faster, or (the more usual case,) we jade them by excessive exercise, and must have recourse to artificial stimulants to restore their vigour—else we are the victims of *ennui*, *Anglicé*, the blue devils. We become harsh and testy; we torment our families, distrust our friends. If we are rich enough to travel, we fly from place to place, "seeking comfort and finding none." If we are poets, we write sonnets against the human race, magnanimously including ourselves. If the wars are raging, we long for the tumult of the camp; we somehow feel that cutting-off the heads of half a dozen Frenchmen, would prove a great relief. If it be time of peace, we stay at home and pine away: and unless some real calamity should fortunately step in to divert our thoughts, the chance is, that we call in the razor or the pistol to terminate the scene. This is an extreme case, though not an imaginary one, as every coroner can tell; but the intermediate degrees are felt more or less by all, and the application of powdered tobacco to the nose, is only one of the thousand methods that have been in-

vented to satisfy the universal craving for excitement.

Were it possible for the mind to seize at a single view the occupations of all the inhabitants of the globe, it would be somewhat curious to behold the numbers that at any given point of time, are busily and solely employed in raising their animal spirits to the agreeable point of elevation, and to compare the various artifices adapted for this purpose. Of the eight hundred millions, the computed number of the whole, we should have so many millions or thousands throwing off drams; so many sipping coffee; so many masticating opium, and other exhilarating extracts; so many dancing, singing, hunting or gambling, all to keep off the *tedium vite*. Some must have mimic scenes of bloodshed on the stage; some must see men kill one another in earnest; for others a mortal cock-fight is a sufficient stimulant. Some keep the vapours at bay by talking politics, others by talking scandal, millions by talking of themselves. Some droop if the world neglects to praise them, and of these, some prefer a full draught of adulation at stated intervals, while others, among whom are authors, actors, crowned heads, and handsome ladies, must be tipping it from morning till night. Some take to the excitement of hot suppers; others to ghost stories; others to authentic accounts of earthquakes, murders, and conflagrations. But it were endless to proceed; money-making, money-spending; fanatical devotion; auto-de-fés; Indian torturing of prisoners; sight-seeing; last new novels; in a word, many of men's occupations and most of their amusements—what are they but the several ways of attaining the same end: and happy they who have so regulated their passions, as to require no other stimulant than a few diurnal sneezes to keep their minds in good humour with the world and themselves.

AEROLITE.

The Paris papers mention, that the stone which fell from the clouds on the 23d of June, at Javinas, in the department of Ardèche, is now exhibiting to the public. Several amateurs have made proposals for purchasing this wonderful stone, which has excited great speculation among the naturalists. An English mineralogist has, we

understand, offered a considerable sum for it.

COWPER.

The residence of Cowper at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, has long been uninhabited, and is now in an advanced state of dilapidation. Some of the neighbours, however, on the day of the coronation, procured boughs and flowers from Cowper's favourite walk, at Weston-under-wood, and decorated the outside of the house with oak, laurel, and wreaths of flowers, to his memory.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

The field of Culloden and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their secret glens; but still they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. Savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive “Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey.”

It was about this period, and, though it may surprise many, it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R. a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasant intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Livie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he

struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless waste frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R. forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and then sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun*. There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rocks, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in mid-way air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr. R. posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a groupe, and stood bellowing, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R. saw, busting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling-pieces. Mr. R.'s party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at

the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R. and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R." said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself: if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me."—"I will treat," replied Mr. R.—"but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle: Mr. R. had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded,—the money paid,—the guns uncocked and shouldered,—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be wanting." Mr. R. did so. "They are all here," said he "but one small dun quey."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R.'s people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and draggled appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

Statistic Views.

CENSUS OF 1821.

THE population in Great-Britain, at the Census in 1811, was 11,800,000, exclusive of the army and navy, then about 50,000. From the returns, so far as published, under the present census, it appears the increase is about fifteen per cent. This will make the population of Great Britain at present to be 14,000,000 of souls. Ireland contains 6,500,000 people, making the population of the British dominions in Europe 20,500,000. The population of our North American possessions cannot be less than 1,500,000; the population of the West India

colonies, 900,000; Africa, about 130,000; in the Mediterranean, 150,000; colonies and dependencies in Asia, 2,040,000; and our other extensive territories in the East Indies, perhaps 70,000 of souls. The whole population of the British Empire will, at that rate, contain 95,220,000 of souls. The Russian, the next highest in the scale of civilized nations, contains 50,000,000; France, 30,000,000; and Austria an equal number. —The Roman Empire, in all its glory, contained 120,000,000, one half of whom were slaves. When we compare its situation with that of the British empire, in power, wealth, resources, and industry. in the arts, sciences, commerce, and agriculture, the preponderance of the latter in the scale of nations and empires, is great and most remarkable. The tonnage employed in the merchants' service is about 2,640,000 tons for G. Britain; the exports 51,000,000, including 11,000,000 foreign and colonial; the imports, 36,000,000. The navy during the last war consisted of 1000 ships of war; the seamen at present in the merchants' service are about 174,000; the net revenue of the state £57,000,000. The capital of the empire contains 1,200,000 persons, the same number which Rome contained in the days of her greatest strength. The value fixed on landed property in Great Britain, as calculated by Mr. Pitt in the year 1797, £1,600,000,000, and it may now be fairly taken at £2,000,000,000. The cotton manufactures of the country are immense, and reach in the exports to £20,000,000, or one half of the whole. In short, taking every thing into consideration, the British empire, in power and strength, may be stated as the greatest that ever existed on earth, as it far surpasses them in knowledge, moral character, and worth. On her dominions the sun never sets; before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone three hours on Port Jackson, and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Mouth of the Ganges.

A volume is in the press which is intended to match Prior's account of all the Voyages round the World, under the title of *The Universal Traveller* it will contain an abstract of the chief books of travels in all countries, and be illustrated with one hundred engravings.

Moses Samuel, Esq. of Liverpool, has presented to the Library of the Athenæum a Manuscript Pentateuch, or Sacred Law of the Jews. This curiosity is written on a roll of fine vellum, four inches wide, and upwards of forty-five feet long; it is attached at each end to an ivory roller, and the whole is enclosed in a splendid case of crimson velvet. A special meeting of the committee was summoned for the purpose of receiving this valuable present; and an ark was ordered to be prepared for its preservation, under Mr. Samuel's directions.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1822.

[NO. 9.

(From the London Time's Telescope.)

February.

O Winds, howl not so long and loud ;
Nor with your vengeance arm the snow ;
Bear hence each heavy-loaded clond,
And let the twinkling star-beams glow.

THIS month has frequently a most wintry aspect ; the ground is generally covered with snow ; the rivers are frozen ; and the cold is intense. But February is sometimes characterized by mild weather, as in some recent seasons ; this circumstance is thus alluded to by Mason, in a Sonnet on his Birth-Day, Feb. 23 :

In the long course of seventy years and one,
Of have I known on this my natal day,
Hoar frost and sweeping snow prolong their sway,
The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan ;
But now *Spring's* smile has veil'd stern Winter's frown ;
And now the *birds* on every budding spray
Chaunt orisons, as to the month of *May*.

The severe weather usually experienced in February breaks up with a sudden thaw, accompanied by wind and rain ; torrents of water pour from the hills, and the snow is completely dissolved.

Ice breaks from the banks of pools and streams, and floats, a sign of relenting frost and a milder temperature : we pass it by ; it swims away with the current, and is lost :

A moment seen, then gone for ever.

In this apparently simple circumstance of ice floating on the water, the great mass of mankind are perhaps little sen-

sible is displayed an astonishing instance of the benevolence and foreknowledge of the Deity !—It is almost a general law of nature, that bodies in losing their caloric, or matter of heat, become heavier ; but to this law, water is most admirably an exception : passing from fluidity to a state of solidity in ice, it loses its heat, yet becomes lighter ! But for this deviation in the order of Divine appointment, the arctic and temperate regions of our globe could not be inhabited by beings constituted as we are. In a hard winter the surface of the water freezes to a depth proportionate to the severity of the season, but a considerable portion of the element retains its fluidity and warmth, which on returning spring, in conjunction with the atmosphere, gives out a portion of its heat to the ice, and dissolves it. Did ice become heavier than water, upon the surface freezing, it would sink to the bottom, and expose a fresh surface, which would freeze again, and sink likewise ; and thus a constant fluid surface would be presented until the whole body of the water became congealed, and all the gulphs, lakes, rivers, and waters of the greater portion of Europe, Asia, and America, would become a dense body of ice, in which nothing could live, and which the suns of no summer could reduce to fluidity : the earth would be chilled, and become a sterile body. From the

little we are permitted to know of creation, and which is measured out to man, from age to age, what wonderful love and omniscience do we find ! These bright gleams of wisdom, and peeps into the secrets of divine lore, should render us blind and fatuous creatures, very humble, and very grateful. The common air we breathe, had it been compounded otherwise than it is, would be the destruction, not the support of animal life : had it not been transparent and elastic, the senses of seeing and hearing would have been useless to us ; and the analogy of reason teaches us to believe every portion of creation filled with the same prescience, aptitude, and mercy. We cannot conceive the joys of a future state, but we can comprehend nothing to be so ecstatic as the free development and contemplation of Divine wisdom.

Of ' a clear frosty day ' often experienced in February, the following beautiful picture is drawn by the poet :

From sunward rocks the icicle's faint drop,
By lonely river-side, is heard, at times,
To break the silence deep ; for now the stream
Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below
Its frozen ceiling : silent stands the mill,
The wheel immovable, and shod with ice.
The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,
Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
And seems a pearly current liquefied ;
While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes
Fantastical, the frostwork domes uprear
Their tiny fabrics, gorgeously superb
With ornaments beyond the reach of art ;
Here vestibules of state, and colonnades ;
There Gothic castles, grottoes, heather fanes,
Rise in review, and quickly disappear ;
Or through some fairy palace fancy roves,
And stands, with ruby lamps, the fretted roof ;
Or paints with every colour of the bow
Spotless parterres, all freaked with snow-white
flowers,
Flowers that no archetype in Nature own ;
Or spreads the spiky crystals into fields
Of bearded grain, rustling in autumn breeze.

Graham.

Storms at sea, accompanied by very heavy gales of wind which continue for three or four days, often occur in the month of February.

'Tis Pleasant, by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us.—But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements ;
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ;—to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling barks,—
This is, indeed, a dread and awful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

Southey.

Feb. 15—was anciently the Luper-
calia, or Festival of Pan. It was usual
first to sacrifice two goats and a dog,
and to touch with a bloody knife the
foreheads of two illustrious youths, who
were always obliged to smile when they
were touched. The blood was wiped
away with soft wool dipped in milk.
After this, the skins of the victims were
cut into thongs with which whips were
made for the youths, who ran about the
streets lashing every one they met. It
was celebrated at Rome, notwithstanding
its scandalous indecencies, till near
500 years after the birth of Christ,
when it was abolished by Pope Gelasus.

Feb. 17—Ferialia, a festival, cele-
brated by the Romans, in honour of the
dead. It continued for eleven days,
during which time presents were carried
to the graves of the deceased, marriages
were forbidden, and the temples of
the Gods were shut. It was universally
believed that the manes of their
departed friends came and hovered over
their graves, and feasted upon the pro-
visions that the hand of piety and af-
fection had procured for them. Their
punishments in the infernal regions
were also suspended, and during that
time they enjoyed rest and liberty.
Ovid thus describes the ceremonies in
his *Fasti* :—

Upon a tile a slender offering's made,
On which some scattered corn and salt is laid ;
Bread dipt in wine, and violets strew'd around,
Which leave upon the consecrated ground ;*

* What is here called consecrated ground, in the original is *Mediâ viâ* ; because anciently graves were made, and monuments to the memory of the dead were erected, by the side of the highways ; which was a good method of putting the living, as they passed by, in remembrance of their mortality.

Let them that will, add better things than these,
But such will the departed ghosts appease,
And when on altars fires begin to blaze,
Let all your voices join in prayer and praise.

Feb. 21—*Tacita, Muta, or Lala*, the goddess who presided over *silence*, among the Romans, had this particular day appointed for her festival; and, if the various enchantments described by Ovid, would deliver us from ‘slandrous tongues,’ ‘malicious lies,’ and the ‘tattle baskets’* of our day, we would be among the first to vote for the revival of this singular feast. The ceremonies are thus noted in the *Fasti* :—

To Tacita the silent rites belong,
And yet the chatterer cannot hold her tongue;
Three grains of incense, with three fingers pressed,
Beneath the threshold of the door are placed;
And then, three thrums to a black reel she ties,
With magic words, the thrums of different dyes;
While seven black beans she mumbles in her mouth,
A pilehard’s head she sews up in a cloth;
A slender needle made of polished brass,
With pitch instead of wax, completes the ease;
The case and head into the fire are thrown,
And then some wine is gently poured thereon;
What wine remains the comp’ny drink with care,
But the old gossip topes the greatest share;
Now have I tied all sland’rous tongues she cries,
Now are we safe from all malicious lies;
And having said her tittle-tattle say,
With tipsy steps, she tottering reels away.

Feb. 22—*Charistia*, an ancient pagan feast well worth reviving in Christian times. It was celebrated *with the intention of reconciling friends and relations*: the head of the family then hospitably entertained all those to whom he was related or connected, and, by the benevolent distribution of mutual presents, it was hoped that all animosities would cease!

Fly far from hence, you who polluted are,
Nor at this holy festival appear;
Let mothers who have used their children ill,
And brothers, who a brother’s blood would spill;
Let those who pry into their parents’ age,
And wish their exit from the mundane stage,
Let stepdames who their husbands’ children chase
From home, and force ’em to destructive ways,
Let none of these the friendly feast disgrace;
Or those, who for the sake of sordid gain
Will not from stealth or sacrilege refrain;
Far, far from hence, your feet unhallowed take,
Nor the sweet peace of this assembly break;
H-re piously paternal gods adore,
To day sweet Concord has the ruling power.

Ovid’s Fasti

In continuation of the remarks on the phenomena of northern climates, to be found in our preceding volumes, we now add some interesting extracts relative to Lapland, from Dr. Clarke’s recent volume of Travels in that country.

O’er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,
On which the sun, beyond th’ horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O’er fixed and fluid, strides the Alpine bridge;
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter’s eternal palace, built by Time:
All human by his touch are borne
Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps: but *here* forever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument,—where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls;
The sun beholds no mirror in his race
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand waves;
Rent from its roof, though thousand fragments oft
Plunge to the gulph, immovable aloft;
From age to age, in air, o’er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Montgomery’s Icebergs of Greenland.

At Enontekis in Lapland, during the space of three weeks in every year, the minister informed Dr. Clarke, that he is able to light his pipe *by the Sun at midnight* with a common burning glass; and, when clouds do not intervene, he may continue this practice for a longer time: but the atmosphere becomes clouded as the season advances. From the church, near his house, it is visible above the horizon at midnight during *seven weeks* in each year; but the pleasure of this long day is dearly purchased by an almost uninterrupted night for the rest of the year; a *continual winter*, in which it is difficult to dispense with the use of candles during the space of three hours in each day.

The climate of Lapland, although extremely frigid, is not unwholesome. The coldest summer was that of 1790, when not a sheaf of barley or any kind of grain was harvested: even in the

* *Lara*, afterwards *Lala*, from the Greek verb *λαλειν*, to talk much, to babble.

August of that year, the old snow remained unmelted, and, in the same month fresh snow began to fall. The annual depth of snow varies from 3 to 4 feet English. According to an average formed upon eight years observation, either rain or snow falls every 3 or 4 days throughout the year. The clouds, especially in autumn, are very tempestuous. The appearance exhibited by the *Aurora Borealis* is beyond description magnificent; it serves to illuminate their dark skies in the long night of winter, but, what is most remarkable, this phenomenon is not confined to the *Northern* hemisphere, but that its appearance to the *South* of the Zenith is no uncommon circumstance.†

A LAPLAND CALENDAR.

January.—The most intense cold took place between the 3d and the 7th. The greatest depth of snow, $1\frac{1}{2}$ of a Swedish ell.

February.—Snow falling, with violent wind, from the 9th to the 13th.

March.—Extreme cold from the 8th to the 13th.

April.—The first rook seen on the 15th. Several rooks made their appearance on the 23d. The ways became passable: wild geese begin to appear.

May.—The partridge (*charadrius apricarius* Linn.) and the *motacilla (œnanthe* Linn.) appeared on the 5th. The season for travelling in sledges ended on the 8th. The rivulets began to flow on the 9th. First rain appeared on the 11th; and at the same time the lumm (*colymbus lumme*) made its appearance. The ice began to break up on the 14th. Swallows appeared on the 15th. The ice disappeared on the 17th; the spring floods in the rivers then at their height. Upon the 18th sowing began, the plains beginning to look green. The last snow fell on the 19th. Upon the 23d, planted potatoes. Cuckoo heard on the 25th; and perch began to spawn. Birch-leaves began to appear on the 27th, and the plains to exhibit an uniform

green colour. The last spring frost happened on the night of the 30th.

June.—The earth white with snow on the 4th. Pasturage commenced in the forests on the 7th. Snow and heavy hail on the 13th. The first summer heat on the 16th. First thunder on the 18th; at this time sowed the kitchen garden. Mosquitos in vast numbers on the 22d. Inundations from the highest mountains on the 26th; at this time the leaves of the potatoe-plants perished with cold.

July.—First ear of barley on the 26th. Hay-making began on the 30th. The first star visible on the 31st, denoting the re-approach of night.

August.—First frosty night towards the 17th. Harvest began on the 20th. Birch-leaves begin to turn yellow on the 23d.

September.—Hard frost towards the 6th. Swallows disappear on the 11th. Ground frozen, and ice upon the banks on the 12th. First snow fell on the 21st, and remained upon the mountains. Cattle housed on the 24th. Lakes frozen on the 26th.

October.—The river frozen on the 6th. Upon the 9th, not a rook to be seen. The earth again bare on the 22d; and the ice not firm on the 26th. Durable frost and snow on the 27th.

November.—Upon the 19th, travelling in sledges commenced.

December.—The greatest degree of cold from the 16th to 22d inclusive. The depth of the snow now equalled 1 Swedish ell and 18 inches.

The NORWEGIAN.

When doubtful twilight dims the Polar noon,
And rays, reflected from the mountains, glow,
Against the rising of the Winter Moon;
The cold Norwegian from involving snow
Clears his frail bark, and when the first faint ray
Shines on the billow's ice-encumbered foam,
Fearless he launches on his trackless way,
And on the stormy ocean hails his home!
When o'er his head, upon the misty height,
The harsh sea-eagle rears her airy nest,
And cheers with clamours rude the boreal night,
No thrilling raptures swell his simple breast,
From all the glories rushing on his eye—
The awful sweep of waves and star-encircled sky!

† Lieut. Chapell, in his Voyage to Hudson's Bay, says, the *Aurora Borealis* in the Zenith resembled, as to its shape, an *umbrella*, pouring down streams of light from all parts of its periphery, which fell vertically over the hemisphere in every direction.

Voyages and Travels.

Literary Gazette.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

ON the 11th of January, 1816, the travellers left Acre for Nazareth, where they arrived after a journey of about nine hours. From the mountain above this town, they had a view of Mount Carmel and the Bay of Accho. —“The hill (says Mr. Buckingham) was so steep and rugged, that we were obliged to descend it on foot; and if it were the precipice from which the men of Nazareth threatened to cast down our Saviour headlong, as related by St. Luke, it was a station well adapted for the execution of such a deed of death.”

The fixed inhabitants of Nazareth are estimated at about two thousand, five hundred of whom are Catholic Christians, about three hundred Maronites, and two hundred Mahomedans, the rest being schismatic Greeks.

“The church of Nazareth (observes Mr. Buckingham) is built over a grotto, held sacred from a belief of its being the scene of the Angel's announcing to Mary her favour with God, and her conception and bearing of the Saviour. On entering it, we passed over a white marble pavement, ornamented in the centre with a device in Mosaic; and descended by a flight of marble steps into a grotto beneath the body of the church. In the first compartment of this subterraneous sanctuary, we were told had stood the mass which constitutes the famous chapel of Loretto, in Italy, and the Friars assured us, with all proper solemnity, that the angels appointed to the task, took out this mass from the rock, and flew with it, first to Dalmatia, and afterwards to Loretto, where it now stands; and that, on measuring the mass itself, and the place from which it had been taken, they had been found to correspond in every respect, neither the one by the voyage, nor the other by age, having lost or altered any part of their size or shape.

“Proceeding farther in, we were shown a second grotto, or a continuation of the first, with two red granite pillars, of about two feet diameter at

its entrance; and we were told, that one marked the spot where the Virgin rested, and the other where the Angel stood when he appeared to Mary, exclaiming, ‘Hail thou, that art highly favoured! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.’ The pillar on the right is still perfect, but that on the left has a piece of its shaft broken out, leaving a space of about a foot and a half between the upper and under fragment. The latter of these continuing still to be supported by being firmly embedded in the rock above, offers to the eyes of believing visitors, according to the expression of the friars, ‘A standing miracle of the care which Christ takes of his Church,’ as they insist upon its being supported by the hand of God alone.

“The grotto here, though small, and about eight feet in height, remains still in its original roughness, the roof being slightly arched. In the outer compartment, from whence the chapel of Loretto is said to have been taken, the roof as well as the sides have been reshaped, and plastered and ornamented; so that the original dimensions no longer remain; within, however, all is left in its first rude state, to perpetuate, to future ages, the interesting fact which it is thought to record.

“Passing onward from hence, and ascending through narrow passages, over steps cut out of the rock, and turning a little to the right, we came to a chamber which the friars called ‘*La cucina della Santa Madonna*.’ They here showed us the chimney of the hearth on which Mary warmed the food of Jesus while yet an infant, and where she baked the cakes for her husband's supper when he returned from the labours of the day. This was an apartment of the house, as they observed, in which the Son of God lived so many years in subjection to man; as it is believed by all, that he was brought up from childhood to manhood in Nazareth.

“The fact of Joseph and Mary hav-

ing resided in this house, and used the very room in which we stood as a kitchen, has nothing at all of improbability in it; and, as excavated dwellings in the side of a steep hill like this would be more secure, and even more comfortable than fabricated ones, it is quite as probable that might have really been the residence of the Holy Family as of any other, since it is here, in the midst of Nazareth of Galilee, where Joseph and Mary are admitted to have dwelt, and the child Jesus to have been brought up.

"The church erected over this sacred spot is large, and well furnished with some few tolerable paintings, but still more gaudy ones. It has also a double flight of marble steps, and a gilt iron rail-way, leading up on each side of the grotto, which is left open, and faces the entrance to the church, producing an impressive effect. Below, in the grotto itself, is an altar of white marble, very finely executed, and a painting of the Annunciation, of great merit, as far as could be judged in this obscure depth, except that its effect is lessened by a diadem of gold and precious stones on the head of the Virgin.

"Among all the pictures I observed a departure from costume and propriety, which could only be accounted for by religious zeal. Joseph, the carpenter, was arrayed in purple and scarlet; Mary, beautiful, and dressed in the richest robes. If the painters could have taken their models from among the same class of people at Nazareth now, they would, perhaps, have approached nearer to truth: as these are, probably, still very similar in person, complexion and apparel, to those described in the history of those times. In Europe, remote from the scenes themselves, Scriptural subjects may be treated in any way that best displays the talent of the painter; but it is impossible to witness certain delineations of country and costume upon the spot where the scene itself is laid, without being forcibly impressed with their want of even general resemblance.

"There is an organ, which is played by one of the friars; an abundance of fonts, and altars, and candlesticks; a fine sacristy, or dressing-room, for the

priests; and store-rooms for the moveables of the church, consisting of flags, tapers, silken curtains, silver crosses, incense-pots, &c. &c. exhibited on festival-days."

After accomplishing the ascent of Mount Tabor, they passed on to Caypha, distant about three leagues from Accho.

"Here (says Mr. Buckingham) we visited the monastery which stands on the summit of Mount Carmel, near the spot where Elias offered up his sacrifice, and which gave rise to, and remained for a long period the headquarters of, the order of Carmelite Friars. It appears to have been a fine building, but it is now entirely abandoned, and the monk who has charge of it lives in the town of Caypha below. During the campaign of the French in Syria, the monastery was made an hospital for their sick, for which its retired and healthy situation, as well as its interior structure, admirably adapted it."

Donè Cesarea and Jaffa were subsequently visited. We quote Mr. Buckingham's account of Buonaparte's massacre of the citizens of this place:

"The fact of Buonaparte's having murdered his prisoners in cold blood had been doubted, from the mere circumstances of the consul having omitted to mention it; though he had not been once questioned as to the point. This, however, I was resolved to do; and, in reply, we were assured by this same consul's son, Damiani, himself an old man of 60, and a spectator of all that passed here during the French invasion, that such massacre did really take place, and twenty mouths were opened at once to confirm the tale.

"It was related to us that Buonaparte had issued a decree, ordering, that no one should be permitted to pass freely without having a written protection bearing his signature; but publishing, at the same time, an assurance that this should be granted to all who would apply for it on a given day. The multitude confided in the promise, and were collected on the appointed day, without the city, to the number of ten or twelve hundred persons, including men, women, and children. They were then ordered on an eminence, and there ar-

rayed in battalion, under pretence of counting them one by one. When all was ready, the troops were ordered to fire upon them, and only a few escaped their destructive volleys. A similar scene was transacted on the bed of the rocks before the port, where about three hundred persons were either shot or driven to perish in the sea, as if to renew the deed of treacherous murder which the men of Joppe had of old practised on the Jews, and which their heroic defender had so amply avenged."

Our traveller next journeyed to Ramlah, and through the mountains of Jerusalem, and visited Bethlehem, and the cave of the Nativity.

"The principal sanctuary of Bethlehem is the grotto of the Nativity, the descent to which is by twenty or thirty steps, all below the general level of the church. These lead down narrow and winding passages, so as to render it altogether certain that this could never have been the stable of an inn, without some material alterations in its construction; since, at the present moment, it is difficult even for men to descend into it, and cattle could not do so at all by any passage that I could perceive.

"Here, however, we were shown a cave, very splendidly ornamented with a marble pavement, recesses decorated with sculpture and painting, and a double row of massy silver lamps, of exquisite workmanship, furnished by the patrons of whoever may share the possession of the altars. Among the paintings, a concert of angels, celebrating the birth of Jesus, seemed to possess great merit; though there was something strange to my eye in observing one of these angels, whose wings were expanded, seated on a cloud, with a huge violincello between his legs, and the bow in his right hand. Another of the Eastern Magi, adoring the infant Saviour, and angels bearing censers of incense, was equally beautiful. Beneath this last is a marble altar, and stile below it, a semicircular recess, ornamented at the back with some fine sculpture on white marble, and hung around with large silver lamps kept constantly burning. Here is shown,

upon the pavement, an inlaid star, which is said to mark the spot of the Saviour's birth, and to lie immediately underneath the point of the Heavens where the Star of the East became fixed in its course, to direct the Wise Men to the object of their search.

"The facts of this grotto having been a stable, and the place in which the star is seen a manger, seem improbable, chiefly from the difficulty of access to it in its present state; but, if the means of entrance were formerly more open and enlarged, the subterraneous excavation might as easily have been attached to an inn as to any other kind of building. As such, it might have been occasionally appropriated to the reception of guests; particularly on an occasion like that described by St. Luke, who says of Mary, 'And she brought forth her first son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them at the inn.'

"The possession of this spot, once so mean and insignificant, is now disputed by contending sects of Christians, with the same rage and animosity as that which marks their struggle for the command of the Holy Sepulchre. During the last Christmas only, at the celebration of the Feast of Nativity, at which Mr. Banks was present, a battle took place, in which several of the combatants were wounded, and others severely beaten; and on the preceding year, the privilege of saying mass at the altar, on a particular day, had been fought for, at the door of the sanctuary itself, with drawn swords."

We regret that we must break off here at the most interesting portion of the volume; for, as we have already remarked, the latter half of the work, containing the account of Bashan and Gilead, and the country beyond the Jordan, is most valuable, because the subject has never been touched upon before. Our next notice will contain Mr Buckingham's visit to Calvary, and the tomb of Christ.

[As an appropriate appendage to this article, we copy from the *Monthly Magazine* for Nov. 1821, Sir Sydney Smith's late translation of the *Saracen capitulation of the Holy City.*]

The CAPITULATION granted by the CALIPH OMAR, Successor of Mahomet, to the Christians of Jerusalem and its dependencies, on the event of its conquest, in the 15th year of the Hegira ; translated from the Original Text in Arabic, by Sir SYDNEY SMITH.

IN the name of the most merciful and gracious God ! Let us praise God, who hath provided for our instruction in Islamism, who hath honoured us with the true faith, and had compassion on us, by sending us his prophet Mahomet. May the divine peace and benediction dwell with him who purified our hearts, who gave us victory over our enemies, with habitations in the open countries, and who inspired us with love for our brethren. Let God be praised, by his servants, for this his grace and infinite mercy.

The writing of Omar, the Son of Chattab, granted as a pact and a convention, to the Patriarch Zephyrians, held in reverence by all his people, Patriarch of the Royal Orthodox sect at Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives.

This convention comprehends the subjects, the clergy, the monks and religious women, and affords them protection, in whatever places they may reside, or be. We, the true believers and successors, feel it our duty to protect the Christian subject, while he continues to discharge the duties of a subject. This convention shall not be violated, except by their own fault, in attempting to withdraw from obedience and submission. Protection shall be equally afforded to their churches, lands in the country, to the places of their pilgrimage within the city and without, viz. to the Church Ramane (Holy Sepulchre), to Bethlehem, the birth-place of Jesus, to the great church in the cavern ; also to the three gates towards the south, the north, and the west. The same privileges to be extended to other Christians that frequent these places ; to the Georgians and Abyssinians, Nestorians, Jacobites, and others that are followers of the Prophet Jesus.

The Christians are entitled to these benefits, as they were formerly honoured by the prophet with a document signed and sealed by himself, wherein he exhorts us to shew them favour, and to grant them protection. In conformity to which, we, true believers, are disposed to act with benevolence towards them, in honour of him who recommended benevolence.

They are to be exempted from the capitation tax, and from all imposts and tolls, throughout all the territories and seas of the Moslems. On their entering Ramane (the Holy Sepulchre) and in the rest of their pilgrimage, nothing is to be exacted from them.

Such Christians as visit the Holy Sepulchre to lay down a silver diam and a half, for the patriarch.

All true believers of both sexes, rich and poor, the Sultans and Chiefs not excepted, to yield obedience to these injunctions.

Given in presence of all the disciples of the prophet.

ABDALLAH, OSMAN, B. AFAN, SAAD, ABDOR RAHMAN, IBN AUF.

Into whose hands soever this writing shall come, let them give credence to it, that the divine benediction may rest upon the prophet and his disciples.

Let us praise God, Sovereign of the world, on whom we repose, as on the prophet our advocate : the 20th Ribuel, Ewel of the 15th year of the Hegira.

Whoever reads this writing, and acts contrary, from this day to the day of the last judgment, contravenes the convention of God, and of his well beloved prophet.

TO THE CLOUDS.

By John Clare.

O PAINTED Clouds ! sweet beauties of the sky,
 How have I view'd your motion and your rest,
 When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
 In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest ;
 Or in your threaten'd thunder's grave black vest,
 Like black deep waters slowly moving by,
 Awfully striking the spectator's breast
 With your Creator's dread sublimity,
 As admiration mutely views your storms.
 And I do love to see you idly lie,
 Painted by heav'n as various as your forms,
 Pausing upon the eastern mountain high,
 As morn awakes with spring's wood-harmony ;
 And sweeter still, when in your slumbers sooth
 You hang the western arch o'er day's proud eye :
 Still as the even-pool, uncurv'd and smooth,
 My gazing soul has look'd most placidly ;
 And higher still devoutly wish'd to strain,
 To wipe your shrouds and sky's blue blinders by,
 With all the warmness of a moon-struck brain,
 To catch a glimpse of Him who bids you reign,
 And view the dwelling of all majesty.

(English Magazines, Nov.)

THE HAUNTED SHIPS.

——— Though my mind's not
 Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
 There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood,
 Yea, and the charnell'd earth, than what wise man,
 Who walks so proud as if his form alone
 Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
 Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed
 O' the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,
 Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels ;
 That shades, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er
 The murderer's dust, and for revenge glare up,
 Even till the stars weep fire for very pity.

A LONG the coast of Solway, romantic on the Scottish side, with its woodlands, and bays, and cliffs, and headlands ; and interesting on the English side, with its many beautiful towns with their shadows on the water, rich pastures, safe harbours, and numerous ships ; there still linger many traditional stories of a maritime nature, most of them connected with superstitions singularly wild and unusual. To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story ; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry ; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination. In this they resemble the inland traditions of the peasants ; but many of the oral treasures of the Galwegian or the Cumbrian coast have the stamp of the Dane and the Norsemen upon them, and claim but a remote or faint affinity with the legitimate legends of Caledonia. Something like a rude prosaic outline of several of the most noted of the northern ballads, the adventures and depredations of the old ocean kings, still lends life to the evening tale ; and, among others, the story of the Haunted Ships is still popular among the maritime peasantry.

One fine harvest evening I went on board the shallop of Richard Faulder, of Allanbay ; and, committing ourselves to the waters, we allowed a gentle wind from the east to waft us at its pleasure towards the Scottish coast. We passed the sharp promontory of Siddick ; and skirting the land within

a stone cast, glided along the shore till we came within sight of the ruined Abbey of Sweetheart. The green mountain of Criffell ascended beside us ; and the bleat of the flocks from its summit, together with the winding of the evening horn of the reapers, came softened into something like music over land and sea. We pushed our shallop into a deep and wooded bay, and sat silently looking on the serene beauty of the place. The moon glimmered in her rising through the tall shafts of the pines of Caerlaverock, and the sky, with scarce a cloud, showered down on wood, and headland, and bay, the twinkling beams of a thousand stars, rendering every object visible. The tide too was coming with that swift and silent swell observable when the wind is gentle ; the woody curves along the land were filling with the flood till it touched the green branches of the drooping trees ; while in the centre current the roll and the plunge of a thousand pellocks told to the experienced fisherman that salmon were abundant. As we looked, we saw an old man emerging from a path that winded to the shore through a grove of doddered hazel ; he carried a halve-net on his back, while behind him came a girl, bearing a small harpoon with which the fishers are remarkably dexterous in striking their prey. The senior seated himself on a large grey stone which overlooked the bay, laid aside his bonnet, and submitted his bosom and neck to the refreshing sea breeze ; and taking his harpoon from his attendant, sat with the gravity and composure of a spirit of the flood, with his ministering nymph behind him. We pushed our shallop to the shore, and soon stood at their side. " This is old Mark Macmoran, the mariner, with his grand-daughter Barbara," said Richard Faulder, in a whisper that had something of fear in it ; " he knows every creek, and cavern, and quicksand, in Solway,—has seen the Spectre Hound that haunts the Isle of Man ;

has heard him bark, and at every bark has seen a ship sink ; and he has seen, too, the Haunted Ships in full sail ; and, if all tales be true, he has sailed in them himself ;—he's an awful person." Though I perceived in the communication of my friend something of the superstition of the sailor, I could not help thinking that common rumour had made a happy choice in singling out old Mark to maintain her intercourse with the invisible world. His hair, which seemed to have refused all intercourse with the comb, hung matted upon his shoulders ; a kind of mantle, or rather blanket, pinned with a wooden skewer round his neck, fell mid-leg down, concealing all his nether garments as far as a pair of hose, darned with yarn of all conceivable colours, and a pair of shoes, patched and repaired till nothing of the original structure remained, and clasped on his feet with two massy silver buckles. If the dress of the old man was rude and sordid, that of his grand-daughter was gay, and even rich. She wore a boddice of fine wool, wrought round the bosom with alternate leaf and lily, and a kirtle of the same fabric, which, almost touching her white and delicate ancle, showed her snowy feet so fairy-light and round that they scarcely seemed to touch the grass where she stood. Her hair, a natural ornament which woman seeks much to improve, was of bright glossy brown, and encumbered rather than adorned with a snood, set thick with marine productions, among which the small clear pearl found in the Solway was conspicuous. Nature had not trusted to a handsome shape, and a sylph-like air, for young Barbara's influence over the heart of man ; but had bestowed a pair of large bright blue eyes, swimming in liquid light, so full of love, and gentleness, and joy, that all the sailors from Annanwater to far Saint Bees acknowledged their power, and sung songs about the bonnie lass of Mark Macmoran. She stood holding a small gaff-hook of polished steel in her hand, and seemed not dissatisfied with the glances I bestowed on her from time to time, and which I held more than requited by a single

glance of those eyes which retained so many capricious hearts in subjection.

The tide, though rapidly augmenting, had not yet filled the bay at our feet. The moon now streamed fairly over the tops of Caerlaverock pines, and showed the expanse of ocean dimpling and swelling, on which sloops and shallops came dancing, and displaying at every turn their extent of white sail against the beam of the moon. I looked on old Mark the mariner, who, seated motionless on his grey stone, kept his eye fixed on the increasing waters with a look of seriousness and sorrow in which I saw little of the calculating spirit of a mere fisherman. Though he looked on the coming tide, his eyes seemed to dwell particularly on the black and decayed hulls of two vessels, which, half immersed in the quicksand, still addressed to every heart a tale of shipwreck and desolation. The tide wheeled and foamed around them ; and creeping inch by inch up the side, at last fairly threw its waters over the top, and a long and hollow eddy showed the resistance which the liquid element received. The moment they were fairly buried in the water the old man clasped his hands together, and said, "Blessed be the tide that will break over and bury ye for ever ! Sad to mariners, and sorrowful to maids and mothers, has the time been you have choked up this deep and bonnie bay. For evil were you sent, and for evil have you continued. Every season finds from you its song of sorrow and wail, its funeral processions, and its shrouded corpses. Woe to the land where the wood grew that made ye ! Cursed be the axe that hewed ye on the mountains, the hands that joined ye together, the bay that ye first swam in, and the wind that wafted ye here ! Seven times have ye put my life in peril, three fair sons have ye swept from my side, and two bonnie grand-bairns ; and now, even now, your waters foam and flash for my destruction, did I venture my infirm limbs in quest of food in your deadly bay. I see by that ripple and that foam, and hear by the sound and singing of your surge, that ye yearn for another victim, but it

shall not be me nor mine." Even as the old mariner addressed himself to the wrecked ships a young man appeared at the southern extremity of the bay, holding his halve-net in his hand, and hastening into the current. Mark rose, and shouted, and waved him back from a place which, to a person unacquainted with the dangers of the bay, real and superstitious, seemed sufficiently perilous: his grand-daughter too added her voice to his, and waved her white hands; but the more they strove the faster advanced the peasant till he stood to his middle in the water, while the tide increased every moment in depth and strength. "Andrew, Andrew," cried the young woman, in a voice quivering with emotion, "turn, turn, I tell you: O the Ships, the Haunted Ships!" but the appearance of a fine run of fish had more influence with the peasant than the voice of bonnie Barbara, and forward he dashed, net in hand. In a moment he was borne off his feet, and mingled like foam with the water, and hurried towards the fatal eddies which whirled and roared round the sunken ships. But he was a powerful young man, and an expert swimmer: he seized on one of the projecting ribs of the nearest hulk, and clinging to it with the grasp of despair, uttered yell after yell, sustaining himself against the prodigious rush of the current. From a sheeling of turf and straw, within the pitch of a bar from where we stood, came out an old woman bent with age, and leaning on a crutch. "I hear the voice of that lad Andrew Lammie; can the chield be drowning that he skirls sae uncannilie?" said the old woman seating herself on the ground, and looking earnestly at the water. "Ou aye," she continued, "he's doomed, he's doomed; heart and hand can never save him; boats, ropes, and man's strength and wit, all vain! vain! he's doomed!" By this time, I had thrown myself into the shallop, followed reluctantly by Richard Faulder, over whose courage and kindness of heart superstition had great power; and with one push from the shore, and some exertion in skulling, we came within a quoit-cast of the unfortunate fisherman. He

staid not to profit by our aid; for when he perceived us near he uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and bounded towards us through the agitated element the full length of an oar. I saw him for a second on the surface of the water; but the eddying current sucked him down; and all I ever beheld of him again was his hand held above the flood, and clutching in agony at some imaginary aid. I sat gazing in horror on the vacant sea before us: but a breathing-time before, a human being, full of youth, and strength, and hope, was there: his cries were still ringing in my ears and echoing in the woods; and now nothing was seen or heard save the turbulent expanse of water, and the sound of its chafing on the shores. We pushed back our shallop, and resumed our station on the cliff beside the old mariner and his descendant. "Wherefore sought ye to peril your own lives fruitlessly?" said Mark, "in attempting to save the doomed. Whoso touches those infernal ships never survives to tell the tale. Woe to the man who is found nigh them at midnight when the tide has subsided and they arise in their former beauty, with fore-castle and deck, and sail, and pennon, and shroud. Then is seen the streaming of lights along the water from their cabin windows, and then is heard the sound of mirth and the clamour of tongues, and the infernal whoop and hallo, and song, ringing far and wide. Woe to the man who comes nigh them." To all this my Allanbay companion listened with a breathless attention. I felt something touched with a superstition to which I partly believed I had seen one victim offered up; and I inquired of the old mariner, "How and when came these haunted ships there? To me they seem but the melancholy relics of some unhappy voyagers, and much more likely to warn people to shun destruction, than entice and delude them to it." "And so," said the old man with a smile, which had more of sorrow in it than of mirth; "and so, young man, these black and shattered hulks seem to the eye of the multitude. But things are not what they seem: that water, a kind and convenient ser-

vant to the wants of man, which seems so smooth, and so dimpling, and so gentle, has swallowed up a human soul even now; and the place which it covers, so fair and so level, is a faithless quicksand, out of which none escape. Things are otherwise than they seem. Had you lived as long as I have had the sorrow to live; had you seen the storms, and braved the perils, and endured the distresses which have befallen me; had you sat gazing out on the dreary ocean at midnight on a haunted coast; had you seen comrade after comrade, brother after brother, and son after son, swept away by the merciless ocean from your very side; had you seen the shapes of friends, doomed to the wave and the quicksand, appearing to you in the dreams and visions of the night; then would your mind have been prepared for crediting the maritime legends of mariners; and the two haunted Danish ships would have had their terrors for you, as they have for all who sojourn on this coast. Of the time and the cause of their destruction I know nothing certain: they have stood as you have seen them for uncounted time; and while all other ships wrecked on this unhappy coast have gone to pieces, and rotted, and sunk away in a few years, these two haunted hulks have neither sunk in the quicksand, nor has a single spar on board been displaced. Maritime legend says, that two ships of Denmark having had permission, for a time, to work deeds of darkness and dolour on the deep, were at last condemned to the whirlpool and the sunken rock, and were wrecked in this bonnie bay, as a sign to seamen to be gentle and devout. The night when they were lost was a harvest evening of uncommon mildness and beauty: the sun had newly set; the moon came brighter and brighter out; and the reapers, laying their sickles at the root of the standing corn, stood on rock and bank, looking at the increasing magnitude of the waters, for sea and land were visible from Saint Bees to Barnhourie. The sails of two vessels were soon seen bent for the Scottish coast; and with a speed outrunning the swiftest ship they approached the

dangerous quicksands and headland of Borranpoint. On the deck of the foremost ship not a living soul was seen, or shape, unless something in darkness and form resembling a human shadow could be called a shape, which flitted from extremity to extremity of the ship, with the appearance of trimming the sails and directing the vessel's course. But the decks of its companion were crowded with human shapes; the captain, and mate, and sailor, and cabin boy, all seemed there; and from them the sound of mirth and minstrelsy echoed over land and water. The coast which they skirted along was one of extreme danger; and the reapers shouted to warn them to beware of sand-bank and rock; but of this friendly counsel no notice was taken, except that a large and famished dog, which sat on the prow, answered every shout with a long, loud, and melancholy howl. The deep sand bank of Carse-thorn was expected to arrest the career of these desperate navigators; but they passed, with the celerity of waterfowl, over an obstruction which had wrecked many pretty ships.

"Old men shook their heads and departed, saying, 'We have seen the fiend sailing in a bottomless ship; let us go home and pray;' but one young and wilful man said, 'Fiend! I'll warrant it's nae fiend, but douce Janet. Wither-shins, the witch, holding a carouse with some of her Cumberland cummers, and mickle red wine will be spilt atween them. Dod I would gladly have a toothfu'! I'll warrant it's nane o' your cauld sour slae-water like a bottle of Baillie Shrinkie's port, but right drap-o'-my-heart's-blood stuff that would waken a body out of their last linen. I wonder where the cummers will anchor their craft?' 'And I'll vow,' said another rustic, 'the wine they quaff is none of your visionary drink, such as a drouthie body has dished out to his lips in a dream; nor is it shadowy and unsubstantial like the vessels they sail in, which are made out of a cockle-shell or a cast-off slipper, or the paring of a seaman's right thumb-nail. I once got a hansel out of a witch's quagh myself,—auld Marion Mathers of Dustiefoot, whom they

tried to bury in the auld kirk-yard of Dunscore, but the cummer raise as fast as they laid her down, and nae where else would she lie but in the bonnie green kirk-yard of Kier among douce and sponable fowk. So I'll vow that the wine of a witch's cup is as fell liquor as ever did a kindly turn to a poor man's heart; and be they fiends or be they witches, if they have red wine asteer, I'll risk a drouket sark for ae glorious tout ont.' 'Silence, ye sinners,' said the minister's son of a neighbouring parish, who united in his own person his father's lack of devotion with his mother's love of liquor. 'Whisht!—speak as if ye had the fear of something holy before ye. Let the vessels run their own way to destruction; who can stay the eastern wind, and the current of the Solway sea? I can find ye Scripture warrant for that: so let them try their strength on Blawhooly rocks, and their might on the broad quicksand. There's a surf running there would knock the ribs together of a galley built by the imps of the pit, and commanded by the Prince of Darkness. Bonnie and bravely they sail away there; but before the blast blows by they'll be wrecked; and red wine and strong brandy will be as rife as dyke-water, and we'll drink the health of bonnie Bell Blackness out of her left-foot slipper.' The speech of the young profligate was applauded by several of his companions, and away they flew to the bay of Blawhooly, from whence they never returned. The two vessels were observed all at once to stop in the bosom of the bay, on the spot where their hulls now appear: the mirth and the minstrelsy waxed louder than ever; and the forms of maidens, with instruments of music and wine cups in their hands, thronged the decks. A boat was lowered; and the same shadowy pilot who conducted the ships made it start towards the shore with the rapidity of lightning, and its head knocked against the bank where the four young men stood, who longed for the unblest drink. They leaped in with a laugh, and with a laugh were they welcomed on deck; wine cups were given to each, and as they lifted them to their lips the ves-

sels melted away beneath their feet; and one loud shriek, mingled with laughter still louder, was heard over land and water for many miles. Nothing more was heard or seen till the morning, when the crowd who came to the beach saw with fear and wonder the two Haunted Ships, such as they now seem, masts and tackle gone; nor mark, nor sign, by which their name, country, or destination could be known, was left remaining. Such is the tradition of the mariners; and its truth has been attested by many families whose sons and whose fathers have been drowned in the haunted bay of Blawhooly."

"And trow ye," said the old woman, who, attracted from her hut by the drowning cries of the young fisherman, had remained an auditor of the mariner's legend; "And trow ye, Mark Macmoran, that the tale of the Haunted Ships is done? I can say no to that. Mickle have mine ears heard; but more mine eyes have witnessed since I came to dwell in this humble home by the side of the deep sea. I mind the night weel: it was on Hallowmass eve: the nuts were cracked, the apples were ate, and spell and charm were tried at my fireside; till, wearied with diving into the dark waves of futurity, the lads and lasses fairly took to the more visible blessings of kind words, tender clasps, and gentle courtship. Soft words in a maiden's ear, and a kindlie kiss o' her lip, were old world matters to me, Mark Macmoran; though I mean not to say that I have been free of the folly of dauner and daffin with a youth in my day, and keeping tryste with him in the dark and lonely places. However, as I say, these times of enjoyment were passed and gone with me; the mair's the pity that pleasure should fly sae fast away—and as I could nae make sport I thought I should not mar any; so out I sauntered into the fresh cold air, and sat down behind that old oak, and looked abroad on the wide sea. I had my ain sad thoughts, ye may think, at the time: it was in that very bay my blythe goodman perished, with seven more in his company,—and on that very bank

where ye see the waves leaping and foaming, I saw seven stately corsees streaked, but the dearest was the eighth. It was a woeful sight to me, a widow with four bonnie boys, with nought to support them but these twa hands, and God's blessing and a cow's grass. I have never liked to live out of sight of this bay since that time; and mony's the moonlight night I sit looking on these watery mountains and these waste shores; it does my heart good, whatever it may do to my head. So ye see it was Hallowmass night; and looking on sea and land sat I; and my heart wandering to other thoughts soon made me forget my youthful company at hame. It might be near the howe hour of the night: the tide was making, and its singing brought strange old world stories with it; and I thought on the dangers that sailors endure, the fates they meet with, and the fearful forms they see. My own blythe goodman had seen sights that made him grave enough at times, though he aye tried to laugh them away. Aweel, atween that very rock aneath us and the coming tide, I saw, or thought I saw, for the tale is so dream like that the whole night pass for a vision of the night, I saw the form of a man: his plaid was grey; his face was grey; and his hair, which hung low down till it nearly came to the middle of his back, was as white as the white sea-foam. He began to howk and dig under the bank; an' God be near me, thought I, this maun be the unblessed spirit of Auld Adam Gowdgowpin, the miser, who is doomed to dig for shipwrecked treasure, and count how many millions are hidden for ever from man's enjoyment. The Form found something which in shape and hue seemed a left-foot slipper of brass; so down to the tide he marched, and placing it on the water, whirled it thrice round; and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonnie barge with its sails bent, and on board leaped the Form, and scudded swiftly away. He came to one of the Haunted Ships; and striking it with his oar, a fair ship, with mast, and canvass, and mariners, started up: he touched the other Haunted Ship, and

produced the like transformation; and away the three spectre ships bounded, leaving a track of fire behind them on the billows which was long unextinguished. Now was nae that a bonnie and a fearful sight to see beneath the Hallowmass moon? But the tale is far frae finished; for mariners say that once a year, on a certain night, if ye stand on the Borranpoint, ye will see the infernal shallops coming snoring through the Solway: ye will hear the same laugh, and song, and mirth, and minstrelsy, which our ancestors heard; see them bound over the sand-banks and sunken rocks like sea-gulls, cast their anchor in Blawhooly bay, while the shadowy figure lowers down the boat, and augments their numbers with the four unhappy mortals to whose memory a stone stands in the kirk-yard, with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon it. Then the spectre ships vanish, and the drowning shriek of mortals, and the rejoicing laugh of fiends are heard, and the old hulls are left as a memorial that the old spiritual kingdom has not departed from the earth. But I maun away, and trim my little cottage fire, and make it burn and blaze up bonnie to warm the crickets, and my cold and crazy bones, that maun soon be laid aneath the green sod in the eerie kirk-yard." And away the old dame tottered to her cottage, secured the door on the inside, and soon the hearth-flame was seen to glimmer and gleam through key-hole and window.

"I'll tell ye what," said the old mariner, in a subdued tone, and with a shrewd and suspicious glance of his eye after the old sybil, "it's a word that may not very well be uttered, but there are many mistakes made in evening stories if old Moll Moray there, where she lives, knows not mickle more than she is willing to tell of the Haunted Ships and their unhallowed mariners. She lives cannilie and quietly; no one knows how she is fed or supported; but her dress is aye whole, her cottage ever smokes, and her table lacks neither of wine, white and red, nor of fowl and fish, and white bread and brown. It was a dear scoff to Jock Matheson, when he called old

Moll the uncannie carline of Blawhooly: his boat ran round and round in the centre of the Solway,—every body said it was enchanted,—and down it went head foremost: and had nae Jock been a swimmer equal to a sheldrake he would have fed the fish;—but I'll warrant it sobered the lad's speech; and he never reckoned himself safe till he made auld Moll the present of a new kirtle and a stone of cheese." "O father," said his grand-daughter Barbara, "ye surely wrong poor old Mary Moray: what use could it be to an old woman like her, who has no wrongs to redress, no malice to work out against mankind, and nothing to seek of enjoyment save a cannie hour and a quiet grave—what use could the fellowship of fiends and the communion of evil spirits be to her? I know Jenny Primrose puts rowan-tree above the door-head when she sees old Mary coming; I know the good wife of Kittle-naket wears rowan-berry leaves in the headband of her blue kirtle, and all for the sake of averting the unsonsie glance of Mary's right ee; and I know that the auld laird of Burntroutwater drives his seven cows to their pasture with a wand of witchtree, to keep Mary from milking them. But what has that to do with haunted shallops, visionary mariners, and bottomless boats? I have heard myself as pleasant a tale about the Haunted Ships and their unworldly crews as any one would wish to hear in a winter evening. It was told to me by young Benjie Macharg, one summer night, sitting on Arbigland bank: the lad intended a sort of love meeting; but all that he could talk of was about smearing sheep and shearing sheep, and of the wife which the Norway elves of the Haunted Ships made for his uncle Sandie Macharg. And I shall tell ye the tale as the honest lad told it to me. Alexander Macharg, besides being the laird of three acres of peatmoss, two kale gardens, and the owner of seven good milch cows, a pair of horses, and six pet sheep, was the husband of one of the handsomest women in seven parishes. Many a lad sighed the day he was bridged; and a Nithsdale laird and two Annandale moorland farmers drank themselves to

their last linen, as well as their last shilling, through sorrow for her loss. But married was the dame; and home she was carried, to bear rule over home and her husband, as an honest woman should. Now ye maun ken that though the flesh and blood lovers of Alexander's bonnie wife all ceased to love and to sue her after she became another's, there were certain admirers who did not consider their claim at all abated, or their hopes lessened by the kirk's famous obstacle of matrimony. Ye have heard how the devout minister of Tinwald had a fair son carried away, and bedded against his liking to an unchristened bride, whom the elves and the fairies provided: ye have heard how the bonnie bride of the drunken laird of Soukitup was stolen by the fairies out at the back-window of the bridal chamber, the time the bridegroom was groping his way to the chamber door; and ye have heard—but why need I multiply cases? such things in the ancient days were as common as candle-light. So ye'll no hinder certain water elves and sea fairies, who sometimes keep festival and summer mirth in these old haunted hulks, from falling in love with the weel-faured wife of Laird Macharg; and to their plots and contrivances they went how they might accomplish to sunder man and wife; and sundering such a man and such a wife was like sundering the green leaf from the summer, or the fragrance from the flower. So it fell on a time that Laird Macharg took his halve-net on his back, and his steel spear in his hand, and down to Blawhooly bay gade he, and into the water he went right between the two haunted hulks, and placing his net awaited the coming of the tide. The night, ye maun ken, was mirk, and the wind lowne, and the singing of the increasing waters among the shells and the pebbles was heard for sundry miles. All at once lights began to glance and twinkle on board the two Haunted Ships from every hole and seam, and presently the sound as of a hatchet employed in squaring timber echoed far and wide. But if the toil of these unearthly workmen amazed the Laird, how much more was

his amazement increased when a sharp shrill voice called out, 'Ho ! brother, what are you doing now ?' A voice still shriller responded from the other haunted ship. 'I'm making a wife to Sandie Macharg !' and a loud quavering laugh running from ship to ship, and from bank to bank, told the joy they expected from their labour. Now the laird, besides being a devout and a God-fearing man, was shrewd and bold ; and in plot, and contrivance, and skill in conducting his designs, was fairly an overmatch for any dozen land elves : but the water elves are more subtle ; besides, their haunts and their dwellings being in the great deep, pursuit and detection is hopeless if they succeed in carrying their prey to the waves. But ye shall hear. Home flew the laird,—collected his family around the hearth,—spoke of the signs and the sins of the times, and talked of mortification and prayer for averting calamity ; and finally taking his father's Bible, brass clasps, black print, and covered with calf-skin, from the shelf, he proceeded without let or stint to perform domestic worship. I should have told ye that he bolted and locked the door, shut up all inlet to the house, threw salt into the fire, and proceeded in every way like a man skilful in guarding against the plots of fairies and fiends. His wife looked on all this with wonder ; but she saw something in her husband's looks that hindered her from intruding either question or advice, and a wise woman was she. Near the mid hour of the night the rush of a horse's feet was heard, and the sound of a rider leaping from its back, and a heavy knock came to the door accompanied by a voice, saying, 'The cummer drink's hot, and the knave bairn is expected at Laird Laurie's to-night ; sae mount, good-wife, and come.' 'Preserve me !' said the wife of Sandie Macharg ; 'that's news indeed ; who could have thought it ? the laird has been heirless for seventeen year ! Now Sandie, my man, fetch me my skirt and hood.' But he laid his arm round his wife's neck, and said, 'If all the lairds in Galloway go heirless, over this door threshold shall you not stir to-night ; and I have said,

and I have sworn it : seek not to know why nor wherefore—but, Lord, send us thy blessed morn-light.' The wife looked for a moment in her husband's eyes, and desisted from further entreaty. 'But let us send a civil message to the gossips, Sandy ; and hadnae ye better say I am sair laid with a sudden sickness ; though it's sinful-like to send the poor messenger a mile agate with a lie in his mouth without a glass of brandy.' 'To such a messenger, and to those who sent him, no apology is needed,' said the austere laird, 'so let him depart.' And the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the muttered imprecations of its rider on the churlish treatment he had experienced. 'Now Sandie, my lad,' said his wife, laying an arm particularly white and round about his neck as she spoke, 'are you not a queer man and a stern ? I have been your wedded wife now these three years ; and, beside my dower, have brought you three as bonnie bairns as ever smiled aneath a summer sun. O man, you a douce man, and fitter to be an elder than even Willie Greer himself, I have the minister's ain word for't, to put on these hard-hearted looks, and gang waving your arms that way, as if ye said, 'I winna take counsel of sic a hempie as you,' your ain leal wife ; I will and I maun have an explanation.' To all this Sandie Macharg replied, 'It is written—"wives obey your husbands ;" but we have been stayed in our devotion, so let us pray ;' and down he knelt : his wife knelt also, for she was as devout as bonnie ; and beside them knelt their household, and all lights were extinguished. 'Now this beats a' ; muttered his wife to herself ; 'however, I shall be obedient for a time ; but if I dinna ken what all this is for before the morn by sunket-time, my tongue is nae langer a tongue, nor my hands worth wearing.' The voice of her husband in prayer interrupted this mental soliloquy ; and ardently did he beseech to be preserved from the wiles of the fiends and the snares of Satan ; from witches, ghosts, goblins, elves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies ; from the spectre shallop of Solway ; from spirits visible and invisible ; from

the Haunted Ships and their unearthly tenants; from maritime spirits that plotted against godly men, and fell in love with their wives—'Nay, but his presence be near us!' said his wife in a low tone of dismay. 'God guide my gude-man's wits: I never heard such a prayer from human lips before. But Sandie, my man, lordsake rise: what fearful light is this—barn, and byre, and stable, maun be in a blaze; and Hawkie and Hurley, Doddie, and Cherrie, and Damson-plum, will be smooed with reek, and scorched with flame.' And a flood of light, but not so gross as a common fire, which ascended to heaven and filled all the court before the house, amply justified the good wife's suspicions. But to the terrors of fire Sandie was as immovable as he was to the imaginary groans of the barren wife of Laird Laurie; and he held his wife, and threatened the weight of his right hand—and it was a heavy one—to all who ventured abroad, or even unbolted the door. The neighing and prancing of horses, and the bellowing of cows, augmented the horrors of the night; and to any one who only heard the din it seemed that the whole outstead was in a blaze, and horses and cattle perishing in the flame. All wiles, common or extraordinary, were put in practice to entice or force the honest farmer and his wife

to open the door; and when the like success attended every new stratagem, silence for a little while ensued, and a long, loud, and shrilling laugh wound up the dramatic efforts of the night. In the morning, when Laird Macharg went to the door, he found standing against one of the pilasters a piece of black ship oak, rudely fashioned into something like human form, and which skilful people declared would have been clothed with seeming flesh and blood, and palmed upon him by elfin adroitness for his wife, had he admitted his visitants. A synod of wise men and women sat upon the woman of timber, and she was finally ordered to be devoured by fire, and that in the open air. A fire was soon made, and into it the elfin sculpture was tossed from the prongs of two pair of pitchforks. And the blaze that arose was awful to behold; and hissings, and burstings, and loud cracklings, and strange noises, were heard in the midst of the flame; and when the whole sunk into ashes a drinking cup of some precious metal was found; and this cup, fashioned no doubt by elfin skill, but rendered harmless by the purification with fire, the sons and daughters of Sandie Macharg and his wife drink out of to this very day."

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.

SWEET gem of infant-flowers!
Thy smiles on life's unclosing hours,
Like sunbeams lost in summer showers,
They wake my fears;
When reason knows its sweets and sours,
They'll change to tears.
God help thee, little senseless thing!
Thou, daisy-like of early spring,
Of ambush'd winter's hornet sting
Hast yet to tell;
Thou know'st not what to-morrows bring:
I wish thee well.
But thou art come, and soon or late
'Tis thine to meet the frowns of fate,
The harpy grin of envy's hate,

And mermaid-smiles
Of worldly folly's luring bait,
That youth beguiles.
And much I wish, whate'er may be
The lot, my child, that falls to thee,
Nature may never let thee see
Her glass betimes,
But keep thee from my failings free,
Nor itch at rhymes.
Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much;
And may my feelings, aches, and such,
The pains I meet in folly's clutch
Be never thine:
Child, it's a tender string to touch,
That sounds "thou'rt mine."

Original Letters.

DAVID HUME.

No. VI.

MY Dear Smith,*—I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honours, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The Compliments of Dukes and Marischals of France, and foreign Ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present: I retain a Relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the Ladies. All the Courtiers, who stood around when I was introduc'd to Mde. de Pompadour, assured me she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her Brother, to whom she introduced me,——But I forget already, that I am to scorn all the civilities of Men. However, Me. Pompadour's civilities, were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Dutchess de Choiseul, the Wife of the favourite and prime Minister, and one of the Ladies of the most distinguish'd merit in France. Not contented with the very obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me; And not contented with that, she sent the Danish Ambassador after me, to assure me, that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desir'd to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a Courtier in France, who wou'd not have been transported with joy, to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great Ladies; but what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my Writings that have been translated into French, that is, almost all my Writings. The King said nothing particular to me, when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it) I was become so silly, as to be a little mortify'd by it, till they told me, that he never says any thing to any body the first

time he sees them. The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favour; and many people assure me, that I have reason to be proud of his judgement, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the Geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit as men of letters; But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that

approbation which has procured me all these civilities from the Courtiers.

I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy: No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amus'd myself, (and I hope I have amus'd you) by giving you a very abridg'd Account of these transactions: But can I ever forget, that it is the very same Species, that wou'd scarce show me common civilities a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such Applauses at Paris? I assure you, I reap more internal satisfaction from the very amiable manners and character of the family in which I live, (I mean Lord and Lady Hartford and Lord Beauchamp) than from all these external Vanities; and it is that domestic enjoyment which must be considered as the agreeable circumstance in my situation. During the two last days in particular, that I have been at Fontainebleau; I have *suffer'd* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery, as almost any Man has ever done in the same time: But there are few days in my life, when I have been in good health, that I would not rather pass over again. Mr. Neville, our Minister, an honest worthy English Gentleman, who carry'd me about, was astonish'd at the civilities I met with; and has assur'd me, that on his return, he will not fail to inform the King of England and the English Ministry of all these particulars.

* Dr. Adam Smith.

But enough of all these follies: You see I trust to your Friendship, that you will forgive me; and to your Discretion, that you will keep my secret.

I had almost forgot, in these effusions, shall I say of my Misanthropy or my Vanity, to mention the subject which first put my pen in my hand. The Baron d'Holbac, whom I saw at Paris, told me, that there was one under his eye that was translating your Theory of Moral Sentiments; and desired me to inform you of it: Mr. Fitzmaurice, your old friend, interests himself strongly in this undertaking: Both of them wish to know, if you propose to make any alterations on the Work, and desire you to inform me of your intentions in that particular. Please direct to me under cover to the Earl of Hertford at Northumberland House London. Letters so directed will be sent to us at Paris. I desire my Compliments to all friends. I am My Dear Smith Your's sincerely,

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

Fontainebleau,
26 Octr. 1763.

No. VII.

Dear Smith,—I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkaldy from my windows: But as wish also to be within speaking terms I of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulph* that lies between us. I am also tir'd of travelling, as much as you ought naturally to be, of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither, and pass some days with me in this solitude. I want to know what you have been doing, and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method, in which you have employ'd yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially when you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the Island of Inchkeith† otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of

us to leave the place, till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here tomorrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance. I am Dear Smith Yours sincerely.

(Sd.)

DAVID HUME.

James's Court,
20 of Augt. 1769.

No. VIII.

Dear Smith,—I shall give you an Account of the late heteroclite Exploits of Rousseau, as far as I can recollect them: There is no need of any Secrecy: They are most of them pretty public, and are well known to every body that had curiosity to observe the Actions of that strange, undefineable Existence, whom one would be apt to imagine an imaginary Being tho' surely not an *Eus rationis*.

I believe you know, that in Spring last, Rousseau apply'd to General Conway, to have his pension. The General answered to Mr. Davenport, who carry'd the application, that I was expected to town in a few days; and without my consent and approbation he wou'd take no steps in that affair. You may believe I readily gave my consent: I also solicited the affair, thro' the treasury; and the whole being finished, I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to inform his guest, that he needed only appoint any person to receive payment. Mr. Davenport answered me, that it was out of his power to execute my commission: For that this wild Philosopher as he called him had eloped of a sudden, leaving a great part of his baggage behind him, some money in Davenport's hands, and a letter on the table, as odd, he says, as the one he wrote to me, and implying that Mr. Davenport was engaged with me in a treacherous Conspiracy against him. He was not heard of for a fortnight, till the Chancellor receiv'd a letter from him, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire; in which he said, that he had been seduced into this country by a promise of hospitality, that he had met with the worst usage, that he was in danger of his life

* The Frith of Forth.

† A barren Island in the Frith of Forth.

from the plots of his Enemies, and that he applied to the Chancellor, as the first civil Magistrate of the Kingdom, desiring him to appoint a guard at his own (Rousseau's) Expense, who might safely conduct him out of the kingdom. The Chancellor made his Secretary reply to him, that he was mistaken in the nature of the Country, for that the first post boy he could apply to, was as safe a Guide as the Chancellor could appoint. At the very same time that Rousseau wrote this letter to the Chancellor, he wrote to Davenport, that he had eloped from him, actuated by a very natural desire, that of recovering his liberty; but finding he must still be in captivity, he preferred that at Wootton: For his captivity at Spalding was intolerable beyond all human patience, and he was at present the most wretched being on the face of the globe: He would therefore return to Wootton, if he were assured that Davenport would receive him. Here I must tell you, that the Parson of Spalding was about two months ago in London, and told Mr. Fitzherbert, from whom I had it, that he had passed several hours every day with Rousseau, while he was in that place; that he was cheerful, and good humoured, easy, and enjoy'd himself perfectly well, without the least fear or complaint of any kind. However this may be, our Hero, without waiting for any answer, either from the Chancellor or Mr. Davenport, decamps on a sudden from Spalding, and takes the road directly to Dover; whence he writes a letter to General Conway seven pages long, and full of the wildest extravagance in the world. He says, that he had endur'd a captivity in England, which it was impossible any longer to submit to: It was strange, that the greatest in the Nation, and the whole Nation itself, should have been seduced by one private man, to serve his vengeance against another private man; He found in every face that he was here the object of general derision and aversion, and he was therefore infinitely desirous to remove from this country. He therefore begs the General to restore him to his liberty, and allow him to leave England; He warns him of the danger there may be of cutting his throat in

private; as he is unhappily a man too well known, not to have enquiries made after him, should he disappear of a sudden: He promises, on condition of his being permitted to depart the Kingdom, to speak no ill of the King or Country, or Ministers, or even of Mr. Hume: As indeed says he, I have perhaps no reason; my jealousy of him having probably arisen from my own suspicious temper, sour'd by misfortunes. He says, that he wrote a Volume of Memoirs, chiefly regarding the treatment he has met with in England: he has left it in safe hands, and will order it to be burned, in case he be permitted to go beyond seas, and nothing shall remain to the dishonour of the King and his Ministers. This letter is very well wrote, so far as regards the style and composition; and the author is so vain of it, that he has given about Copies, as of a rare production. It is indeed, as General Conway says, the Composition of a whimsical man, not of a madman. But what is more remarkable, the very same post, he wrote to Davenport, that having arrived within sight of the Sea, and finding that he was really at liberty to go or stay as he pleas'd, he had intended voluntarily to return to him; but seeing in a Newspaper an Account of his departure from Wootton, and concluding his offences were too great to be forgiven, he was resolv'd to depart for France. Accordingly, without any farther preparation, and without waiting General Conway's answer, he took his passage in a packet boat, and went off that very Evening. Thus you see, he is a composition of whim, affection, wickedness, vanity, and Inquietude, with a very small if any ingredient of madness. He is always complaining of his health; yet I have scarce ever seen a more robust little man of his years: He was tir'd in England, where he was neither persecuted nor caressed, and where, he was sensible, he had exposed himself: He resolved therefore to leave it; and having no pretence, he is obliged to contrive all those absurdities, which he himself, extravagant as he is, gives no credit to. At least, this is the only key I can devise to his character. The ruling Qualities abovemention'd, to-

gether with Ingratitude, Ferocity, and Lying, I need not mention Eloquence and Invention, form the whole of the Composition.

When he arrived at Paris, all my friends, who were likewise all his, agreed totally to neglect him: The public too disgusted with his multiply'd and indeed criminal Extravagancies, show'd no manner of concern about him. Never was such a Fall from the time I took him up, about a year and a half before. I am told by D'Alembert and Horace Walpole, that sensible of this great alteration, he endeavoured to regain his credit by acknowledging to every body his fault with regard to me: But all in vain: He has retir'd to a village in the mountains of Auvergne, as M. Durand tells me, where nobody enquires after him. He will probably endeavour to recover his fame by new publications; and I expect with some curiosity the reading of his Memoirs,

which will, I suppose, suffice to justify me in every body's Eyes, and in my own, for the publication of his letters and my narrative of the Case. You will see by the papers that a new letter of his to M. D. which I imagine to be Davenport, is published. This letter was probably wrote immediately on his arrival at Paris; or perhaps is an effect of his usual inconsistency: I do not much concern myself which: Thus he has had the satisfaction, during a time, of being much talk'd of, for his late transactions; the thing in the world he most desires: But it has been at the Expense of being consign'd to perpetual neglect and oblivion.—My compliments to Mr. Oswald; and also to Mrs. Smith. I am Dear Smith, Yours sincerely.

(Sd.)

DAVID HUME.

London, 8. of Oct. 1767.

P. S. Will you be in town next Winter.

ADDRESS TO THE ORANGE TREE AT VERSAILLES, CALLED THE GREAT BOURBON, WHICH IS ABOVE 400 YEARS OLD.

WHEN France with civil wars was torn,
And heads, as well as crowns, were shorn

From royal shoulders,
One Bourbon, in unalter'd plight,
Hath still maintain'd its legal right,
And held its court—a goodly sight
To all beholders.

Thou, leafy monarch, thou alone,
Hath sat uninjur'd on thy throne,
Seeing the war range;
And when the great Nassaus were sent
Crownless away, (a sad event!)
Thou didst uphold and represent
The House of Orange.

To tell what changes thou hast seen,
Each grand monarch, and king, and queen,
Of French extraction;
Might puzzle those who don't conceive
French history, so I believe
Comparing thee with ours will give
More satisfaction.

Westminster-hall, whose oaken roof,
The papers say, (but that's no proof,)
Is nearly rotten;
Existed but in stones and trees
When thou wert waving in the breeze,
And blossoms, (what a treat for bees!)
By scores hadst gotten.

Chaucer, so old a bard that time
Has antiquated every chime,
And from his tomb outworn each rhyme
Within the Abbey;

And Gower, an older poet, whom
The Borough Church enshrines, (his tomb
Though once restor'd, has lost its bloom,
And got quite shabby,)

Liv'd in thy time—the first perchance
Was beating monks*, when thou in France
By monks wert beaten,
Who shook beneath this very tree
Their reverend beards, with glutton glee,
As each downfalling luxury
Was caught and eaten.

Perchance, when Henry gain'd the fight
Of Agincourt, some Gaulish Knight,
(His bleeding steed in woeful plight,
With smoking haunches,)

Laid down his helmet, at thy root,
And as he pluck'd thy grateful fruit,
Suffer'd his poor exhausted brute
To crop thy branches.

Thou wert of portly size and look,
When first the Turks besieg'd and took
Constantinople;

And eagles in thy boughs might perch,
When leaving Bullen in the lurch,
Another Henry changed his church,
And used the Pope ill.

What numerous namesakes hast thou seen
Lounging beneath thy shady green,
With monks as lazy;

* There is a tradition, (though not authenticated) that Chaucer was fined for beating a friar in Fleet Street.

Louis Quatorze has press'd that ground,
With his six mistresses around,
A sample of the old and sound
Legitimacy.

And when despotic freaks and vices
Brought on the inevitable crisis
Of revolution,

Thou heard'st the mobs' infuriate shriek,
Who came their victim Queen to seek,
On guiltless heads the wrath to wreak
Of Retribution.

O! of what follies, vice, and crime,
Hast thou, in thy eventful time,
Been made beholder!

What wars, what feuds—the thoughts appal!
Each against each, and all with all,
Till races upon races fall
In earth to moulder.

Whilst thou, serene, unalter'd, calm,
(Such are the constant gifts and balm
Bestow'd by Nature!)

Hast year by year renew'd thy flowers,
And pour'd the surrounding bowers,
And pour'd down grateful fruit by showers,
And proffer'd shade in summer hours
To man and creature.

Thou green and venerable tree!
Whate'er the future doom may be
By fortune giv'n,

Remember that a rhymester brought
From foreign shores thine umbrage sought,
Recall'd the blessings thou hadst wrought,
And, as he thank'd thee, rais'd his thought
To heav'n!

New Mon. Mag.

(English Magazines, for November 1821.)

Biography

OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THOMAS PLEASANTS,

A NAME never to be forgotten in the annals of charity and benevolence; when time shall have drawn the curtain of oblivion, before the records of wit, learning, and talent, his name shall live in the breast of virtue, and cheer distant generations by monuments of utility.

He was born in the county of Carlow, and died in Dublin, in the ninetyeth year of his age, March 1st, 1818; was educated for the bar, but never practised. He possessed strong powers of mind, and great classical attainments, and profound knowledge of the laws of his country. Enjoying independent property in the shades of retirement, he considered how he might employ it usefully, encourage industry, and mitigate distress. But here it may be necessary to advert to the wretched state of the woollen weavers in the populous and manufacturing districts of the city, and Earl of Meath liberty adjoining. It has been calculated, that about twenty-two thousand persons supported themselves by this branch of trade, during those seasons of the year in which they could dry the wool warps and cloths in the open air; but in the winter, when rain, snow, or frost set in, they were thrown out of employ, and then suffered all the miseries of hunger, cold, and the usual disor-

ders attending such privations. In consequence of such complicated miseries, the woollen weavers and the artisans concurred in 1809, in presenting a memoir to their landlord the Earl of Meath, the Farming and Dublin Societies, the lord mayor, and other distinguished personages, praying them to take into consideration their distressed state: and to adopt some measures, whereby their warps, wool, and cloth, might be dried in the winter and wet weather. For this purpose, many meetings took place, and it was at length determined, that an application should be made to the Imperial Parliament, for about £3,500 sterling, which they supposed might be sufficient for a building to answer the purposes prayed for. Accordingly, this affecting appeal was laid before the Dublin Society, 2d of March, 1809, who admitted, that the importance of the subject demanded their protection and recommendation, but that they could not at present make an application to parliament on the subject, and finally postponed its consideration to a future day. It was then proposed to raise the sum by shares on transferable debentures of ten pounds each. This proposal also failed, though it held out the probability of its proving productive of emolument to its humane and patriotic pro-

moters. In short, nothing towards the relief of this complicated misery was effected, until Thomas Pleasants, before whose name, no *most noble*, or *right honourable* caught the admiring gaze, purchased these titles in perpetuity, from every being who bows at the shrine of virtue, from every heart that expands at the touch of feeling, humanity, or charity.

He purchased a piece of ground, April, 1814, and proceeded to the erection of that useful and elegant fabric, the Stove Tenter House, at an expense of upwards of £14,000, being four times the amount of the sum solicited as a subscription amongst *wealthy individuals and patriotic societies*!!! This admirable fabric is two hundred and sixteen feet long, and twenty-two wide, it has three lofts, supported by iron pillars, with floors of the most ingenious construction; the admirable yet simple manner with which the iron tenters, stoves, and other apparatus are combined, exhibits skill and strength that cannot be surpassed; it is likewise rendered fire-proof. A few hours now effect, in perfection, what heretofore could not be attained in an imperfect manner in many days. In various parts of the building are appropriate mottoes cast on plates of iron, to attract the attention of the artisans employed, and impress on their minds the maxims of industry, sobriety, and morality. The Meath or County Hospital, situated in the same populous district, from want of sufficient funds, could not afford relief to the numbers who claimed it; and there being no operating room, the surgeons and patients were distressed by the necessity of performing all in the open wards. Mr. Pleasants could not contemplate, unmoved, such calls on humanity, and at one time he sent the sum of £6,000—£4,000 of it

to build an operating room, &c.—and the interest of the residue to be applied for ever to purchase wine and other necessities for the afflicted. He presented the Dublin Society with £100 worth of valuable books; and, at the expense of near £700 he erected the beautiful gates and lodges at their botanical garden, at Glasnevin, near the city. It is impossible to enumerate the extent of his private charities—he seemed only to exist for the purpose of benevolence and liberality, and to diffuse comfort in the habitations of the wretched. By his will, after legacies to a surviving brother, to some other relations, his law agent, surgeon, apothecary, and domestics, he appoints three trustees, to whom he gives £100 per annum each, for life, in consideration of their trouble; and, after their decease, the same sum to the senior curates of St. Peter's and St. Brides's parishes, who are to be trustees for ever. To these trustees he bequeaths his house and garden in Camden street, and £15,000 to found a school for protestant females, where as many as the funds will permit are to be lodged, dieted, clothed, and educated, so as to render them useful members of society, and the trustees are to be residuary legatees to all his remaining property for the funds of this school. To the schools and alms-houses of St. Brides's parish he bequeathed £6,000. To the parishes of St. Luke and St. Catherine £1,000 each, and the same sums to the Fever and Meath hospitals. His fine collection of paintings, by Rubens, Vandyke, Schalken, Rembrandt, &c. to the Dublin Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, that country he so much loved, and of which he was one of the brightest ornaments.

MRS. SARAH BOND.

DIED, Oct. 7, 1821, Sarah Bond, an old maiden lady, upwards of 70 years of age. She was a most singular character. She kept no servant, associated with none of her neighbours, and her only intimate was a favourite cat. Her doors and windows were

kept constantly secured, and the signal of the milkman, or any one applying for admission, was by throwing a stone against the door or window. A neighbour's daughter was in the habit of going every morning to procure her water; but on the 8th inst. after repeated

signals she could get no entrance. The girl went for her mother, and with a diamond ring they cut a pane of glass, got admission, and proceeded up stairs. There they found the old lady, by the side of her bed, with her clothes on, and a small piece of cat's meat in her hand. They soon discovered that she was dead. It is supposed she died of apoplexy, as no marks of violence appeared, nor was any of the property disturbed. From the abstemious manner of her living, it was supposed her circumstances were very limited; but on examining her drawers, Stock Receipts and Government Securities were found to the amount of near £100,000 sterling! She always declared she would make no will, for "the King" should have all her money. Every search has been made but no will found. Her sister died a few years ago and left her £7,000, which it now seems, she

at first declined, saying she was not in want of money.

The death of this eccentric woman created a great sensation in the neighbourhood where she lived, among such of her own sex as now and then could get a bird's-eye glimpse of her while living; one lamented that she was not so fortunate as to have proffered her services; another that she had not offered to make her bed, and assist her in her domestic arrangements, &c. so as to have a *chance* of coming in for some part of her immense wealth. In 1812, it is said she had £30,000 in the funds, and the same year she had £15,000 left her; at that time she had sunk £12,000 for a proportionate life annuity. Living in so abstemious a manner, no doubt the interest and compound interest of all her money have ever since been accumulating.

GODFREY MIND, THE CAT PAINTER.

BEFORE speaking of a man whose whole life was spent in the company and contemplation of cats, I am tempted to offer a few observations upon the singular fate of these animals, who have experienced such various treatment from mankind, and upon whom such dissimilar and clashing opinions have been entertained. Idolized by one people, condemned by another; classed by naturalists in the rather unamiable family of lions and tigers; gifted with the boss of murder by the craniologists of these latter days; cats, if they were endowed with the faculty of reflection, might, with good reason, feel astonished at the strange and capricious destiny reserved to them. It was the custom formerly, in some cities of Europe, to burn on St. John's day one of these animals, with all the honours of an *auto da fê*. The Egyptians, on the contrary, worshipped them as gods. In their ancient catacombs the mummies of cats are found in such immense numbers, that one is led to suppose that the individuals of the feline race must have been amongst the most distinguished benefactors of the human kind. If we be-

lieve Herodotus, when the house of an Egyptian took fire, he first hastened to convey his cats to a place of security, and afterwards looked about for his wife and children. The father of history has, perhaps, a little exaggerated the love of the Egyptians for their four-footed favourites; yet some are bold enough to assert, that, even at the present day, there are persons who, though otherwise excellent good Christians, would, under similar circumstances, become Egyptians.

One is inclined to think that the Greeks, who were indebted for so many things to the inhabitants of the land of pyramids, would have also inherited their affection for these animals; but it is rather surprising that there is not a single passage concerning them in any of the Greek naturalists. Plutarch, who wrote a treatise upon the instinct of beasts, tells several anecdotes of the sagacity of most species of animals. He speaks of a goose that evinced the most tender attachment to an Egyptian young man; and of an elephant, which every morning paid his addresses to a flower-girl, to the very great annoyance of the grammarian Aristot-

phanes, his rival. But Plutarch observes the most profound silence with regard to cats. It appears that this animal was not domesticated amongst the Greeks. Probably the Boileaus of Athens often said, in their satires upon that city,

"Je pense qu'avec eux tout l'enfer est chez moi ;
L'un miaule en grondant comme un tigre en furie,
L'autre roule sa voix, comme un enfant qui erie."

They were, perhaps, of opinion, that the cat was "a selfish and faithless servant, that conformed to some of the habits of society, without being imbued with its spirit, and whose predatory and robber-like disposition had not been totally eradicated, but only modified, by a careful education, into the flattering duplicity of a knave." Frown not, fair readers; these are the words of Buffon, and not mine.

This judgment, it must be allowed, is rather uncharitable: the more courteous authors of the new French Dictionary of Natural History have thought proper to mitigate its severity.

I am far from wishing to enter the lists for the rigid Buffon against his more indulgent successors. I should dread, by taking such a part, to find myself opposed to the sentiments of the fairest portion of my readers.

Rousseau, it is said, preferred the cat to the dog, because the one has preserved its freedom and independence, while the other has willingly entered into bondage.

The cat is by no means devoid of qualities capable of inspiring attachment. Petrarch, whose heart was full of Laura as his mind was full of poetry, entertained the most lively affection for a cat, the companion of his solitude. On visiting the country-house in which he dwelt, near Padua, one of the first objects that attract attention, is a glazed niche in one of the apartments, inclosing an embalmed cat, whose demurely proud regard seems to say to the traveller, "And I also was beloved by Petrarch." The cat has succeeded in gaining the affections of a much less gentle and amiable person than Laura; namely, Mahomet, who preferred cutting off the sleeve of his robe to dis-

turbing the repose of his favourite Grimalkin, that had fallen asleep upon it.

I shall here state an anecdote related by M. Ladoucette:—"Madame Helvetius had a wild cat that continually lay at her feet, seemingly always ready to defend her. It never shewed the least hostility to the birds which Madame H. kept; and it would receive food and caresses from no one but its mistress. At the death of this excellent and amiable woman, the poor animal was removed from her apartment, but it contrived, the next morning, to make its way thither; it went into the bed, sat upon her chair, slowly and mournfully paced over her toilet, and seemed, by its plaintive cries, to be calling or regretting its lost friend. It afterwards escaped from the house, fled to the cemetery, and, laying itself down upon the grave of its mistress, expired apparently from grief and despair."

If cats were so inclined, they might form a not disreputable library of the works written upon them. The author of the "Essay upon the Art of Pleasing," has not disdained to constitute himself their historiographer. Madame Deshoulières, Delille, and other poets, have sung their praises; Gugot Desherbieres has consecrated an entire poem to them. Another of their friends (the subject of the present article) devoted his whole life and talents to their service. This artist who died at Bern about eight years ago, was named Godfrey Mind. He was the son of a poor carpenter. A painter, who found him while yet a boy in a state of misery and starvation, took compassion on him, gave him some lessons in drawing, and aroused a latent taste which he had for that art. Young Mind shewed a marked predilection for sketching the figures of animals; but his progress at first was slow, as all his time was occupied in colouring plates for an engraver of Bern, with whom he worked by the day. He had so little capacity for any other kind of instruction, that he could scarcely learn to write his name. Wearied at length with colouring engravings from morn till night, he quitted his employer's house, and established himself for the

rest of his days a painter of animals, or rather of two species of animals—bears and cats. But the latter were more peculiarly his favourite studies. He painted them in water colours, in every possible attitude, either alone or in groups, with a truth and nature that have, perhaps, never been surpassed.

His masterly sketches might have been justly termed “striking portraits of cats.” He caught and depicted every evanescent shade and expression of their demure and wily physiognomy—he pourtrayed, with inexhaustible variety, the graceful attitudes and fantastic tricks of the kittens gamboling with the mother cat—he represented, with the most eye-beguiling fidelity, the glossy fur of their coats; in a word, the cats painted by Mind appeared to frisk about, and purr upon the paper. An able French painter, who never passed through Switzerland without purchasing some of Mind’s paintings, called him the *Raphael of Cats*. Most of the sovereigns and persons of distinction who travelled into Switzerland were anxious to secure specimens of Mind’s cats’ portraits: and they occupy at present a distinguished place in the portfolios of the amateurs of painting. Indeed, it is said, that they have preserved more than one valuable collection from the Vandal teeth of rats and mice. If this circumstance were well authenticated, it would merit being placed alongside the anecdote told of the celebrated Grecian painter Zeuxis, whose fruit-piece tempted the birds to peck at it. It would have been extraordinary if Mind had not succeeded in this branch of the art, for the animals he undertook to represent were the objects of his tenderest affection, and his constant and only companions. While at work, his favourite cat was almost continually by his side; he seemed even to carry on a conversation with her. Sometimes she lay upon his knees, while two or three kittens were perched upon his shoulders; and in this position he has been known to remain for several hours immovable as a statue, fearing, by the slightest motion, to disturb the repose of his friends. He had by no means the same com-

plaisance for the mere mortals who came to see him; on the contrary, he received him with very undisguised ill humour. Besides, the sombre expression of his countenance was quite repulsive, so that it very rarely happened that any one was tempted to repeat his visit. Indeed, Nature, for the most part, had been such a niggard to him of personal and mental attractions, that it was this peculiar talent alone that threw any interest around him.

The most severe affliction that Mind probably ever experienced, was caused by the general massacre of the cats, in consequence of an order in 1809 from the police of Bern, a madness having manifested itself amongst these animals. The Jewish mothers felt not more anguish at the cruel order of Herod for the murder of the first-born of Judah, than did Mind upon this latter occasion. He succeeded, however, in saving his dear Minette from the bloody proscription; but his sorrow for the untimely death of eight hundred cats immolated upon the altar of public safety, was overwhelming; and, like Rachel weeping for her children, he was not to be comforted.

The second attachment which shared, though in a minor degree, the empire of his affections with the cats, was for the bears. His favourite walk was around the inclosure in which the magistrates of Bern keep some of those animals, who, as every one knows, figure in the arms of the republic. Mind was so well known to them (not to the magistrates, but the bears,) that the moment he appeared, they hastened to meet him with open mouths, certain of receiving from his hands the accustomed bread and fruit.

In the winter evenings, when Mind could neither paint nor pay his usual visits to the bears, he still continued to occupy himself with his favourite animals, by carving chesnuts into the forms of bears and cats: and these pretty trifles, executed with astonishing skill and accuracy, were eagerly sought after throughout Switzerland.

Thus passed forty years of his life, during which he had scarcely any communion with his fellow men, except

when disposing of the productions of his talent. After his death, which took place in 1814, the verses of Catullus upon the death of Lesbia's spar-

row were pleasantly parodied, and applied to him :—

"Lugete o feles, ursique lugete,
Mortuus est vobis amicus."

D.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pæe, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate,"

THE ravages of death in the Royal Family of England have, within the last few years, been too numerous and too striking, to require any introduction to give interest to the following historical memoranda of this important subject, and we therefore proceed at once to present our readers with the result of our enquiries, without farther preface.

It is a remarkable fact that the three Williams, Kings of England, all died in consequence of accidents which befel them whilst on horseback. The death of William the Conqueror was occasioned by an injury which he received during his French expedition, to recover the revolted Dukedom of Normandy. In leaping his horse over a ditch at the siege of Mantes, he struck his protuberant stomach against the pomel of the saddle, by which a mortification was produced, and his death shortly followed. William Rufus was accidentally killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the hand of Walter Tyrrel; and William III. in riding near Hampton Court, met with a violent fall from his horse, by which his collar bone was broken; and his constitution being weak, a fever succeeded, which soon terminated fatally. Of the twenty-nine other princes who have reigned over this kingdom since the conquest, twenty-two have died natural, and seven by violent, deaths. The three Richards, two of the Edwards, one of the Henry's, and one of the Charles's, came to an untimely end. Richard died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus,—Edward II. was barbarously murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his great grandson Richard II. in Pontefract Castle,—Henry VI. was assassinated in prison by command of Edward IV.—Edward V. and his infant brother were smothered in the

Tower by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester; and that cruel usurper was himself slain in the battle of Bosworth Field. By his death the race of the Plantagenet Kings became extinct, after having been in possession of the Throne for 330 years. Last of all, Charles I. the unfortunate victim of party violence and ungovernable fanaticism, perished on the scaffold, January 30th, 1649. The deaths of the other Kings of England were natural, though some were hastened by various causes. Thus Henry I. died of a surfeit occasioned by eating stewed lampreys;—Stephen, of the iliac passion, and an hemorrhoidal complaint;—Henry II. of grief for the unnatural rebellion of his children;—John of anguish and disappointment at the loss of his dominions;—Henry III. oppressed by care, and the infirmities of old age, after a long reign of fifty-six years;—Edward I. and his grandson Edward III. of a dysentery;—Henry IV. in a fit;—Henry V. of a fistula;—Edward IV. of a quartian ague;—Henry VII. and his grandson Edward VI. of consumption;—Henry VIII. of corpulence and a complication of diseases;—Queen Mary of a dropsy;—Queen Elizabeth of deep melancholy, caused, it is said, by grief for the Earl of Essex, to whose execution she had unwillingly consented;—James I. of a tertian ague;—Charles II. of apoplexy;—James II. a fugitive in France;—Queen Mary, consort of William III. of the small-pox;—Queen Anne of apoplexy;—George I. of indigestion occasioned by eating melons;—and George II. from the bursting of a blood-vessel.

Several princes of the blood-royal at different periods, also came to violent, or untimely deaths. Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, died in Cardiff Castle, where he had

been a captive for eight and twenty years. His son, Prince William, Earl of Flanders, after many ineffectual endeavours to establish his right to the English Crown during the reign of Henry I. died of a wound received at the siege of Alost. His natural brother, Richard, was killed by a stag whilst hunting in the New Forest, and what is very remarkable, Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, was killed in a similar manner at the same place. Which two accidental deaths occurring about the same time as the fatal event which befel William Rufus, caused it to be remarked by the English nation, that as the Conqueror had been guilty of extreme violence in expelling so many of his subjects to make room for the New Forest, the just vengeance of heaven was signalized in the same place by the slaughter of his posterity. Prince William, the only legitimate son of Henry I. was drowned off the Reculvers, on his return from Normandy; and the Countess of Perche, and Richard, two of Henry's natural children, perished in the same shipwreck. Another natural son, Robert Earl of Gloucester, after bravely supporting the Empress Matilda's pretensions to the English Throne, died suddenly of a fever in 1147. Eustace, eldest son of Stephen, was cut off by a fever brought on by the agitation of his mind, from his fears of being excluded from the succession. His brother William, Earl of Boulogne and Surrey, died at an early age on his return from an expedition to Toulouse with Henry II. Prince Henry, eldest son of that monarch, died of a dysentery at Martel near Turenne. His second son Richard, King of England, was slain by an arrow at the siege of Chalus; and Geoffrey, his third son, was slain in a tournament at Paris. Arthur, Duke of Brittany, Geoffrey's son, was cruelly murdered by his uncle John, in order to prevent his succession to the throne; and his sister Eleanor was immured in a dungeon for life, also by order of that perfidious monarch. Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry III. died suddenly before the departure of his nephew Edward to the Holy Land; and his son Henry, who accompanied that Prince, was assassi-

nated in his way to Palestine by Simon and Guy, sons of the rebellious Montfort, Earl of Leicester. In the reign of Edward II. the Earl of Lancaster, his cousin-german, was executed for high treason; and the Duke of Gloucester, the King's nephew, was killed in the battle of Bannockburn. The Earl of Kent, half-brother of Edward II. was beheaded through the intrigues of Mortimer and Isabella, in the beginning of the reign of Edward III. Of the five sons of this monarch, Edward Prince of Wales, called the *Black Prince*, from the colour of his armour, died of a consumption in 1375; Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, died in Italy in 1368, soon after his second marriage; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in 1399; Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, in 1401; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, was suffocated with pillows, by order of Richard II. in 1397. In that King's reign, Roger Earl of March, grandson of Lionel Duke of Clarence, by his daughter Philippa, who had been Viceroy of Ireland, was also slain during a revolt in an engagement with the insurgents. The Dukes of Surrey and Exeter, half-brothers of Richard II. were executed for high treason by Henry IV. In the reign of Henry V. the Earl of Cambridge, second son of Edmund of Langley, was beheaded for conspiring to place the young Earl of March on the throne; and his elder brother Edward, Duke of York, fell by the hand of the Duke d'Alençon in the battle of Agincourt. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, next brother of Henry V. was slain in an engagement with the allied troops of France and Scotland, at Bauge in Anjou. John Duke of Bedford, his third brother, who was appointed Regent of France during the minority of Henry VI. died suddenly of a fever at Rouen, and his youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the *good Duke Humphrey*, fell a victim to the intrigues of his uncle Cardinal Peaufort. (*Vide the Spectator*, No. 210.) During the wars of the Roses the kingdom was deluged with blood, the partizans of the two contending houses being alternately consigned to the scaffold by each victorious party. In the reign of Henry VI.

Richard Duke of York* asserting his claim to the crown, in preference to that monarch, who was of the House of Lancaster, was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and his son the Earl of Rutland afterwards murdered by Lord Clifford in cold blood. Edward Prince of Wales, Henry's only son, was assassinated, after the battle of Tewkesbury, by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. The same Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malnsey for treason against his brother Edward IV.; and the young Earl of Warwick his son, after fifteen years, confinement in the Tower, was beheaded by order of Henry VII. for attempting his escape. Thus fell the last male of the royal house of Plantagenet. His only sister Margaret, countess of Salisbury, was cruelly beheaded, with her son Lord Montacute, in the reign of Henry VIII. Henry Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, who was related to the King, also suffered at the same time. Margaret's fourth son, Reginald Pole, the celebrated Cardinal, who so strongly opposed the ecclesiastical measures of that fickle monarch, died a few hours after Queen Mary, by whom he was held in high estimation. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of Edward IV. by his sister Elizabeth, Duchess of Suffolk, was slain in the battle of Stoke, unsuccessfully attempting to dethrone Henry VII.†—his second brother Edmund Earl of Suffolk, after a long imprisonment by order of that King, was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.—And Sir Richard de la Pole, his youngest brother, who had entered into the service of Lewis XII. of France, and whose sur-

render Henry had in vain required from that Prince, died in banishment at Metz, in Lorraine. William de la Pole, the first Duke of Suffolk and grandfather of these Princes, was beheaded at sea in his way to France; but the author of this atrocious act of violence escaped detection.

Many relations of Henry VII. perished in the fatal contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Sir Owen Tudor, his paternal grandfather, was beheaded by Edward IV. after the battle of Mortimer's-Cross. Of his maternal ancestors the Dukes of Somerset, Edmund, the second Duke and grandson of John of Gaunt, was slain in the first battle of St. Albans. His two sons Henry and Edmund, who successively inherited the title, were also both beheaded by Edward IV. the first suffering the punishment of martial law after the battle of Hexham, and the second after the battle of Tewkesbury. Arthur Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII. died at Ludlow in the 16th year of his age, soon after his marriage with the Infanta Catherine of Spain.

Several princes of the blood-royal fell victims to the insatiable ambition and bloody policy of Richard III. After the battle of Tewkesbury, as we have before mentioned, he murdered with his own hand Edward Prince of Wales, only son of Henry VI.; and he is said to have assassinated that unfortunate monarch himself shortly afterwards in prison. He also treacherously caused to be beheaded in Pontefract Castle the Earl of Rivers, brother to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV. and her son Sir Richard Grey.‡ While

* This Prince was descended on the mother's side from Lionel Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. being the son of Anne, Countess of Cambridge, daughter of that Earl of March who was killed in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. His paternal grandfather was Edmund duke of York, fourth son of Edward III. so that his right to the throne was prior to that of Henry VI.

† This sovereign was the son of Margaret Countess of Richmond, grand-daughter of the Duke of Somerset, who was the natural son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford. The House of Somerset was afterwards legitimated by Act of Parliament; but the right to the throne remained in the descendants of Lionel of Antwerp. The Earl of Lincoln, therefore, being descended from this latter branch, and having been declared presumptive heir to the crown by his uncle Richard III. justly conceived his claim to be preferable to that of the reigning monarch.

‡ Sir John Grey, the first husband of Elizabeth, was killed in the battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of Henry VI. The Queen herself, after suffering various fortunes during the reign of Richard III. was on a charge of conspiring to dethrone her son-in-law, Henry VII. seized and confined in the nunnery in Bermondsey, where she died, at an advanced age, neglected and forgotten.

Protector, he occasioned the Duke of Buckingham† and Lord Hastings to be brought to the block ; and to the number of his victims he soon added Edward V. and his infant brother Richard Duke of York. The lady Anne Neville, second daughter of the famous Earl of Warwick, and widow of Henry's son, having been prevailed upon by the tyrant to espouse him, he cruelly caused her to be taken off by poison, in order that she might not impede his ambitious design of marrying his niece the Princess Royal. Edward Prince of Wales, the only son of this perfidious usurper, died at an early age at Middleham, in Yorkshire.

The reign of Henry VIII. was also marked by many severe and arbitrary executions, of which some instances have already been mentioned. Two of his Queens, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were brought to the block, —the unfortunate victims of his caprice and jealousy. Lord Rochford, the brother of Anne Boleyn, was beheaded through the arts of his wife the infamous Lady Rochford ; and she soon afterwards met with the punishment due to her crimes, for countenancing the gallantries of Catherine Howard. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, son of that nobleman who lost his life under Richard III. was beheaded for High Treason. His grandson, the brave and accomplished Earl of Surrey, was executed on an unfounded charge of the same nature : and the Duke of Norfolk would soon have followed his son's fate, had not Henry's death fortunately intervened. Lord Surrey's son, who succeeded to the Ducal title on the

death of his grandfather, was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for attempting to form a matrimonial alliance with Mary Queen of Scots.

In the reign of Edward VI.* the ambitious and turbulent Lord High Admiral Seymour was executed, for conspiring to remove his brother the Duke of Somerset from the dignity of Protector. Somerset soon after fell through the machinations of Dudley Duke of Northumberland ; and Northumberland himself being taken some years after in open rebellion against Mary, experienced a similar fate. Lady Jane Grey, grand-daughter of the Duchess of Suffolk, (youngest sister of Henry VIII.) was, together with her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, beheaded by order of the implacable Queen Mary. The Duke of Suffolk, her father, and his brother Lord Thomas Grey, were executed at the same time for being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Her uncle Lord Leonard Grey had been beheaded some years before by Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots† was executed at Fotheringay Castle,—a sacrifice to the jealousy and duplicity of her more powerful rival. Her grandson Henry Prince of Wales, (eldest son of James I.) died at the early age of seventeen of a fever, or, as some say, by poison. Henry Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I. died of the small pox in the year of the Restoration, before he had attained the age of manhood. His eldest sister Mary, Princess of Orange, (mother of William III.) soon after fell a victim to the same disease ; and his second sister Elizabeth did not long survive them, her

† This nobleman was descended on the father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester ; and his mother was the daughter of Edmund Duke of Somerset, who was slain in the battle of Saint Albans.

* Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, (natural brother of this Prince,) a youth of brilliant talents and accomplishments, died at the early age of seventeen.

† This Princess was first married to Lewis XII. of France ; but he dying soon after the celebration of their nuptials, she espoused in the second month of her widowhood, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. Their daughter, Lady Frances Brandon, married Henry Grey, third Marquis of Dorset, who, on the death of his father-in-law, succeeded to the vacant dukedom of Suffolk. Their issue were Lady Jane Grey and Lady Catherine Grey, the latter of whom being divorced from Lord Herbert her first husband, and afterwards marrying the Earl of Hertford, (son of the protector Somerset) against the consent of Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned in the Tower, where she died after a rigorous confinement of nine years.

|| This unfortunate Princess was grand-daughter of James IV. of Scotland, who married Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII. Her father James V. was consequently first cousin of Elizabeth.

life being shortened, it is supposed, by grief for her father's cruel fate. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. was beheaded for a rebellion against James II. his pretensions to the throne being utterly destroyed by the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor. George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, died of the dropsy, and their eldest son William, Duke of Gloucester, was cut off by a fever in his twelfth year. Their five other children all died in infancy, so that on the death of Anne, the Protestant line of the House of Stuart became extinct. Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. died of an abscess in the lungs; and

his brother William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, from the bursting of a blood vessel. Edward Duke of York, second son of the Prince of Wales and next brother of his late Majesty, died at Genoa of a malignant fever, in the 28th year of his age. His third and fourth brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, also died in the prime of life; and his youngest brother Frederick at the early age of seventeen. The fate of his sister Matilda, the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, is well known: and the deaths which have occurred in the Royal family since that period, are too recent to require repetition.

Original Voyages.

CHAP. X.

Voyage to the Sandwich Islands; Superstitious Omen; Death of a Chief; Remarkable Funeral Ceremonies, Taboo, and Customs connected with these Rites.—Whymea.—Different trading trips, to show the Nature of the Island Commerce.

OUR passage to the Sandwich Islands, was quick and pleasant. On the 6th of December we made Owhyhee, stood along shore towards Toiyhoybay, and ran in. Finding no natives came off, we sent the whale-boat on shore to learn the reason. The boat soon returned with an account that the natives were celebrating their annual festival, called Muckka-hitee. This festival lasts a month, during which time a canoe is not allowed to go on salt water. We also heard, that king Tameameah was then at the village of Tyroa, his favourite residence; we made all sail for that place, where we arrived on the 10th, and came too with our only bower anchor off the Morai.

On the 24th of December, the Muckkahitee being over, the king's prime minister, named Krey mokoo, commonly called Pitt, came on board with all the chiefs, accompanied by John Young, to inspect the vessel, previous to their purchasing of her. They seemed much astonished at our large battery guns; we got one on deck, and, mounting it, fired several rounds of shot, at which the chiefs were much pleased, and the natives crowded from all parts

of the island to see the poo'nu'ee, as they call a great gun. They were all very particular in measuring its length, breadth, and size of the bore. After the chiefs had carefully inspected every part of the brig, John Young was asked his opinion of her. He told Mr. Pitt she would answer their purpose very well. Krey mokoo upon this agreed to give twice the full of the vessel of sandal-wood for her, to be delivered in a space of time not exceeding six months, and that we should hold possession of the vessel till all the wood was delivered, and that we were to be found in provisions while we remained on the island. An agreement was drawn up and signed by Captain Jennings and Krey mokoo. The next day being Christmas day, we invited all the chiefs and respectable white men on the island to dine with us on shore; we spent a most pleasant day, and the chiefs remained with us to a late hour. We had a dinner cooked apart for the chiefs' wives, as they were not allowed to eat with men. Next day we took on board the king's taxes, and January 11th, 1818, we sailed for Owhyhee, the brig loaded with provisions and cloth of the country, this being the time at which the natives pay their half-year's taxes. We had also a number of chiefs on board, and about 400 natives, men, women, and children. There was scarcely room to move on

the decks or in the cabin; even the chains, tops, and bowsprit were crowded with them. We touched at Mowee, where they all landed for a few days, and nothing went forward but feasting and rejoicing. On the 16th, the chiefs again came on board, and we got underweigh for Owhyhee, the ship, as before, full of natives. In crossing the channel, between Mowee and Owhyhee, we were near upsetting the vessel, being top heavy, from the number of them on deck and about the rigging. On the 18th, we anchored off Tyroa, and Tameameah came on board. On his approach, all the natives jumped overboard, and left us clear decks. We commenced firing a salute, when the king called out to us, in a pleasant tone, to stop, as the powder was now his, and he wanted it for other purposes, probably for the Russians, if they should come to trouble him. He was delighted with the large guns; and the natives came on board, as at Woahoo, to see the *poo'nu'ee*. Their fame was soon spread over the island, but the next day we landed them, and by that means got rid of the curious natives; they were placed in a square in front of the royal residence, where thousands of the people were daily collected to look at them. Tameameah found one fault with them, which was, that they took too much powder, (a charge being 4 lbs.) but he took all our small arms, powder, and every thing he thought would be useful to him, and made the brig over to his son and heir Rieo Rieo. On the 26th of January, we sailed from Owhyhee towards Mowee, with our usual cargo of natives; next day we anchored in Lehina-Roads, and took on board the king's taxes, and made sail for Woahoo. In our passage down, during the night, a star shot very vividly—the natives gave a sudden scream, and told us that the star shooting foretold the death of an Owhyhee chief. On the 1st of February we arrived at Woahoo; in crossing the reef the brig took the ground, but was soon lightened by the natives jumping overboard and swimming on shore. About a week after our arrival, a chief, named Tereacoo died suddenly; he went to bed well over night, and in the morning got up,

and, according to custom, smoked a pipe, after which he lay down and died. All the natives were immediately tabooed, or prohibited from going on the water; they all appeared to be in great grief, crying and making a dreadful noise. They commenced knocking out their teeth, cutting off their hair, and burning their flesh with the bark of a tree; both men and women going about naked to demonstrate their grief.

On the death of the chief, the priests assembled; they fenced the house in for about fifty yards square with wands, having white flags flying on them. None of the natives dare come inside this fence, though several thousands of them were collected round it. There was a large fire made on the outside of the house and inside of the fence or prohibited space; the priests then began cutting up the body. They brought the heart out, and set it in the fire, praying very devoutly while it was burning; after which they collected the ashes, put them into a calabash, or gourd, slung it to a pole, and spread a beautiful feather cloak over it. Then two of the chiefs, Hikanees, or confidential men, took the pole on their shoulders, and ran towards the water, crying out very loud, "*Noho, noho!*" (which means sit or lie down;) as these men passed, all the natives lay down and stripped themselves. They walked up to their middle in water, and deposited the ashes; afterwards the liver and all the inside were treated in the same manner. At *sundown* this part of the ceremony ceased, and a crier went round the village, calling out, that if any man, woman, or child, were seen out of their houses, or showed a light or fire, or even smoked a pipe, after 8 o'clock that evening, they would instantly be put to death. These restrictions extended not only to the white people, but even to the ships in the harbour; nay, hogs, dogs, fowls, &c. were not allowed to be out, lest they should make a noise, nor were the ships suffered to strike the bells next morning.

At sunrise the Taboo was taken off the ships, but still remained in force on shore. This day the priests were em-

ployed burning the flesh off the bones, and scraping them quite clean; the bones were then carefully packed up, and a large double canoe despatched with them to Owhyhee. Six hours after the canoe sailed, the Taboo was taken off the bay, and canoes were allowed to go on the water;—in this manner they employ ceremonies towards all the people of rank. The common people dig up the bones of their relatives after the flesh is rotted from them, scrape and clean them well, wrap them up in cloth, put them into calabashes of gourds, and hang them up in their houses.

We lay in the harbour until the 17th of March, 1818, without any thing particular occurring, until that day, when we received orders from Tameameah to proceed to the island Atooi for a cargo of sandal-wood. Teymotoo, or Cox, with several other chiefs, came on board. We made sail, and on the following day came too in Whymea Roads. One mile from the village, the English ensign was displayed on a very fine fort, mounting about thirty guns; the natives came off in great numbers; they informed us that the Russians had built the fort, in which there were dungeons, and had actually gone so far as to confine some white men and natives. The Russians advised Tamooree, king of Atooi, to shake off Tameameah's yoke, and declare war against him, in which they would assist him; they made him a present of a schooner, and he gave them in return a large tract of land. Tama'honreerane, the head chief under Tamooree, was averse to these proceedings. The Russians wished to send Tamooree to Petersburg, but could never get him on board. At length Tamooree discovered that they wished to possess themselves of the island; he consulted with his chiefs, returned their schooner, (which they refused,) and ordered them on board their ships, three of which were lying in a snug harbour at the west end of the island. They resisted, and a scuffle ensued, in which three Russians and several natives were killed, but the latter at last forced them on board, and Doctor Shefham made his escape to

Canton in an American vessel. The Russian ships went to Norfolk Sound. This fort does great credit to the engineer; it is situate on a high point at the entrance of the river, and protects the whole town. The king, chiefs, and about 150 warriors live within it, and keep a regular guard; they have a number of white men for the purpose of working the guns, &c.

Our chiefs landed, and were well received by Tamooree; and the next morning they commenced sending wood on board. About 500 canoes were employed in bringing it off, and by the 25th of March we had the ship quite full. The king behaved extremely well, and sent us off plenty of hogs and vegetables. Our chiefs came on board, as did also some Atooi chiefs. We weighed and made sail for Woahoo, where we anchored the next day, landed our wood, and lay until the 19th, when we took on board a cargo of salt for the west end of Woahoo. Next day we sailed for Whymea-bay, on the west end of the island, to get another cargo of wood. In our passage we touched at Wyeni, and took on board some wood and hogs. We lay here for a few days, then sailed along shore for Whymea, where we arrived on the 23rd, threw our ballast out, and took on board a full cargo of wood in thirty-six hours—more than 200 canoes employed in bringing it off, day and night. We weighed and made sail for Honolula, where we arrived on the 28th, and sent the wood on shore and stored. On the 2nd of ditto, we hauled down the English colours, and hoisted the island colours, saluting them with seven guns; we then gave the ship up to Kreymokoo, or Pitt, and went on shore to the houses prepared for our reception. It was with the greatest regret I left the ship, for it seemed as if I had lost my home; and in fact it was some time before I felt myself at all comfortable. I had sailed on board the *Columbia* from August, 1813, to May, 1818, a period of nearly five years; when she left England, the crew consisted of twenty-five persons, and when we sold the vessel at these islands, the steward and a black man (who had

been for several years with me in the West-India trade) and myself were all that remained, and even these left before the vessel was given up. Our houses were the largest and most pleasantly situated of any in the village, and fronting the harbour; (they were built by four different villages, each taking a house to build and furnish,) and quite finished in three days. They consisted of two sleeping houses and two eating-houses, (the one for women and the other for men;) the sleeping-houses and women's eating-house were surrounded by a fence fifty yards square; the men's eating-house was outside of this fence, but fenced in in like manner, with a door that led from the sleeping-house fence to it. The houses are built in the following manner: they begin by driving stakes in the ground eight feet high and three feet apart, forked at the upper ends, in which forks are laid handsome straight poles; the ridge-pole is raised by temporary stakes, the rafters are forked at the lower ends, which rest on the forks of the uprights; the upper ends of the rafters cross each other on the ridge-pole, and are well lashed to it; a second ridge-pole is now

placed in the cross of the rafters above the first one, to which it is well lashed; they then tie on neat twigs or canes, in the manner of laths, and thatch the house all over with dry grass or leaves of the tee-root. There was a door and two windows in the end. The interiors were beat down quite hard, and a quantity of rushes strewed smooth, and well covered with a large coarse mat, made the size of the house, above which others were laid of a finer quality. At one end was built a large bed-place, stuffed with dry grass, and covered neatly with mats. Along each side were built sofas, stuffed and covered the same as the bed, to keep which out of sight there was a light partition. In front of the house was built a rain, or shed, covered with the branches of cocoa-nut-trees, and here also a sofa was built. The square in front of the house was strewed each morning with green rushes. We had a man from Tam-eameah who acted as steward, and whose business it was to find us in every thing we wanted. We had also a watchman to walk round the houses at night, to give the alarm of fire, which happens frequently.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE BURIED ALIVE.

I HAD been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening, the crisis took place.—I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering,—a rushing sound was in my ears,—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light, and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not.—For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me,—and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most per-

fect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed.—I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow—and the voice of the nurse say, “He is dead.”—I cannot describe what I felt at these words.—I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near; and sobbing, and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found, the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they be-

lieved a corpse, with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days, a number of friends called to see me.—I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day, some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured—I was lifted and laid in—My friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face. When all who had any peculiar interest in me, had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire; and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present—one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone,—every one shunned the room.—I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope;—but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse.—There was a crowd of people around; some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on shoulders of men, by the inequality of motion—A pause ensued—I heard the coffin moved—I felt it swing as dependent by them—It was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave—The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall.—Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin—Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me,

was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and undersound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after I found myself on a carriage; and, by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of the men sung snatches and scraps of obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived, by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room; and, being rudely stripped of my shroud,

was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table, and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment—and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves: they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw

was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was as dead: I could, however, discover among the students the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife, and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror arose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

* * * * *

London Paragaphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

(English Magazines, &c. Nov.)

GEORGE IV.

When the yacht was endeavouring to double the Lands-end (on the return from *Ireland*) the weather was terrific; it blew a hurricane, and seemed settling in. Sir Charles Paget told the King that he would not be answerable for the consequences of persevering. His Majesty said, "Paget, do nothing but what is right; act as you would do if I were not here."

In altering the course to run for Milford, a thick fog came on, and it was impossible to see a ship's length; the gale increased, and Sir Charles naturally anxious in having a charge so precious in his care as our beloved King, again felt it his duty to state the danger in which he thought the vessel. His Majesty received the communication with the greatest coolness, and again desired him not to think about him.

Still the weather grew worse, and while the yacht was under bare poles, or nearly so, a sea struck her wheel, and unshipped her tiller ropes; to any person acquainted with nautical matters, this occurrence in a storm, needs no remark; and Sir Charles felt it his duty to dispatch an officer to report the accident to the King. "Tell Paget," said the Monarch, "that I am quite satisfied in having as gallant and skilful officers, and as active a crew as Europe can produce—for the rest we must rely upon Providence."

Similar fortitude and presence of mind

marked his Majesty's conduct in his short excursion to Calais: when the yacht arrived off that port, it was blowing hard, with a heavy sea running, the waves rolling in struck her on the weather side, and dashed furiously over her quarter-deck. It was reported, that as his Majesty's barge was not arrived, and no means of ensuring a safe landing were at hand, they must stand out to sea for the night. The King asked if there was no French boat; a French fishing-boat was dancing before the yacht at the moment; the people offered their services. Sir Edmund Nagle and Sir Charles Paget (both experienced naval officers) wished to deter his Majesty from going, but he called to the Frenchmen in their own language, and asked them if they could carry him safe ashore; they affirmed that they could: upon which his Majesty, turning with a smile to his nautical attendants, said, "Come—I am quite sure *you don't mind a ducking*;" and instantly went down the side—they of course followed.

The boat having got entangled in some ropes which were adrift, a sea completely washed the whole crew. Sir Charles Paget, alarmed for the King, was about to seize the helm, when the King touching his arm, said, "Be quiet, my good friend, leave the Frenchmen to manage their own boat in their own way, and I'll be bound for them, they shall land us safe."

They however struck *three times* on the bar, and were very nearly swamped.

A LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

After the fatal attack of Bunker's Hill in America, Earl Percy gave to the widow of every soldier in his regiment, who fell in the battle, an immediate benefaction of seven dollars; he paid their passage home, and ordered five guineas to be given to each of them on landing in Britain. His humanity to the sick and wounded whom he supplied with wine, fresh provisions, &c., and his generosity to their families during their long stay at Boston, were unparalleled. He had a large tent provided for every company at his own expense, to accommodate the women; and he made it a rule to receive no other servants into his family but soldiers or their wives. Though his regiment was distinguished for its admirable discipline, yet he never suffered his men to be struck; but won them to their duty by generous treatment, by rewards, and by his own excellent example, requiring no service from the meanest sentinel which he was not ready to share with them, whether as to hardship, danger or fatigue.

THE PERCY'S.

The Abbe De Percy, some time after the commencement of the revolution in France, was obliged to fly from his living in Normandy to England. Soon after his arrival in London, he was hustled in New Street, Covent Garden, and robbed of twenty guineas, which he had received but a few minutes before at Sir Robert Herries's. With the remainder of his little property, he went to Bath, where it was soon expended. In this dilemma, his countrymen there reminded him, that he was related to the English Percy's, and, as the Duke of Northumberland was at that time there, they advised him to apply to his Grace for relief. The Abbe immediately wrote to the duke, who returned a polite answer, and requested a few days for investigation. In the meantime, his Grace wrote to Lord Harcourt, at whose house the Duc d'Harcourt resided, and enquired whether the Abbe was one of the Percys of Normandy; soon after which, he transmitted to his *new cousin* a gold box, with a bank note inclosed in it for one thousand pounds, and a general invitation to his table, which was from that day open to him.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.

The *Edinburgh Star* says, "About 30 years ago, there was a respectable old man, of the name of John Steel, who was well acquainted with Allan Ramsay; and he told John Steel himself, that when Mr. Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons,' was in his shop at Edinburgh, getting himself shaven, Ramsay was repeating some of his poems. Mr. Thomson says to him, 'I have something to emit to the world, but I do not wish to father it.' Ramsay asked what he would give him, and he would father it. Mr. Thomson replied, all the profit

that arose from the publication. 'A bargain be it,' said Ramsay. Mr. Thomson delivered him the manuscript. So, from what is said above, Mr. Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons,' is the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' and Allan Ramsay is the father of it. This, I believe, is the truth.—*An Old Shepherd from Logan House, G. D. Oct. 3, 1821.*" Such is the story; but it seems very improbable.

MIRACLE.

The *Gazette de Lyon*, of the 14th, contains the following article:—"A Nun of this city had, for several years, been confined to her bed by illness; and, from some singular cause, her whole body was in a state of putrefaction, though her senses still retained their full vigour. This woman died some time ago, and her body was buried in the vault of the convent. Her brother, whose sentiments were very different from those of the deceased nun, and who was generally looked upon as a *strong-minded man*, descended into the vault to see the body. He cast his eyes on the corpse; the head was uncovered, and the countenance which, during life, had been pale and emaciated, suddenly assumed the hue of health. It is added, that the dead nun, who had long made useless efforts to convert her brother, exclaimed with a loud voice,—"*Wretched man! think on thy salvation!*"

"It is not accurately known whether these words were really produced. They were heard only by the individual to whom they were addressed, and this part of the story is somewhat destitute of the proofs usually required to corroborate facts of so extraordinary a nature. It has, however, been alleged, by *credible witnesses*, that the body of the nun, which, during her life, was in a state of putrefaction, has resumed the fresh and natural appearance of health.

"The brother of the nun was so terrified by the miracle of which he was a witness, that he has entered a convent of Trapistes."

BENEVOLENT GAMESTERS.

A very respectable gentleman, who had an aversion to cards, but did not wish to seem unfashionable in a family where he often visited, and where public days for play were set apart, found himself under the necessity of playing deep. It was his good fortune, however, generally to be successful. After some years of intimacy, the master of this family took him aside one day, and imparted to him the melancholy secret, that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state. The gentleman expressed his concern at his friend's distress, and entreated him not to despair.

On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly deposited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's house; and the next day, he insisted on refunding the sum this inconsiderate man and his family had lost. It was sufficient to save his friend from instant imprisonment, and to give a turn to his affairs; but he restored it only on condi-

tion that they should never play at cards again.

The late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois, and the Duke de Chartres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis d'ors; but when it was held to the general, who was going to throw for a stake of five hundred louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment if you please, sir, here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful; and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to her.

Many years since, a Mr. Bradshaw had won about £200 at a gaming table. A gentleman standing behind him, exclaimed, "How happy should I be with that sum!" Bradshaw, without looking at him, handed the purse of money over his shoulder. The stranger took it, fitted himself out for India, and in a few years acquired a large fortune. On his return to England, he waited on Mr. B. to whom he made himself known, and offered restitution. Mr. B. however declined accepting it; but he soon afterwards received from the gentleman a present of much greater value.

Casimir II. King of Poland, received a blow from a Polish gentleman, named Konarski, who had lost all he possessed while playing with the prince. Scarcely was the blow given, when sensible of the enormity of his crime, he betook himself to flight, but was soon apprehended by the king's guards, and condemned to lose his head. Casimir, who waited for him in silence amid his courtiers, as soon as he saw him appear, said, "I am not surprised at the conduct of this gentleman. Not being able to revenge himself on fortune, it is not to be wondered at, that he has ill-treated his friend. I am the only one to blame in this affair, for I ought not by my example, to encourage a pernicious practice which may be the ruin of my nobility." Then turning to the criminal, he said, "You I perceive are sorry for your fault—that is sufficient; take your money again, and let us renounce gaming for ever."

GREECE.

The following enumeration of a few of the islands in the Grecian Archipelago will serve to give some idea of its importance generally:—Candia, 180 miles long, by from 20 to 30 in breadth; population 280,000, of whom more than two-thirds are Turks. Rhodes contains nearly 30,000 souls, and possesses one of the finest ports in Europe. The population of Samos amounts to 60,000, all Greeks; that of Scio is estimated at 150,000; of whom there is but a small proportion of Turks. Lemnos contains 80,000, and not more than 1,000 Mussulmen; that of Negropont is 16,000. Though the population of Milo is

scanty, it is extremely fertile, and has an excellent harbour. Hydra, with only 20,000 inhabitants, has fitted out several formidable squadrons since the commencement of hostilities, and is celebrated throughout the Mediterranean for the excellence as well as bravery of its seamen, whose intrepidity could not have been exceeded by the heroes of Salamis and Mycale.

HYDROGEN EXPLOSION.

A dreadful accident occurred on the 9th Aug. 1821, in the department of Saone et Loire. A considerable mass of sulphurated hydrogen gas had accumulated in a coal-mine during a suspension of the works. The workmen, on the renewal of their labour, had descended the mine to the depth of 550 feet, when a loud explosion took place, and a column of fire was seen to rise 52 feet above the entrance to the pit. Seventeen men, fourteen of whom left families, were the victims of this fatal catastrophe.

LORD GORMANSTON.

In the month of October, 1815, the *Mary*, of Glasgow, was stranded near Balbriggan in Scotland. On the vessel filling, the unfortunate seamen lashed themselves in the shrouds, and every attempt to relieve them proved ineffectual from the heavy swell and surf. Two days afterwards, Lord Gormanston, who had been made acquainted with the shipwreck, offered two hundred guineas to six gallant fellows, if they would venture to rescue the seamen from their perilous situation. They immediately pushed off in a stout boat; and at the great hazard of their own lives, brought the whole crew on shore though almost in a lifeless state. Mr. Filgate, of Lowther Lodge, added twenty guineas to the handsome reward of his lordship.

COLUMBIAN PRINTING PRESS.

The Columbian Press has been recently introduced into the printing office of M. Didot at Paris; and so favourable a report was made to the King of the Netherlands, by a Committee of Printers, that his Majesty awarded to Mr. Clymer, the inventor, an elegant gold medal, weighing between 11 and 12 oz.; on one side of which is a likeness of the King, and the other an appropriate inscription, surrounded by a wreath.

SAMUEL BAILEY.

Died, Oct. 11, at the advanced age of 92, Samuel Bailey, farmer, of Hale Common, Isle of Wight. He acquired upwards of £10,000 by means the most degrading. The privations he and his family suffered are almost incredible. As bailiff to Mr. Thatcher, he saved some property, and became a small farmer; but cattle were almost strangers to his farm, as he and his children used to perform their offices, even in ploughing, &c. Scarcely any of the necessities of life ever entered his roof: even tea was unknown; and carcases of dead cattle and carrion were often his food. His

avarice absorbed every other feeling. He was very decrepit in his latter days, supporting himself on crutches, and his appearance was of the most abject description; clean linen he did not often trouble himself with; a soldier's grey coat was for some time past his outward garment. He has left a wife and four children, to whom and their offspring, he bequeathed his property; viz. the interest to his children for their lives, and the principal to be divided among the grand-children; observing, it was impossible for his children to spend so much money during their lives!

MRS. NEWBERY.

Died, Oct. 11, at Clapham, aged 75, Mrs. Elizabeth Newbery, widow of Mr. Francis Newbery, formerly of St. Paul's Churchyard, after an illness of 16 years, endured with uncommon fortitude and resignation. Mr. F. Newbery, the husband of Mrs. Newbery, was nephew of the celebrated Mr. John Newbery, the recollection of whom in our infantile days, is strongly impressed on our memory, by those delightful little Tales—The "History of Goody Two Shoes," and of "Giles Gingerbread, who in

— "wisdom sound
Sold useful learning by the pound."

Mr. Francis Newbery pursued the same line of publishing as his Uncle had so successfully begun, and continued it until his decease in the year 1780;—his Widow then succeeded him, and added many a useful and engaging work to the stock of Juvenile Literature; on her relinquishing business in the year 1801, she was succeeded by the present publishers of the Gentleman's Magazine, who with unabated zeal, are doing much for the rising generation, by bringing forward books which have a sure tendency to store the minds of youth with religious morals, and scientific and amusing information.

AFRICAN SYMPATHY.

A poor Negro walking towards Deptford, saw by the road side an old sailor of a different complexion, with but one arm and two wooden legs. The worthy African immediately took three halfpence and a farthing, his little all, from the side pocket of his tattered trowsers, and forced them into the sailor's hand, while he wiped the tears from his eye with the corner of his blue patched jacket, and then walked away quite happy.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The Mnemosyné, a Finland Journal, makes mention of a singular stone, (therein called meteorological) in the northern part of the province, which serves there as a sort of public barometer. At the approach of rain it takes a black or greyish black colour, and when the weather changes to fair, it becomes covered with white spots. It is probably an argillaceous substance, containing rock salt, or ammoniac, or saltpetre, and absorbing more or less of moisture, as the

atmosphere is more or less charged with it. In the latter case, the saline particles crystallising, will become visible to the eye and form the white spots.

Natural History.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

It has been generally considered, on the authority of Mr. Pennant, that toads live on insects and worms; but it appears from undoubted authority, that they also destroy mice. A gentleman residing at Keswick has published a letter in the Sporting Magazine, in which he says, that one evening in the latter end of July last, he observed a rustling in a strawberry-bed in his garden, and found that a toad had just seized a field-mouse, which had got on the toad's back, scratching and biting to get released, but in vain. The toad kept his hold, and as the strength of the mouse failed, gradually drew the unfortunate little animal into his mouth, and gorged him.—Another correspondent in the same Magazine relates a wonderful instance of the voracity of stoats. Some workmen, on removing a pile of faggots near a coppice, where it had lain about five months, found 63 rabbit-skins and 25 hare-skins, all perfectly whole, besides fragments of skins; on removing a few more bundles they found six stoats, four of which they killed, the other two escaped. It is generally thought that stoats merely suck the blood of these animals, but this fact proves that the opinion is erroneous.

DOG AND GOOSE.

A Canadian goose, kept lately at East Barnet, in Hertfordshire, was observed to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel except in rainy weather; whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run after the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to the barn with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At length orders were given that she should no longer be molested; being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what is particularly remarkable, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated in his having saved her from a fox, in the very moment of distress.—

While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him, day or night, not even to feed ; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not a pan of corn been set every day close to the kennel. At this time, the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy ; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel ; and a new house dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

LITERARY.

On the 1st of January, 1822, will be published, a New Poem by the author of the widow of Nain, &c. entitled, *Irad and Adah ; a Tale of the Flood*. To which will be added, *Lyrical Poems*, principally sacred ; including Translations of several of the Psalms of David.

Mr. T. C. HANSARD, the eminent printer, will soon publish in one volume. 4to. an useful and elegant volume, called *Typographia* ; an historical sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing ; with details of the latest improvements, and practical directions for the mode of conducting the various branches of the art, including the process of stereotyping, and of lithographic printing.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE NATIVE MELODY.

Stanzas, supposed to be repeated by an Exile.

ONCE more, oh ! turn, and touch the lyre,
And wake that wild impassion'd strain ;
I feel the delirating fire
Flash from my heart through every vein !—
Yes ! every swell, and every word,
Strikes on a sympathetic chord,
And conjures up, with viewless wand,
My early days, my native land !

'Tis sweet, unutterably sweet,
Upon a far and foreign strand,
The play-mate of our youth to meet,
Fondly to press once more his hand ;
His face to see, his voice to hear—
Though always loved, now doubly dear,
And talk, with heart-felt ecstasy,
Upon the hours of years gone by !

Beloved country ! when I lose
Remembrance of thy carols wild,
Or hold companionship with those
By whom thy glory is reviled ;
Then be my despicable lot
Unlov'd—renownless—and forgot—
To live, to die, to pass away
And mix with earth's neglected clay !

Oh ! many a time, with many a tear,
These native accents, breathing joy,
When Winter's hearth was blazing clear,
I sate, and list'd, when a boy ;
And not amid the circle round,
Cold heart, or tearless eye was found :—
Ah ! ne'er from inspiration fell
Tones hymn'd so sweet, or loved so well !

And can they be less welcome now,
Afar from all that blessed me, when
The heart was glad, unconscious how ?—
No ! dear they are to me as then :
More soft beyond wild Ocean's roar :
More sweet upon a foreign shore :
And more melodious far when sung
Amid the tones of foreign tongue !

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1822.

[NO. 10.

Voyages and Travels.

Literary Gazette.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE. BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

THE next objects of Mr. Buckingham's research were the cisterns of Solomon, and Ain Kareem, the birth-place of John the Baptist. From this latter place he proceeded to Jerusalem, where, having arrived five minutes after sunset, he was compelled to wait before the gates of the city, until a formal application had been made to the governor to admit him. The first morning after his arrival, he visited the Latin Convent, the house of Uriah, the pool of Bethesda, and the palace of David; in the street beyond which was shown the place said to be that at which Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, after his resurrection, when he cried to them "All hail!" and they held him by the feet and worshipped him.

On January 26th, 1816, Mr. Buckingham, accompanied by Mr. Banks, investigated the tomb of Christ.

"Our stay in the sepulchre itself," says he, "was very short: the smallness of the aperture of entrance; the confined space within, hung round with crimson damask, and ornamented with silver lamps and paintings; the hurry and bustle occasioned by the worshippers searching for their shoes left at the door, as every one went in bare-foot; the struggles to be the first to get near enough to kiss the marble,

and sometimes the forcibly pulling off the turbans of those who might have forgotten to uncover their heads, presented altogether a scene of such confusion, that, added to the risk of suffocation in so impure an atmosphere, it drove us out rapidly to make room for others."

The next day being the Sabbath of the Jews, the travellers went early in the morning to attend the service of the Jewish Synagogue.

"Arriving at the spot, which was in a low, obscure street, near the centre of the town, we descended by a flight of steps into a grotto. On getting down into this, we found it to be a large suite of subterranean rooms, lighted by small windows from above, around the sides, and near the roof.

"The whole place was divided into seven or eight smaller rooms, in the centre of each was raised a square enclosure, open above at the sides; and here stood the priest who read the service. The female worshippers were above, looking down on the congregation through a skreen of lattice-work. The men were below, all seated on benches, and every one had a white serge cloth, striped with blue at the ends, thrown over his head; at the front corners of this cloth were two long cords, and around two of the edges of it were fringes with threads.

"After some time passed in reading and responses, we went into the central rooms, which were both of them longer than the outer ones; and at the end of these were curtains for the veil of the temple. In the principal room this veil was of purple cloth worked with gold; and on its centre were the two tables of the law in Hebrew, nearly in the same form as we have them in English in our churches.

"The priest who officiated had, during this last week, arrived here from Amsterdam. The book from which he read rested on a piece of crimson velvet, worked with Hebrew letters of gold; after an apparent weeping on the part of the people, who covered their faces with the white head-cloth, and moved to and fro as if distressed for the loss of something, a man walked round the synagogue crying with a loud voice, and changing the first word only at every subsequent exclamation. This we learnt was the sum offered for the sight of the Tozat, or Scriptures. Advances were then made by individuals of the audience, and repeated by the crier, until either a sufficient or some specified sum was raised.

"The priest then made a loud shout, and all the people joined; when some of the elders drew aside the veil of the temple, and opening a recess like that of a *sanctum sanctorum*, took from thence a cabinet, highly ornamented with silver. In this were two rolls containing the book of the law on parchment, rolled round a small pillar in the centre, which, on being turned, exposed the writing on the roll successively to view. On the top of this roll was fixed two silver censers with small bells, and it was carried round the assembly, when each of the congregation touched the writing with the cords at the front corners of his head-cloth, after placing these cords to his lips, then across his eyes. The cabinet was followed by a boy bearing four silver censers with bells on a stand, and after every one had touched it, it was placed on the altar, in the central sanctuary, before the priest.

"We had been suffered to go through every part of the synagogue during the

service, which consisted chiefly in reading, and had to press through narrow ranks of the worshippers. We were at length accosted in Italian by an old Rabbi, who called himself *Mohallim Zachereas*, and told us that he was the banker of the governor, and the chief of the Jews here. He said that he had left Leghorn at the age of 15, against the wish of his friends, to end his days in Jerusalem, and that he had remained here ever since, being now nearly 60 years of age; from him we learned the chief particulars of the worship already described, and he told us that the service was the same in all the separate divisions of the synagogue."

Having closed his excursions to the holy places round Jerusalem, Mr. Buckingham presents us with a retrospective view of the city, which is illustrated by a very well executed plan, having been preceded by an excellent map of ancient Jerusalem and its divisions.

From the estimate given by Mr. Buckingham it would appear that the fixed residents of the holy city, one half of whom are Mohammedans, are about eight thousand; but that the continual influx of strangers from all countries, augments the population from ten to fifteen thousand, according to the season of the year. From Christmas to Easter is the period in which Jerusalem is most frequented. Very little trade is carried on, and but few manufactures, religion being almost the only business which brings men of opposite quarters together here; there is much less busile than would be produced in a trading town, by a smaller number of inhabitants. The military force kept up here is comparatively small, consisting only of about 1000 soldiers, including horse and foot.

In this part of the work Mr. Buckingham has introduced some very interesting discussions on the hill of Sion; he received opinion that the cemeteries of the ancients were universally excluded from the precincts of their cities, &c.; in which, to say nothing of his apparently minute acquaintance with the Scriptures, he displays con-

siderable learning and ingenuity. We quote his observations on the disputed site of Calvary :—

“The place called Golgotha, and translated ‘the place of a skull,’ has been, by all writers, supposed to have been without the precincts of the ancient Jerusalem; but there is no positive authority that I am aware of for such a position. It has been thought, first, that, as a place of execution, it would be held defiling; and next, as a place of burial, that it could not have been included within the walls. We are at least assured that the tomb in which Jesus was laid was near to the place of his crucifixion: ‘Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein yet was never man laid, there laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews preparation-day, for the sepulchre was *NIGH AT HAND*.’ It is fair to presume, that a respectable Jew, like Joseph of Arimathea, would hardly have a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre newly hewn in the rock, in a place that was defiled by being one of common execution; and I think the very circumstance of these being there, is sufficient to induce a belief, that it was not a place commonly devoted to so ignominious a purpose. All the gospels represent Jesus as being hurried away by the multitude, who seized indiscriminately upon one of the crowd to bear his cross, ‘And when they were come to a place called Calvary, or Golgotha, there they crucified him between two thieves.’ None of them, however, speak of it either as being a place of public execution, but leave one to infer, that it was an unoccupied place, just pitched on for the purpose as they passed.

“Some persons whose ideas of Calvary had led them to expect a hill as large as the Mount of Olives, or Mount Sion, have been disappointed at finding the rock shown for it to be so low and small. But on what authority is it called a *Mount*? and of which different sizes and elevations is that term affixed? The present is a rock, the summit of which is ascended to by a steep flight of eighteen or twenty

steps, from the common level of the church, which is equal with that of the street without; and beside this you descend from the level of the church by thirty steps into the chapel of St. Helena, and by eleven more steps to the place where it was supposed that the Cross, the Crown of Thorns, and the Head of the Spear were found, after laying buried in this place upwards of 300 years.”

On the 28th, their preparations for the prosecution of their journey being completed, Mr. Buckingham, accompanied by Mr. Banks, his Albanian interpreter, and two Arab guides, left Jerusalem for Jericho. For the convenience of travelling, they arrayed themselves in the costume of the country, Mr. Buckingham as a Syrian Arab, and Mr. Banks as a Turkish soldier. The guides wore their own garb of Bedouins of the desert. As they were unable to hire animals to carry their baggage, each person took charge of whatever portion belonged to himself. They took with them bread, dates, tobacco, and coffee, and a supply of corn for their horses, with a leathern bottle of water suspended from each saddle.

The road from Jerusalem to the Jordan, abounding as it does in the wildest scenery of nature, ravines, cliffs and precipices mingling in awful and wonderful confusion, is the most dangerous about Palestine. “The very aspect of the scenery,” says Mr. B. “is sufficient, on the one hand, to tempt to robbery and murder, and, on the other, to occasion a dread of it in those who pass that way.” After a walk of about six hours, they arrived at Jericho; but so entirely abandoned was this once important city, that there was not a tree or shrub observed upon its site. The ruins appeared to cover near a square mile, but were too indistinct to enable the travellers to form any plan of them. Passing on about four miles in an easterly direction, they came to the village of Riblah, on the banks of the Jordan. They saw nothing of importance in this place. The only objects pointed out to them were a modern square tower of Mohammedan work, which they pretend was the house of

Zaccheus, and an old tree, up which he is said to have climbed, in order to obtain a sight of Jesus as he passed.

The next day the travellers passed the Jordan.

"The stream (says Mr. B.) appeared to us to be little more than twenty-five yards in breadth, and was so shallow in this part as to be easily fordable by our horses. The banks were thickly lined with tall rushes, oleanders, and a few willows; the stream was exceedingly rapid: the water tolerably clear, from its flowing over a bed of pebbles; and, as we drank of the stream while our horses were watering, we found it pure and sweet to the taste.

"From the distance which we had come from Jericho northward, it seemed probable that we had crossed the river pretty nearly at the same ford as that which was passed over by the Israelites on their first entering the promised land.

"Ascending on the east side of the Jordan, we met large flocks of camels, mostly of a whitish colour, and all of them young and never yet burthened, as our guides assured us, though the whole number of those we saw could not have fallen short of a thousand. These were being driven down to the Jordan to drink, chiefly under the care of young men and damsels. Among them many of the young ones were clothed around their bodies with coverings of hair teat-cloth, while the elder females had their udders bound up in bags, tied by cords crossing over the loins; and the males walked with two of the legs tied."

After travelling onward in a north-easterly direction, and passing the night in the camp of a tribe of friendly Bedouins, they arrived at the village of Boorza, which appeared to contain from forty to fifty dwellings of stone. This place is supposed to have been the Bozer mentioned in the Sacred Writings. On their journey from hence, they were joined by a troop of Bedouins, in whose camp they spent the night. Early the next morning they proceeded through a rich and beautiful country, to the ruins of Gerash, (the Geraza of the ancients,) of which Mr. Buckingham has given a

very full and copious account. Their situation during their sojourn here was particularly dangerous, owing to the jealous suspicion of the scattered inhabitants, who seem to have been impressed with an idea that the treasures supposed to have been buried beneath the ruins of Jerash were the objects of the travellers' researches. The following description of this city, viewed from a steep hill in the vicinity, is given by Mr. Buckingham:—

"The city, standing itself upon a rising ground, seemed, from this point of view, to be seated in the hollow of a grand and deep valley, encircled on all sides by lofty mountains, now covered with verdure, and having part of its own plain below in actual cultivation. Near, on the summit of the southern hill which bounded the view in that quarter, stood the modern village of Aiode, having a central tower and walls, and forming the retreat of the husbandmen, who till the grounds in the valley beneath. The circular colonnade, the avenues of Corinthian pillars forming the principal street, the southern gate of entrance, the naumachia, and the triumphal arch beyond it, the theatres, the temples, the aqueducts, the baths, and all the assemblage of noble buildings which presented their vestiges to the view, seemed to indicate a city built only for luxury, for splendour, and for pleasure; although it was a mere colonial town in a foreign province, distant from the capital of the great empire to which it belonged, and scarcely known in sacred or profane history. Wishing to take a more accurate survey of the ancient Geraza than they had hitherto been enabled to accomplish, the two travellers returned privately to that city for the purpose, thus avoiding the interruptions to which they would have been liable from the suspicious character of the neighbouring people.

"The city occupied nearly a square of somewhat less than two English miles in circumference, and the greatest length, from the ruined arched building on the south of the first entrance to the small temple on the north side of the opposite one, is about 5000 feet, as measured by paces, or nearly

an English mile. The general direction of this square is, with its sides, nearly towards the four cardinal points; but no one of these sides are perfect, probably from the inequality of the ground along which they run.

"The city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow but not deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town.

"The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses; but as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people.

"The whole surface of the western is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built.

"The main street is intersected by two other streets which cross it at right-angles and extend through the whole breadth of the western portion of the city, the point of intersection in each being ornamented with a public square. From each of these intersections to their respectively nearest gate, the order of architecture that prevailed was Ionic; but in the central place between these intersections, and including a length equal to half that of the whole city, the predominant order was Corinthian.

"In the centre, or nearly so, of the central space, was a noble palace, probably the residence of the governor, with a beautiful Corinthian temple in front, and another more ruined one behind in right-lines with it, and the semi-circular recess of a still more highly-finished temple beside it.

"Just within the southern gate of entrance was a peripteral temple, a circular colonnade, and a theatre; and just within the northern gate of entrance was also a theatre, a temple, and a military guard-house. Both the principal streets extending the whole length of the city, and those which crossed it through its whole breadth, were lined by avenues of columns, extending, in one unbroken range on each side, and ascended to by steps."

(European Magazine.)

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN.

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century, a bloody tragedy was played in the small town of Loudun, in France, to contemplate which at this day, makes men blush to be of the same species with the actors in it.

Urbain Grandier was the curate of St Pierre du Marche in this town; he had been educated at the College of Jesuits at Bourdeaux, and their influence had procured him this benefice. He was so unfortunate as to draw upon himself the envy of several of the Churchmen of the neighbourhood, and the ill will of some of the principal persons of the town. His talents and good fortune were the cause of the first,

and the second was produced by his devotion to the fair sex, and a notorious turn for gallantry; habits it must be confessed neither honourable to, nor consistent with the sacerdotal character, but which would have been more justly punished by milder inflictions, than the cruel tortures by which he was deprived of existence.

He was of a tall and handsome person, which, with a vanity from which even priests are not usually exempt, he was fond of displaying to the best advantage; for this purpose he always wore his clerical habit in the street. He possessed a strong mind, and an acute genius, his eloquence was of a

very finished description ; to this he was indebted for his good fortune in the church, and the reputation he gained in consequence among the female part of his auditory, seems to have been the origin of those exaggerated evil reports under which he fell. His temper was fiery and haughty, probably the consequence of his superior talents, and he was more prone to revenge than to forgive an injury. He had a suit with the Canons of the Church of the Holy Cross, in which he succeeded, but his triumph created him implacable enemies in several of the Chapter. At nearly the same time M. Trinquant, the King's Procureur, had reason to suspect that Grandier had bebauched his daughter, and he made a public exposure of his suspicions by examining certain persons ; the result was not calculated to remove them, although no part of his accusations against Grandier could be established. Grandier conducted himself with so little discretion on his enemy's defeat, that Trinquant, with others, confederated to ruin him, or at least to compel him to quit Loudun. The willingness with which people believe calumnious reports, added to Grandier's own deportment, induced many to take part against him ; and most of the suspicious fathers and jealous husbands of Loudun, either openly or secretly lent their assistance to the plot. An accusation was lodged against him, in which he was charged with lewdness, profaneness, and impiety ; the ostensible promoters were two wretches from the lowest order of the people. While this was pending, a person of some fortune and credit, named Duthibaut, having spoken of Grandier in very disadvantageous terms, the latter remonstrated with some severity, and Duthibaut, taking offence at it, struck him with his cane, although Grandier was at this moment in his robes, and about to enter the church where he was to officiate. Enraged at this insult, and being convinced that it would be to little purpose to prefer his complaint to the local authorities, he went to Paris to commence his process. During his absence, his enemies made such use of the opportunity it afforded them, that they procured a de-

cree from the Bishop, requiring his return, to answer the charges within three days, on pain of imprisonment. As it was impossible for him to comply, he was on his return imprisoned, and remained in confinement for two months. At the end of which time, in spite of the machinations of his enemies, they could not substantiate the principal points of their charges, but they succeeded in obtaining a sentence against him, by which he was interdicted *a divinis* in the diocese for five years, and in Loudun for ever.

Grandier appealed against this sentence, and on its being examined before the Parliament of Paris, it appeared that the depositions of some of the witnesses had been falsified, and that others had been solicited by Trinquant. The result was, that he was totally acquitted and absolved, his accusers condemned to pay all his charges, and his benefices restored him. He was now counselled to exchange his living, but resentment blinded him ; he returned to Loudun in triumph, with a laurel branch in his hand, and pursued his suit against Duthibaut with so much success, that he was sentenced to a public censure and apology, with full costs.

The rage of his foes was now increased to such a point, that they were resolved at all events to compass his ruin, and the means by which they pursued and finally accomplished their object, were as horrid and as atrocious, as their intention was nefarious. In the town of Loudun, there was a Convent of Urselines, who were so extremely poor, that they were obliged to take boarders to encrease their scanty revenue. Mignon, Grandier's first enemy, was the director of this Convent, and having invented a plot, he found these Nuns fit instruments to put it in practice. He proposed to them to feign that they were possessed by devils, and to accuse Grandier of having sent the demons into their bodies. He represented to them that by these means the importance of the Convent would be encreased, and the donations of the charitable and curious would bring plenty to their house, instead of the penury which they were cursed with at that time. The Abbess and some

of the Nuns immediately embraced the offer, and Mignon, having tutored them properly, gave out as soon as he thought they were fit to play the parts he had assigned to them, that they were possessed with demons, and that it was necessary to exorcise them. He took to his assistance one Pierre Barre, a fanatic, whose credulity rendered him as fit for the imposition, as his malice and ferocity qualified him for the final object of the mummary in which he was to be concerned. After several rehearsals, at which no persons but Barre and Mignon were present, a public exorcism was resolved on, at which two magistrates were invited to be present; the most wonderful part of the affair was stated to be, that the possessed answered in Latin to the questions proposed to them, although they had no previous knowledge of the language. On the day appointed, the magistrates repaired to the Convent, where they were shewn the Superior in one bed and Sister Laie in another. At the magistrate's approach, the Prioress was seized with violent convulsions; she uttered strange cries, and hid herself in her bed. Mignon then began his exorcism which was in Latin, and addressed to the demon.

Q. For what reason have you entered the body of this virgin?

A. On account of the animosity I bear her.

Q. By what symbol did you enter?

A. By flowers.

Q. What flowers?

A. Roses.

Q. Who sent them?

A. Urbain.

The exorcised pronounced this name with much hesitation, and as if it was done by constraint.

Q. What is his surname?

A. Grandier.

This answer was also given with great difficulty.

Q. What is his quality?

A. He is a Priest.

Q. Of what Church?

A. St. Peter's.

Q. What manner of person brought the flowers.

A. A diabolical person.

After this answer, the Superior seemed to recover herself. The magistrates then retired to the window, when Mignon approaching them, reminded them that these circumstances very closely resembled those of father Gaufrédi, who had been executed upon a similar charge. One of the magistrates wished him to ask the cause of the animosity of which the Superior had spoken; but he excused himself, by saying he was not permitted to propose questions of idle curiosity.

The mere circumstance of this affair being brought forward by Grandier's acknowledged enemies, was enough to discredit it, to say nothing of its ridiculous nature. The victim of it treated it with contempt, until finding it engrossed the attention of the inhabitants, he complained to the Bishop, but here his adversaries' influence was too strong, and the exorcisms continued. The fame of these doings spread daily, and the examinations were conducted in the presence of various civil officers and priests, as well as strangers. The people have at all times been too ready to believe what they do not understand, and Grandier did not discover his imminent peril until it was out of his power to allay the storm. The demons answered, but always to his disadvantage; sometimes they spoke false Latin, and at others the imposture was clumsily conducted, that none but persons willing to be deceived could have been gulled by such artifices. The object of Mignon and his confederates seemed to be nearly accomplished, when the sudden arrival of the Bishop of Bourdeaux put an end to the scheme. He sent his physician to examine the possessed; such a report was made to him, as induced him to forbid any further exorcisms, and Barré and Mignon found themselves entirely defeated.

It might have been supposed that so many rebuffs would at least have tired these savage assassins, if they had not worked upon their better feelings; but not so, this defeat only put them upon new and more formidable attacks against their victim.

Just about this time one Laubardemont, a creature of the Cardinal de Richelieu, came upon some of his af-

fairs to Loudun : Mignon and the rest of his party having formed an acquaintance with him, contrived to interest him in their resentments against Grandier, and his sanguinary temper induced him to promise his assistance. A satirical work had been published against the ministers a short time previously, and the Cardinal had been the chief object of the attack ; the conspirators resolved to attribute this libel to the unfortunate Grandier, which would be the surest method to accomplish his ruin, for the Cardinal's vengeance once roused, nothing but the blood of his victim, they knew, would allay it. There was one circumstance which gave a sort of colour to the charge : when the Cardinal was only the Prior of Coussai, he had had some disagreement with Grandier on a point of precedence, the latter insisting that he was superior to the Prior, and neither owed nor would pay him any deference ; but there is not the slightest reason to believe that he was the author of the book, or that he bore the Cardinal any ill will. The conspirators, however, made such use of this circumstance, that Laubardemont procured a commission, authorizing him to examine again into the affair of the possessed Nuns. The proceedings again commenced. The party had made so good use of their time in the interval, that they came to the combat stronger than ever ; the possession was not now confined to the Superior and one of the Sisters, but there were seven devils brought into action. Unjust as the former examinations had been, they were perfectly equitable compared with these ; no persons were present but those whose known animosity against Grandier would lead them to assist in any schemes for his ruin. The same mummery continued, the devils made the same accusations, to which were now added others, equally horrible and ridiculous. The depositions soon presented sufficient to induce Laubardemont to order Grandier's imprisonment ; this done, a main point was gained. He was confined in a house belonging to Mignon, and occupied by a man in the employ of Trinquant, who had been an early

witness in the former ineffectual prosecution. Here he was subjected to the *surveillance* of persons who furnished the possessed Nuns with exact information of his motions and habits, by which they were enabled more accurately to identify him with their wicked fabrications. His house was ransacked, and his papers taken away, among which were the sentences in those suits where his enemies had been defeated, and he had triumphed. Nothing was found among them which could be made to prejudice him, but a manuscript treatise against the Celibacy of Priests. His mother and his brother made every attempt to shield him from the malice of his blood-thirsty pursuers ; but the chicanery of Laubardemont managed to thwart them, or his influence with the Cardinal enabled him to evade their objections, by procuring an extension of his powers. The proceedings of these conspirators had been so specious, that nearly the whole of Grandier's friends had deserted him, and he had no hope of assistance but from his mother, and his brother, who was Counsellor to the Borough of Loudun. The exertions of the former, from her age and sex, were not very important, and the latter, who had gone to Paris for some purpose connected with his brother's defence, was arrested through the intrigues of Duthibaut and locked up in a prison, from which he could not procure his release until some time after his brother's death. These circumstances present a dreadful picture of the administration of justice in France at this time ;—there have been periods when arbitrary power prevailed in England to an unwholesome extent, but in our worst days we never groaned under such perverse tyranny as these men exercised.

The obstacles being removed, and the infernal machinery of the plot in proper order, the agents of it proceeded to their final object. Grandier had been in prison some months ; his confinement had been mild, and he had forborne from any violent expressions, trusting rather to some opportunity which might be afforded him to manifest his innocence of the absurd crime, and seeking consolation in religious offi-

ces and studies. He was now visited by surgeons, who had Laubardemont's authority to examine his body, to discover those infallible proofs of a Satanic compact, certain marks upon his body, which should be invulnerable, or rather insensible. They commenced this ceremony by blinding his eyes, and then the surgeon, having found small moles in various parts of his body, turned the blunt end of his knife to them, which the patient of course endured without wincing; but on the other parts of his body the merciless ruffian plunged his knife so deeply, as to make him cry loudly with the agony.

Grandier demanded to be confronted with the possessed, which, after much hesitation, was granted him. He began, with the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, to exorcise one of them, and he proposed to do it in Greek; but here the ingenuity of the Nun was more than a match for him; for at the first question he proposed, she answered, the devil speaking by her, "You know full well that the first condition of the compact between us is, that I am not to answer you in Greek." This was considered by the auditory as a conclusive proof against him. The Nun afterwards offered to answer his questions in any language, but before he could speak, all the others set up the most frightful howling and screaming, so that he could not be heard. He remained firm and unmoved in the midst of this cruel impiety, which was to cost him his life, protesting his innocence, and imploring the protection of God. Addressing the Bishop and Laubardemont in their respective offices, as the representatives of the Ecclesiastical and Royal power, he besought them to command the demons to break his neck, or to make some visible mark upon his forehead, which if done he would receive as a proof of his guilt; but they declined doing so. Grandier again made the most solemn protestations of his innocence, but without effect, his doom was already sealed. The Baili of Loudun, addressed a memorial to the King, complaining of Laubardemont's partiality; which only

produced a censure from the King upon himself for his interference.

The conspirators then proceeded to the consummation of their designs. They procured a commission from the King, and the proofs similar to those before adduced having been again gone through, he was declared to have been convicted of the crime of magic, in causing the possession of certain Nuns of Loudun by Devils, and condemned to make the *amende honourable* bare-headed, with a rope about his neck, and a torch in his hand, before the door of his own church, begging the pardon of God and the King:—thence he was to be conducted to the marketplace, and there burnt alive, his goods confiscated, and that nothing might be wanting to his punishment, the torture was to be previously applied. This sentence was passed on the 18th of August, 1634; and no time was lost in carrying it into execution. He was immediately put to the question; the custom of performing which ceremony at Loudun was by fastening two thick pieces of wood round the victim's legs; these were fastened by cords, within wedges were inserted, and driven by mallets; the consequence being, that the sufferer's legs were most frequently broken. They put two more wedges than ordinary to Grandier; and the Capuchins who were present, thinking that the executioner might be too merciful, drove them in themselves. The wretched man fainted during the operation, but they continued their cruelty until he recovered. During his suffering torture, he gave such astonishing proofs of firmness and constancy, as could scarcely have been expected from his previous character; he never once complained or inveighed against his enemies, but continued to pray fervently, and to assert his innocence of the crimes charged against him; though he confessed himself guilty of certain sins, for which he had done penance, and he hoped obtained pardon. At four o'clock in the evening, he was carried by the executioners from the place of torture in a sort of broad ladder. He bore in his hand a

torch, and besought as he went along the prayers of the bystanders for his soul. His sentence being read to him, he was put into a sort of carriage, and carried to St. Peter's church, where Laubardemont made him alight and kneel while his sentence was again read to him; the torture had deprived him of the use of his legs, and when he attempted to kneel he fell prostrate. At this moment Father Grillard accosted him; and embracing him, he said, weeping, "Remember, Sir, that our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to God his Father through the Cross and torments. Preserve your fortitude: I bring you the benediction of your mother: we both pray for God's mercy upon you, and that he may receive you into Paradise." Grandier's soul, which the cruelties of his enemies could not shake, was softened at this kindness; he conjured Grillard to be a son to his mother, and to pray for him, assuring him that he died innocent. When he arrived at the place of execution, turning to the Priests, he begged of them the kiss of peace. The Provost's Lieutenant asked his pardon. "You have not offended me," he said; "you have done only your duty." The executioner then put an iron girdle round him, placing him with his back to the church. The place was filled with people, and the efforts of the archers to remove them were useless; a flock of pigeons were seen hovering over the place, which neither the shouts of the people nor the firing of the archers could drive away; some persons said it was a flight of devils waiting for the soul of the magician; others said, these innocent doves were a testimony of the innocence of the prisoner. The Priests exorcised the air and the faggots, and again asked the patient if he would confess. He answered, that he had nothing to confess, and that he hoped that day to be with his God.—The Greffier then asked him if he persisted in his innocence: he answered that he did, that he had said nothing but the truth, and he had no more to say. Hereupon one of the Monks told the Greffier, that he suffered him to talk too much. The Provost had promised him that he should be strangled before the fire was kindled. The ferocity of

the Monks, however, prevented both those mercies: when he was about to speak, they threw their holy water in his face; and finding he was still endeavouring to address the bystanders, one of them pretended to give him the kiss of peace. "This is the kiss of a Judas," said the dying man. This roused their choler so much, that under the shew of presenting him a crucifix which was made of iron, they struck him with it violently over the mouth. Finding his attempts were useless, he pronounced a *Salve Regina* and an *Ave Maria*, concluding with recommending his soul to the mercy of Heaven. The Monks, in order to prevent his being strangled, had with their own hands knotted the cord, so that the executioner could not draw it. Grandier seeing this, cried out. "Is this what was promised me?" and lifting up the cord, he adjusted it himself. Father Lactance then holding a lighted torch in his face, said, "Wretch, will you not confess, and renounce the devil; you have not a moment to live."—"I abhor the devil," said Grandier; "I renounce him and all his works, and I implore the mercy of God." This savage Monk then, without waiting for the orders of the officers of justice, applied his torch to the pile. "Is this charity, Father Lactance?" said Grandier, is this the promise which was made to me? There is a God in Heaven, thy Judge and mine, and I summon thee to appear within a month!" and lifting up his eyes, he said, "*Deus meus ad te vigilo, miserere mei Deus!*" The Capuchins then threw the remainder of their holy water in his face, that the people might not hear his last words. The contrivances of the Monks had prevented the executioner from making use of the cord; and as the fire mounted, the wretched victim fell into the flames, where he was burnt alive: and thus ended the most sanguinary persecution which since the days of the martyrs has been known.

Lactance died within the time mentioned by Grandier; and Laubardemont, and all the other principal actors perished by violent or accidental means.

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

(Imperial Magazine, Nov.)

IN the annals of literature of the lighter order, I mean novels, perhaps there never has occurred a circumstance so extraordinary as that the author of Waverley should have still remained undiscovered; or that, after such unbounded applause as his works have met with in all quarters, the writer should continue to publish anonymously, instead of avowing his name, and enjoying the fame which his works have acquired him. Many have been the conjectures respecting his individuality, but the most general, perhaps too the best founded opinion, is, that Walter Scott is the author.

Mr. Constable, the publisher, has stated in company, the sum of money he has paid Mr. Scott, which, from the amount, can only be inferred as including the price of these popular works. Still, however, a part of that money might have been paid on account of the anonymous writer, and Mr. S. might have been the receiver general.

Mr. Scott, too, when Waverley first acquired fame, was passenger in one of the Leith smacks, and expressed his opinion of these works to a person unknown to him, in such terms of approbation, as were somewhat inconsistent with the idea of his being the author of them himself. Besides which, it is very likely from his well-known liberality of sentiment, that he may, from some motive or other, have, in the first instance, become the vehicle of their publication.

A Mr. Mc. F. an episcopal bishop, in Scotland, has also been pointed at as their author with much appearance of probability, partly from the conspicuous talents he is allowed to possess, but more particularly by having been heard to relate the leading stories, long before they were given to the public.

Whoever the eminent man may prove to be, the works are of that character, as to form a prominent feature in the literature of the present age, and the author must be acknowledged a person of most extraordinary talents,

with an equal proportion both of modesty and self-denial. It is certainly of rare occurrence, that the same writer should excel, both in prose and poetical composition: many of our best poets have acquired but little fame out of the sphere of poetry; perhaps Goldsmith is the one that succeeded most, in both kinds of composition.

Dr. Johnson has written more in the spirit of poetry, in the Rambler and Rasselas, than will be found in the fettered verse of Irene; in proof of which, I will only instance the opening address in his beautiful work of Rasselas, though many other passages might be quoted more apt and striking to justify the preceding observation.

“Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!”

Here you have a harmony in the words, and an expression so purely poetical, that verse might perhaps shackle, but could scarcely improve the sentence. But if Walter Scott be the real author of the works in question, how much then has he excelled every predecessor who has written in *both* kinds of composition; it may then, indeed, be said of him, as the great colossus of literature wrote in the epitaph of his friend Goldsmith, “that he has left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned, by his pen,” for these works embrace almost every subject and mode of writing.

The author of these histories, more properly than novels, is evidently one that is eminently versed in the living and dead languages; Greek and Latin seem as familiar to him as his own tongue. French, Spanish, Italian, German, Gaelic, indeed all the languages of Europe, are not only known to him, but his quotations indicate a perfect acquisition of them; whilst history and science display the lights of a

mind beyond measure comprehensive, and refined from the dross, both of pedantry and prejudice.

These works will certainly be read and admired, when the poetry of Walter Scott will have become obsolete, and his materials forgotten : they possess the advantage over these poems, of describing events of more recent date, of manners more genuine and authentic, and they abound with many minute circumstances of character, (national, religious and political,) which, by reflecting the image of the times they describe, render them more amusing in some respects, and more instructive in this particular, than the works of the general historian. The author, too, possesses such dramatic power in the creation, support, and contrast of his characters, that had he chosen the real drama for his work, instead of the imitative form of the novel, there seems

every reason to suppose he would only have classed in the rear of Shakspeare.

In reading these fine works, one circumstance bears strongly against the common opinion of their being Walter Scott's ; namely, that all the poetry interspersed in the *text*, is any thing but resembling that great poet's works, being entirely of the plaintive pathetic kind, whereas Mr. Scott's principal feature and excellence is on the descriptive lyrical style.

In making this observation, I do not allude to the introductory quotations at the commencement of each chapter, which are as various as the author's own genius ; but to the poetry of the *work itself*. In fine, whoever the writer may be, no author in that species has excelled him, in exciting interest, in producing effect, or in practising that maxim, of mixing the "utile dulci."

Sketches of Society.

(London Mag. Nov.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

MY DEAR RUSSELL,

To Russell Powell, Esq.

THE kind interest which all your family took in the letter which I addressed to your sister, descriptive of the Coronation, has rendered the task of writing to any one of you the most delightful amusement of my evening hours ; and I have now a double pleasure in witnessing the various scenes which make up the great drama of life in this metropolis, from a knowledge of the gratification I shall have in describing them, and the interest you will feel in hearing them described. I love to visit the great national buildings, which commemorate either the country's taste, or the country's charities and wealth ;—I love to behold the revelries, the glories, the pastimes, of the rich and the great ;—I take a deep interest in the amusements, the rude sports, the noisy vivacity of the poor. You know that my knowledge of London had previously arisen principally from the books which I had read, and that my actual experience of life had been gained chiefly from the small life of market

towns and country revels. How often, Russell, have we ejaculated wishes to each other, when standing at a wrestling match, or looking upon the lads of single stick, or, when walking over the most celebrated houses "for miles round,"—that we could see and admire those higher and more exciting struggles and combats of the great city,—those theatres, temples, and palaces, of which we had so often read, even to dreaming—that we could watch and wonder at the workings of that tremendous hive, into which,—rash drone as I am !—I have at length ventured to creep. I am now, my dear Russell, seeing all that can be seen,—insinuating myself into scenes and amongst characters which half of London even know only by hearsay,—wandering amongst the noblest buildings around me,—harvesting, in truth, within the granary of my mind, food enough to last your hungry spirits through the winter. Russell ! strange and opposite have been my researches of late.—

I have been to the green-room of a principal theatre, and witnessed all the craft, hate, and envy, "found only on the stage," as my Lord Byron well expresses it in his sweet nuisance, *Don Juan*;—and I have penetrated into all the heartless eagerness, guileful ferocity, and desperate spirit of the cock-pit. Greenwich Hospital has opened to my eyes its majestic, enormous, and beautiful charities;—and the bear-garden has made me familiar with its strange, antique, and brutal mysteries. I have beheld the costly state and fineries of a court,—the strife, the terrors, the appalling fierceness of a bull-fight,—the pictorial wealth and stately formalities of Hampton palace,—the beautiful and exciting conflict of two great pugilists. —The buildings, the theatres, the court, will have gaiety and beauty enough to interest the ladies' minds; for what female heart is proof against pointed lace, or can contemplate ruffles without emotion?—while the rougher diamonds of the cock pit, the bear-garden, and such rude mines, will be rich jewels in the cap of your curiosity. I have, indeed, a scene in store which will be brighter and costlier than all the rest; but I dare not hint at it yet, lest I ruin my chance of being taken to it at all, or rashly endanger my safety while there:—rest, rest, perturbed Russell! until I shall in my wisdom see fit to exhibit this brilliant and matchless gem to your wondering, your delighted eyes.

I should not omit to inform you, that Mrs. Mallinson's letter of introduction to the Mortons has been to me most serviceable and successful, for they have taken me by the hand with the utmost friendship and liberality, and have obtained for me the sight of many London lions:—indeed, they appear to me to have access to all the chief *cages* of the city, and the *Hectors* and *Fannys* of this marvellous metropolis are familiar to them as household words. To render my letters the more intelligible to you, as the Mortons will make the principal dramatis personæ of my epistolary drama, I will attempt as clear a description of them as I can accomplish; relying upon your ingenuity for colouring my sketch with the

lively and gallant tints of your own imagination. I shall merely offer you the family in outline, after the style of Retsch's *Faust*, being convinced that none but a masterly hand can safely venture upon a minute finishing. Mr. Morton, the father, is one of those gentle and silent characters, which are rather spirits of the household, than active and common mortal portions of it:—never mingling in the petty strifes and light joys of the moment,—but softening and quieting the former with a bland and pleasant placidity, and heightening the latter by a cheerful and generous regard. His age I should guess to be about fifty-six; you may perceive that Time is beginning to write a few faint lines upon his forehead, and that his eye begins to show that patient wisdom which only comes of the light of many years. His hair (which Mrs. Morton tells me was a raven black "when they were married," and of which she has one precious lock, neatly folded in fragrant paper, and kept in the innermost recess of her pocket-book) is just dashed with a glossy white, which seems to light upon him more like the glory than the waste of age, and brightens, if possible, the serene sweetness of his forehead. He speaks very little, but he looks as if his thoughts ran on with the radiant solemnity of a river. His observations, indeed, when they do come forth, are remarkable only for their simplicity and humane gentleness;—and you feel convinced that they are, as the old play hath it, killed with kindness. His thoughts remain with him, but his feelings come forth and speak, and you may ever perceive that his mind discourses silently and with itself, while his heart is the active and eloquent minister to his tongue. I wish, Russell, you could see him sitting at his table, or at his fireside, and lighting the conversation with his pleasant looks. All customs, all pleasures, all regulations, take their exactness from his presence, and I never saw order wear so attractive a garb as that in which Mr. Morton clothes her. He has the most precise and quiet mode of taking his seat, or reading the newspaper (and quiet as he naturally is, he is yet deep-

ly interested in the political agitations which ever disturb the heart of his country,) or stirring the fire, or putting on his spectacles. He goes to an office somewhere in the city daily, but I do not see that his merchant-life distracts his home comforts, or molests his morning thoughts; whether it be that his peculiar temperament places all commercial fluctuation in a mild and softening atmosphere, or that he meets not with those temporary difficulties and perplexities which call daily at the most obscure and dusty dens of business, and afflict the nerves of the oldest and most staid merchant, I know not; but the rise and fall of stocks—the intricacies of the markets—the uncertainties and dangers of the shipping—the more polished difficulties, and changes, and higher mysteries of the court, abide not with Mr. Morton. He hears the din of the nation, and it stuns him not:—he sees the great game of the world played, and heeds not its rogueries, its ruin, or its fascinations. His heart is in his home, and in his family, and he does not ever look to the winners and the losers elsewhere. Such is Mr. Morton. To me he is unusually loquacious, which is a sure mark of his regarding me kindly;—and the other evening he took particular joy, during our rubber, in always having a king for my queen, and laughed outright in detecting a revoke which I committed; which was the most gratifying sign.—He, in general, pities the objects of his triumphs, and silently pines over his own success, which he ever thinks “runs too much on one side.”

Mrs. Morton is a woman of the most superior mind and admirable manners; and I never hear her mentioned, even by *friends*, without expressions of the most untainted endearment. The silence and worldly inaptitude of her life-partner have called forth the powers of her mind, and given a constant exercise to her fine judgment. She has the most pleasing way of insinuating plain advice that I ever beheld; and I believe it is impossible to disregard the sweet persuasion and delicate earnestness of her voice and expression. She is younger than Mr. Morton by some

years, and has a face still eloquent with beauty. The dark eye,—the happy forehead,—the pale cheek,—the mouth, made ever pleasant by a thousand amiable smiles, seem still to retain the sweeter virtues of youth, and enforce the wisdom of experience by giving it a charm which experience seldom possesses. Mrs. Morton is admirably well read in all the sound authors of our language, and can converse on subjects which seldom come under the consideration of women. She is mistress of the learned enthusiasm, holy poesy, and breathing piety of Bishop Taylor, and can lead you through the quaint periods of Sir Thomas Browne’s rich and antique philosophy. Shakspeare and Spenser are familiar to her, in their deepest fancies, and most curious excellences; and she is skilful in her knowledge of the works of the most eminent painters. She enlightens common walks, the idlest evening rambles, with talk, all breathing information, and pleasure, and truth. The distant gloomy landscape reminds her of this or that picture; and she points out the disposition of the lights and shades which frames the resemblance. She never delivers her opinions authoritatively, or with a consciousness of power, but suggests wisdom for the adoption of others;—and often so expresses an ingenious thought, that her husband, by a word or two, seems to originate rather than confirm it. It is her chief desire to make Mr. Morton appear superior to herself, and to that end, her voice and her manner are gentle and subdued in his presence, as though she took all her feelings, thoughts, and wishes, from his heart and mind:—though to those whose observation is acute, it is evident that her knowledge is far more profound than she chuses to lay open. By an ease of manner peculiar to herself she accommodates her mind to that of every person with whom she converses, and never offends an inferior capacity with the least sign of superiority. With all these higher qualifications of mind, she is at heart a very woman, and has all the delicate tenderness, and unfailing love, of her sex. The lock of hair which she preserves with the youthful mystery of a

girl, awakens early pride and young joy within her, and sets her dreaming over Mr. Morton's marriage dress and manly person, and calls up the mode of his hair, and the astounding colour of his coat. "Your uncle was dressed in bright blue, and had ruffles of this breadth (measuring a width upon her sleeve, that never fails to exalt all the female eyebrows in the room,) I think he was certainly the handsomest man of his time!—I wore that dress which you now and then contemplate in my drawer, and I cannot say I think the brides of the present age dress so becomingly as those of my own day." Such womanly reminiscences as these are always said with a mellowed tone of voice, and with a glisten of the eye, which show how much the devoted nature of the sex triumphs over the acquired formalities and tastes of life. Mrs. Morton sits at her table like a queen, in the true dignity of grace, and I am happy to say, Russell, that I stand well at her drawing-rooms and domestic court.

This excellent couple are without children of their own, but they have taken to their bosoms two nieces and a nephew, the daughters and son of Mr. Morton's brother, whom they cherish as their own, and upon whom they lavish all those paternal endearments which, in the want of an object to rest upon, so often irritate and embitter the married life. The eldest of these young ladies is naturally of a good heart, I believe; but she has so many acquired faults, so many lady-artifices and studied prettinesses, that I never know when she is thoroughly interested or earnestly moved. She is a polite adorer of literature and the drama,—and follows the stage more like a religion than a light and occasional amusement.—From certain connexions she has become intimate with some of the performers, and the consequence is, that a morning visit from any tragedian is a sure forerunner of seriousness for the day, a support and a stay to her pensive looks, which she leans upon with a most dignified reserve. Miss Prudence Morton (she was the first of an intended series of the cardinal virtues, which, to her mother's deep disappoint-

ment, was broken in upon by the perverse arrival of two brothers into this breathing world) Miss Prudence Morton, I repeat her name, is a decided Blue, at least as far as youth and its established foibles will permit her to be. She is tall, and has dark earnest eyes, which at evening parties go through and through you in search of literary information. She loves to secure to her own reading the person and the attention of some young gentleman in the sonnet line, and to extract all the sweets from his brain as store for the cells of her own pericranium. She sits *at* him. She so disposes her attitude, that his bodily retreat is rendered impracticable. Her eyes are levelled against him, and she steadily fires down upon his helpless ears the twenty-pounders of her heavy interrogatories.—"Have you seen Campbell's song in the last New Monthly, and is it not charming?"—"O! What is Lord Byron about? Mr. — (naming some literary name) tells me that he is writing a tragedy, I think Marino Faliero, horrid! Mr. — (naming an actor) assures me it would never *get up*! Have you read Don Juan? I have not: but I think it abounds with beautiful passages, though it is a sad wicked book. O! what do you think of —'s prose? Is it not flowery and beautiful? You never know whether it is poetry or prose, which is so vastly delightful."—This is a slight and meagre sketch of the style of Prudence's conversation, which I must, as usual, leave to the powers which you possess of making a miserable description opulent. She has great good-nature, the eternal palliative of all disagreeable qualities, and can at a quiet fireside make herself amusing and intelligent, but a stranger at tea, or an extra wax candle in the sconce, is the never-failing destroyer of all her natural freedom. And she straightway exalts herself into the wary, the wise, the literary Prudence. Some of her sayings are remembered, but considering the plentiful crop of her conversation it is wonderful that a few scanty ears only are preserved. When her form is at its height she, like the lovely Marcia, "towers above her sex," and that con-

siderably, and I shall not easily forget the prodigious step and grasp with which she wheeled me down the stone-staircase of Mr. Morton's house the other day at dinner.

Agnes Morton, younger than either her brother or sister, is one of those sweet little fairy creatures which we seem to recognize as the realization of some dim poetic dream, or favourite beauty of the fancy. Her light blue eyes, softening beneath the shadowy yet even tracery of her eye-brows, gleam upon you with a modesty and tenderness almost unearthly:—and the airy figure, ever simply attired, seems framed only to be lighted about by such gently radiant eyes. Her very motion has feeling in it: and her voice is quite Shakspearian, being low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman. Indeed her elf-like shape, melodious tones, and retired looks, seem contrived by nature as contrasts to the gigantic figure, vehement voice, and vampire gaze of Miss Prudence. Agnes, worthy owner of that innocent appellation, hath the sweetest and simplest wisdom in the world: Agnes with her lamb-like heart, and “those dove's eyes,” by gentleness carries all before her. She rules all hearts, as by some fairy spell. Her soft exclamations of attachment, disregard, or wonderment, are potent as acts of parliament, or wills of princes. You must not imagine, Russell, that I am heart-stricken more than becomes a respectful friend, though I fear my description rather borders on the style of the last new novel:—my affections are, as you know, wedded to books and life, and I see no very great probability of my ever deviating into the lover.

Thomas Morton, the nephew, or Tom, as he is more familiarly and affectionately called by his near acquaintance and friends, (and I always think that pleasant monosyllabic appellation is a species of short-hand for kind-heartedness,) is the life, delight, and perplexity of the household;—spirited, volatile, effervescing in health, and twenty years of age; he is at once the source of mirth, affection, and disorder. When you enter the house he, like Latimer's peculiar bishop, “is never idle;” either the foil is in his hand,

and he is pinking away at an old portrait of a great great uncle, whose canvass countenance he has already converted into a frightful rival of the nutmeg-grater; or with *muffles* on his knuckles, he is dipping away scientifically at the *day-lights* of a pier glass, or getting considerably the best of a corner-cupboard. One while you shall leave him reading one of Plutarch's lives, or burying his brain in the dark soil of Bishop Andrewes' Divinity; but leave the room for ten minutes, and you will find him on your return trying the latest quadrille with six chairs and a plate warmer; or exercising his legal powers of oratory, and convincing a green baize table of the strength of his talents and his hand, and the inveterate justice of his cause. He has a fine manly person, which, however, he a little distorts by the decisive cut of his coat, and the Corinthian roundness of his collar,—but it is not at all unpleasant to behold his light lithe person disdaining the restraint and imprisonment of dress, and dancing about under the Merino and the buckram with all the loose liberty of a boy at school. His spirits, when excited, run riot, and trample upon fashion in their freedom. Buttons, stay-tape, and button-holes are set at defiance; and the natural man bursts through all his envious clouds, and asserts his untameable glory. Tom is intended for the law, if it shall please his volatile spirits to suffer such intention to run its unshackled course; but there is no vouching for so heedless and unreliable a mind, which at a moment's warning, or even none at all, might waste its sweets behind a grocer's counter, or inspire crossed-legs and a thimble on a raised board under a dim sky-light. He reads poetry to please Prudence; but he occasionally tries her patience by the vehemence and sameness of his quotations. He has an ill knack of wrenching a profound or romantic passage from its original beauty and meaning, and of applying it to some unlucky and ludicrous circumstance, to the utter dismay of his elder and more inspired sister. She looks upon him with her tragic eyes, a look of learned remonstrance; and he receives her re-

buke with a burst of triumphant laughter, which sinks him only deeper in Miss Prudence's displeasure. To Agnes, Tom is all that is respectful, gentle, and sincere, recognizing her unobtrusive manner and exquisite softness of heart with all the generous and sensitive regard of his nature. The affections and enormities of Prudence sit uneasily upon him; but the pretty manners and engaging looks of Agnes disarm his ridicule and tame his heedlessness. Mrs. Morton is continually annoyed at the follies and bursts of rash gaiety in Tom, but her inimitable discernment into character makes her perceive a virtue under all, which will yet surmount its present impediments. Prudence, with all her temporary afflictions, sets a proper value upon his services at theatres and parties,—Agnes loves him for his marked and unceasing gentleness and affection,—and old Mr. Morton silently delights to see how fine spirited a lad Tom is, and though often worn with his noisy mirth, and suffering in his furniture from Tom's turbulent exercises, still he never fails to take a pride in the boy, and to say "Aye, aye, let him be young—we were all young ourselves, and have all had our troublesome days. I myself, (he will sometimes continue, to the regular astonishment of Agnes) I myself was once dangerous to the glasses, and had my boisterous propensities. Tom is a kind nephew." And Tom is kind. He is kind even to me, Russell, who sometimes venture to sift advice over his fleeting failings. There, I have given you a picture of the Mortons, and it is not "done in little," I think, but manufactured after the style of poor Dr. Primrose's family group,—huge, awkward, and unsatisfactory. Tell me, when you write to me, whether you detect in my poor language Mr. Morton from Mrs. Morton, or Tom from Agnes. I own I pique myself on Prudence.

Many of my days, my dear Russell, are passed, as you will readily conjecture, in the society of this excellent family; and one or other of them generally accompanies me on my excursions in search of the picturesque, as it may

be called, of this mighty city. At evening, we discuss the wonders we have seen, and many and various are the observations we make—each admiring, or severely commenting upon, the events of the day, after his or her own peculiar turn of mind.

We were all sitting one afternoon over our fruit,—sipping it might be a temperate glass of Mr. Morton's *particular*, which leapt into the glass "with all its sun-set glow," ever at the same interval, and ever in the same moderate quantities; our discourse was at its meridian, and we sat basking in the warmth of bright talk, and could have been satisfied to have ever so sunned ourselves. Mrs. Morton was in the full plumage of wisdom,—Miss Prudence had laid aside those two dilating eyes, so wont to expand over a whole company,—Agnes sat with her little white hand in Mr. Morton's, and smoothing with the other the scanty silken hair which scarcely shadowed his forehead. Tom was cutting out an orange into a sick alderman, and finding in his labours their own exceeding great reward; for he could procure no one to eulogize his sculpture in fruitage—all present having often been treated with a sight of the same specimen of the ideal in art. I had the forefinger of my right hand pertinaciously hooked round the stem of my glass. We were all peculiarly happy, alternately talking, alternately listening,—when the perfect blue of the sky, and the intense lustre of the sun, carried our thoughts to the country, and I know not how it was that they travelled to Greenwich. One ignorant question of mine led on to one sweet remembrance of the ladies, and another, another—and my mind became excited in the narration I heard—and curiosity led to uttered desires—and desires grew to projected realizations, till in due course of scheming, we arrived at a determination to visit Greenwich Hospital on the following day. Mrs. Morton would fain have gone that very afternoon, that her *best* half (in her estimation) might partake of the pleasure; but Mr. Morton protested against it, declaring that he had seen the building many years ago,

and that the evening damps were much against the journey home. The visit accordingly was postponed until the morrow; and the evening subsided into a quiet tea, and a patient rubber, in the course of which I led a small diamond that forced Mr. Morton's king of trumps, and crowned my misfortune by omitting to lead through the *honour*, which lost us the game, and which abducted from Mr. Morton a kindly and monitory moaning till I left the house for the night. But on shaking my hand at parting, he told me that he believed we could not have won the game; and he begged I would not think more about it, although indeed any card would have been better than the diamond.

I wish I could begin this paragraph with the explosion of some such eloquent gun as commences the *deep* tragedy in the Critic; and thus convey to you a perfect and an instantaneous idea of the rich "saffron morning," without the usual flourish of sun and clouds, and all the established finery of blue firmament, and "gilding the eastern hemisphere," and singing birds and fresh zephyrs: but I have no way of breaking all this splendour to you, Russell, without having recourse to these popular terms: you will therefore have the kindness to imagine one of the brightest days that ever shone in the first chapter of a novel, and you will approach within thirty degrees of that admirable morning on which it was our fate to visit Greenwich Hospital. Our company fell off rather in the morning. Mr. Morton, as usual, came down to breakfast (I was invited to that meal, and was punctual) in his easy slippers, but otherwise neatly armed in cleanliness for his City duties. He shook my hand, and slightly occurred to our misfortunes the night before by hoping that I had thought no more of the diamond, as it was really not worth caring about. He rejoiced in the fineness of our day, and begged me to admire particularly Sir James Thornhill's paintings at Greenwich Hospital, which he remembered were very blue and very beautiful; and he then wondered whether this Sir James Thornhill was any relation of the Baronet in the Vicar of

Wakefield, for he never lost the impression, made in youth, that this tale was a true one, and that all its characters had lived precisely as Goldsmith has so exquisitely described them. When we were all assembled at the breakfast-table, Prudence broke the ice of an apology, by hinting that she doubted whether the day "would last;" and, indeed, that she took no peculiar delight in seeing a great old building, full of lame uncultivated old men; and that, indeed, she expected Miss —— would call with the lines; and, indeed, that she could not altogether think herself well, for she had heard the clock strike *two*, and could not see very clearly with her eyes in the morning, giving them at the same moment a profound roll, as though they were revolving like satellites around her head, to convince us that her sight *was* affected. Mrs. Morton, foreseeing no great advantage from Miss Prudence's society under her then state of mind, very wisely begged her not to think of venturing in so dire a state of health; and Miss Prudence, with a sigh that seemed "to shatter all her bulk, and end her being," consented to give up the pleasure of Mr. Herbert's company, with the same species of reluctance that Richard displayed to receive the crown at the hands of the pertinacious Lord Mayor. Agnes looked pale, and was evidently affected with a head-ache, though she made no complaints, and was anxious to assure us that it would be removed by the ride and the fresh air. Tom would have accompanied us, but he had some other engagement, which I guessed, by his shrewd winks and nods, was not of that order that, in the opinion of ladies, ought to supersede a visit to so noble a building as Greenwich Hospital. He wished he could make one with Herbert, but (squaring with his clenched hands, and scientifically touching at the tea-urn) he had business in hand that must be taken by the forelock. He took an opportunity, while the ladies were gone up to attire, to let me into the secret of "a bull-bait down the Edgeware Road, near the four mile slab," which would be worth whole pailfuls of pensioners, and he was desirous of fleshing a young

ring-tailed and tulip-eared puppy, of which he had the most extravagant expectations; not but that I should be entertained where I was going. In less than a quarter of an hour from the period of this assurance our breakfast party had separated; Mrs. Morton, Agnes, and myself were seated in the carriage, rattling through the stony-hearted streets. Mr. Morton was steadily walking towards his counting-house, with a placid heart, and an umbrella under his arm, (for he never was betrayed by a fine morning into an abatement of this salutary provision against the malice of the clouds.) Miss Prudence had arranged herself over a volume of Wordsworth, and a lace-frill, and sat like Lydia Languish over the Tears of Sensibility, ready for any one that should come: while Tom, with a blue neckerchief, and a white hat, was shaking his way down the Edgeware Road, in the taxed cart of one of the cognoscenti, discussing the breed of *piéd* and *brindled*, and sitting with his two hands round the lugs of his little tulip-eared puppy, which sat up in restless state between his legs.

I shall not detain you, Russell, over the common adventures of the road; you will know that the principal incidents were the paying of turnpikes, a tax which those who prize smooth roads and easy riding seldom think an evil.

How shall I give you an idea of the beauty of the far-famed Hospital of Greenwich, rising with its fair domes and stately walls, by the side of one of the noblest rivers in Europe?—In no way, I fear, save by sending you the “perspective view,” sold by the boatswain in the painted Hall, done in a very masterly manner by some one, if I recollect rightly, connected with the Hospital. The beautiful park rises gradually on the *larboard* side of the building, to speak professionally, and seems to protect it from all rude storms, and tempests; as it, in turn, shields its old glorious inmates from the blasts and billows of the world. There are four divisions, all stately and majestic; and the court yards and kingly statue speak, like an English history, of the reign of George the Second. The very dress of the pensioner appears a sober record

of the fashion of that day, and removes the wearer from the modern manners and look of the foolish mankind of this round-hatted generation. Every old sailor appears coeval with the foundation of the charity, and walks the deck of the building under his three-cornered beaver, more like a formal gentleman out of one of Sir John Thornhill’s pictures, than the living hulk of a man of war, laid up in the blessed harbour of his country. All the arrangements of this admirable charity are so well ordered that the sailor has his life embalmed in comfort, and preserved as much in its original shape and appearance as possible. The watches are set—the food is portioned out—the cooks are of the crew—the lieutenants preside—the bed-rooms are like cabins—the wainscoting is of oak—the very cloth of the dress is blue. It is life in a stone ship,—on an untroubled sea,—with no end to fresh meat and water,—a naval romance! There is no more to do than to take care of their munificent vessel; and I will do them the justice to say, that they are ever washing the decks. You can hardly go over the rooms without finding one man at his Bible—another at a sea voyage—another looking through a telescope at the vessels in the river: they are a silent, contemplative race, made so, it may be, by the eternal and higher noise of the sea, which has unfitted them for the lighter voices of their kind. But from this general character for reserve and retirement let me exempt honest Master Ball, as comely a man as ever wore checked shirt,—as conversational a man as ever piped all hands,—as cheerful a man as ever brake biscuit, or damped a tobacco-tinted tooth with a tumbler of cold grog. He is, if I mistake not, the boatswain of one of the long rooms, and sits there as jolly as though he should never be old; smiling on all comers, and looking over two shining bronzed cheeks with the most easy and winning assurance in the world. Mrs. Morton well remarked, that he looked as if he would give sickness no more quarter than the enemy. His forehead shone insufferably bright, and quite dazzled the eyes of the beholder; and his hands were

crossed over the lower button of his waistcoat, which fastened as convex a little garment as ever bent round a comfortable body. Agnes thought the forehead was like that of Mr. Morton; but we all negatived her opinion, and left her to the solitary possession of it; which, however, woman-like, she tenaciously held. But I know not how it is, I am getting out of order, and am describing a character with which, at present, I have clearly no business.

The terrace that runs along the whole range of the building, between it and the water, is pleasantly situated, but, as it does not much abound with pensioners, it is by no means a striking attraction in my eyes. But in the walk below it, at the edge of the water, narrow, inconvenient, and thronging with watermen, sailors, and other bronzed men,—we all delighted to walk. There do the maimed and weather-tried tenants of the place saunter out their indolent and late holiday of existence. There do they sit for hours, like Crabbe's Peter Ghymes, but without his crimes, looking upon the flood. There do they lean,—there stand,—there recline,—there sidle about. The passing of a packet,—the slow drifting of a merchantman,—the heavy slumber of a Dutch vessel,—the arrowy course of a wherry,—are all beheld and thought over with an unchangeable profundity and a deathless silence. It appears to me that words are of no use by the water side. The only object that calls up an extraordinary expression of surprise or distaste on the mahogany line of visages along the railing, is the aquatic innovation of a steam-boat;—*that* elevates the bristles of twenty or thirty pair of rugged old eyebrows, and crumples up so many dark brown cheeks till they look like a row of bifens.—But not a word passes. The long—rapid—smoking machine goes rattling by, convulsing the river, and agitating the lesser craft: but much as it offends the eyes of the oldest sailors, it is passed and passes in a dignified silence. I was much amused, and nudged my good friends on each side to share in my amusement, by watching one hale old man, with a peculiar and

shrewd cock of his tri-cornered beaver, probing, with his gimlet eye, the rusty hole in the bottom of a worn-out skiff. He stood sideways, peering into it with all the sagacity of the magpie's marrowbone survey—now ogling it on this side—now contemplating it on that,—and appearing to see in it something far deeper than our poor optics could discern. He looked closer and closer, and twined his glossy antiquated fingers upon the small of his back,—and gave his head a more intense twist—till I really thought the hole might not be a mere hole, and that I ought not, as Mr. Puff says, to be “too sure that he was a beef-eater.” Five minutes elapsed, but the inquisition was not over;—indeed, it deepened and deepened, and just as I was satisfied the scrutiny was ripening to a purpose, and that the old man was arriving at his conclusion, he suddenly dispersed all our expectations by loosening his hands, giving the silver buckle of his right leg an easy elevation into the sun, and, whistling off the last notes of some rickety tune, he left us with an empty stare at ourselves, the building, and the river. And this is, with these charming old men, an incident—a sample of life. Thus do they dwell, thus exist in doing nothing with more industrious exactness than any other kind of idlers in the world.

By the kindness of one of Mr. Morton's friends, who holds some place of trust in the Hospital, we were conducted to the chapel, one of the most beautiful places of worship I ever beheld, but possessing, perhaps, too much of architectural splendour for the sincerity and serenity of devotion. It had not the unobtrusive quiet of the little Oratory of Warwick Castle: but the gothic style is to my feelings always more associated with the sacred earnestness of prayer. A steady, sober pensioner, with a willow wand in his hand, marshalled us up to the extreme end of the interior, and pointing to a huge painting by West, over the communion table, began his daily labour of description. The Preservation of St. Paul from Shipwreck must be a brave subject for an old sailor to enlarge upon:

and accordingly, our guide lifted up his voice and spake. He pointed out the mariner,—the sea,—the vessel; and nothing that I can say will afford you an idea of the deep rugged vigour of his voice. When he came to a word with an R in it,—it rattled in his mouth like a loose sail in a stiff wind; and his laborious expulsion of sound resembled the exertions attendant upon working a boat against a heavy sea. He resolutely adhered to his own mode of pronunciation, which made good havoc with many stout words, that had stood the storms of other tongues;—but so like the monotonous tones of the sea was this his delivery of sound, that I could have closed my eyes and fancied myself sitting near the mainmast, with all the world of ropes and booms creaking and rattling around me. The picture is a clever picture, but it has all the hardness and stiffness peculiar to West. The pulpit is not at all suited to the purity of the chapel. The ceiling is extremely rich. At the entrance there is an inner portico supported on beautiful columns of white marble, which caught the heart of Agnes, and was not displeasing to the severer eyes of her aunt and myself.

The Painted Hall faces the chapel, and is to be sure sufficiently splendid:—the ceiling is, as a very clever little account of Greenwich Hospital remarks, well described by Sir Richard Steele.

Mr. Flamstead looks down, with his ingenious discipline, in a way to awe all sublunary objects. The mixture of gods, rivers, virtues, fame, king, queen, and Tycho Brahe, is sufficiently various to hit the taste of the most dainty admirer of variety. I do not, however, see in this description any account of the first pensioner, the original man of blue, the Adam of Greenwich Hospital, whom death turned out of his waterside Paradise:—I see no mention of him, although the little stunted boatswain pointed him out in the ceiling, and dared us to get to any part of the hall without encountering the eyes of this seamen in the shrouds. I think, however, in spite of this, that he was blind. At the end of the hall are the portraits of George I. and his family,

all little well-wigged princes, and formidable princesses, doubtless very staring likenesses. Sir James Thornhill figures away also himself, in a splendid suit, and enclouded in a wig of inestimable curl.

The sides of the hall have representations of fluted columns, which, as the boatswain says, “you would believe were carved;—they are all as smooth as this wall.” Mrs. Morton engraved a smile upon his copper visage, by examining closely, and very generously still professing a disbelief;—he drew his willow wand across it, winked at me, and re-assured her that it was “nothing but painted.” Lord Nelson’s car stands in one corner, and when it is remembered how great were the remains which it bore, through a grateful weeping people, to its last and eternal cabin, and how glorious was the wood of which it was constructed, it is affecting little to say that it inspires gentle, and proud, and melancholy thoughts.

The kitchen, and the dinner room, with their homely furniture and pease-soup atmosphere, are refreshing to behold, provided you have not allayed the cravings of your appetite; and the cleanliness observable around is the pleasantest provocative of hunger in the world. When we passed through these rooms, the scouring was going on, and there was a thorough sloppiness apparent over every-thing. The bread-room had a delightful wheaten odour, which took my senses mightily. Agnes, as she peeped with her pretty face through the grating at the imprisoned loaves, heaved a sigh as though she pitied the confinement of even a *half-quartern*!—so much like a prison did this huge pantry look, and so ready was her pity for any thing that reminded her of a prison.

We took a survey of the rooms, in which were the little cabins of this happy crew, all as smart and neat as the peaceful hearts and golden leisure of their tenants could make them. Each pensioner appeared to have brought with him the hammock from his favourite vessel; and the clean silence of the long apartments seemed one perpetual sabbath. On entering,—there

sat our good friend Ball, reading near the window, with his comely blue legs crossed placidly over each other, and his bright old eyes twinkling with a roguish joy peculiar to himself. He did not rise up,—neither did he lay aside his volume—Robinson Crusoe, or Philip Quaril it might be,—but he looked archly upon us, and answered our queries with an honest merriment that made me wish myself an old bald-headed sailor of some sixty years of age, sitting in a long room at Greenwich Hospital, and answering three inquisitive visitors without a care as to what queries were put to me. The little cabins, or bed-rooms, are small, and decked after the taste of the proprietors ;—here you shall see a flaming ship,—there a picture of Nelson, done on glass, with desperate blue coats, and alarming yellow breeches, and sold by those foreign pedlars at a price which almost persuades one that they must have stolen the colours, or pilfered the pictures ready framed and glazed.

We were shown into some of the rooms of state, and were hurried from portrait to portrait in cruel haste. In one room we beheld Captain Spearing, the marvellous gentleman that lived seven days in a coal-pit without food, and afterwards married and had nine children, as he by his own ingenious and entertaining narrative avoucheth. The belief among the sailors, however, is, that a Robin Redbreast brought him food, but I do not altogether side with the pensioners in this creed. He looked so well and neat in his light flaxen wig, though upwards of ninety, as I was told, that I had serious thoughts of trying a coal-pit myself, and could well endure the Robin Redbreast's victuals to survive so well and flourish so merrily.

Age, indeed, in this matchless building, is as verdant and pleasant as youth elsewhere. You see white hairs in every direction—but no white faces. The venerable chaplain, whom I saw, had

a cheerful vivacity, and a sprightly vein of conversation, quite captivating and instructive ; and I am very sincere in wishing, Russell, that you and I could have a cozey dish of tea with him, and a long chat over the early governors and the golden days of Greenwich Hospital.

I have given you, my good friend, a very imperfect and hasty sketch of this great charity ; but I would not tire you with the minute details, which you will read in the agreeable and intelligent little pamphlet, sold at the hospital (a copy of which I now send you.)—We sauntered into the park, and buried ourselves for some hours in the green solitude of that solemn and peaceful retreat. The rich trees, spreading and mingling their ample foliage—the soft verdure of the grass—the deep and silent dells—the lofty and green eminences (commanding a view of the mighty city, and its spacious living river,) all well and wondrously contrasted with the scene we had been witnessing, and disposed our hearts to feel brimmed with peace and grateful joy, and gently to marvel “ why there was misery in a world so fair ! ” I shall never forget Mrs. Morton's voice, musical and eloquent in that blessed place, and Agnes letting her sweet nature breathe itself in unrestrained freedom. We returned to town, and recounted to Mr. Morton, late into the night, the wonders we had seen !

Forgive this letter of fearful length ; not often will I so err ; but the Mortons are described, and you will not have that description to undergo again. Miss Prudence had seen Mr. —, the tragedian, and was profoundly pen-sive :—Tom was tired to death, and slept in his chair a sort of dog-sleep, learned, I believe, at the strife he had been witnessing.—Farewell.—Love to all the Powells—not forgetting yourself, my dear Russell. Yours faithfully.

EDWARD HERBERT.

THE SEA STORM.

Stanzas suggested by the loss of the Earl Moira Packet, August 9, 1821.—The awful circumstances here alluded to are taken from a narrative by one of the survivors.

IT was not sunshine ; yet the tinted West
Told not of storm and danger, and the foam
Of wind-toss'd billows was not on the sea ;—
The peopled vessel, with her noble vest
Of sail and streamer danced merrily
Upon the Ocean's face, as if it were her home.

She had gay hearts on board. Some that were wed,
The loving and the loved ;—the recent bride,—
The mother and her children,—all were there,
That in our heart of hearts are nourished.
Oh ! all was joyous then,—the very air
Was lov'd and woo'd, that fann'd them thro' the tide.

The greetings all were said from those on shore ;
The blessing on the voyagers' heads was past ;—
Stretch'd is the vessel towards green Erin's land,—
Yet as she parts dear friends, they breathe once more,
Scarcely heard upon the fast receding strand,
The fond adieu ;—how little dream'd the last !

It freshens now,—the wind is on her bow,—
And evening, with its mantle of dark cloud,
Closeth the ship about. Again the wind
With deeper, hoarser warning speaks ;—And now
Starless and black as if with storm combined,
Night hangs o'er all as with a dead man's shroud.

Yet she went on her course, and the brisk gale
Seem'd to the anxious but the wing of speed :
Anticipation saw the Island green
Approach at every blast,—the wind-flapp'd sail
It did not look upon ; and still unseen
Was shoal and danger,—till they came indeed !

And soon they came, and terrible, and wild,
In covetous destruction they rush'd on ;—
'The ship is on the rock ! and they that were
Upon her deck but now, when fancy smiled,
Pointing to other days, now hug despair ;
Life's hours for them are gone,—they cannot reckon
one !

It is not as it was ! The veil of fate
Shuts out Hope's light that beam'd so fair before ;
The night's pale crescent could not lend her light,
Nor give one smile to cheer the desolate :
And the rock'd bark, all through that dreary night
Labor'd upon the surge that death and danger bore.

And what a sight did the young Morning bring !
And what a havoc had the darkness wrought !
The sun glar'd on them in their agony,
Struggling upon the wave,—whilst some did cling
Round other corpses,—dreadful company !
And where the deck was crowded, there was nought !

There's not a moment passes, but the wave,
Greedy for human victims, closes o'er
Some atom of mortality ;—the flood
Each moment opes a wide and greedy grave,
Threatening the tall and gallant ship that stood
Upon its mighty breast, so proud before !

White garments float upon the waters there,
Useless, and horribly, for they suspend
The panting form beneath, 'twixt life and death ;
And in that agony the sea-doom'd fair
Seem'd clasp'd with grave clothes, ere the strug-
gling breath
Had pass'd away, and life had reach'd its end !

That mother, with her children, how she press'd,
And hugg'd her babies to the very last ;
Struggling with death amidst th' oppressive storm ;
Poor thing ! the dead alone was at her breast,
For each lov'd idol,—each dear treasured form
Was cold & petrified ; they could not face the blast !

Yet still she held them, till she stood herself
Like marble statue, breathless ;—whilst her dull
And glazed eye, when life was quite, quite fled,
Seem'd yet to linger on her worldly wealth
That rested on her arm ;—nor yet was vanished
The mother's firmness, though her cup was full.

The husband and the bride,—they perish'd too,
Clinging together, in that awful hour ;
Their flow'ry chain of love is changed now
To colder links ;—yet though the hue
Is not what 'twas before, the once sworn vow
In death supports them with its hallow'd power.

The youth's arm was around her, cradled there,
Her quiet spirit breath'd its latest sigh,
While the eye look'd unspoken gratitude ;—
And ere she touch'd the wave, that maiden fair
Had pass'd from life away !—when thus subdued,
Deep in the surge he drown'd his agony.

Oh ! 'twas a tale of sorrow !—Yet a gleam
Of sunshine came to some in that dark day :
All did not perish ;—lo ! upon the sea,
Struggling their dangerous passage thro' the stream,
Were those who rush'd to succour misery,
And, for their fellow man, dared that dark, perilous
way.

All did not perish * !—for that second Ark,
Like a new Saviour, trod the angry wave,
Which, like death's girdle, clasp'd it all around :
All did not perish in that tempest dark ;—
For like to Noah's dove, that Ark was bound
With branch of life th' undeluged few to save.

The ship has found a grave ! and those that are,
Hear but the bellowing wind, yet seem to see
Again the struggle, and the desperate press,
Where death with life but now waged horrid war ;
They stand like blight-marks in the wilderness,
The storm-seathed branches of a leafless tree.

They live ! but oh ! for ever on each heart
Shall be impress'd the horrors of that night ;
Pregnant with death and terror, the dark scene
Its awful warning shall for aye impart :
Whilst Gratitude, recalling what hath been,
Adores her rescuing God, and lauds th' Eternal
Might.

* The Earl Moira packet left Liverpool for Ireland, Aug. 8, (two days previous to the landing of the King in that country) In attempting to tack, the vessel struck on Burboo Bank. After considerable toil, she was got into deep water, but grounded a second time

Original Voyages.

CHAP. XII.

Account of the Sandwich Islands—Woahoo—Customs, &c.

THE Island of Woahoo is by far the most important of the group of the Sandwich Islands, chiefly on account of its excellent harbours and good water. It is in a high state of cultivation; and abounds with cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, horses, &c. as well as vegetables and fruit of every description. The ships in those seas generally touch at Owhyhee, and get permission from Tameameah, before they can go into the harbour of Woahoo. He sends a confidential man on board to look after the vessel, and keep the natives from stealing; and, previous to entering the harbour of Honorora, they must pay eighty dollars harbour duty, and twelve dollars to John Hairbottle, the pilot. This duty has only lately been laid on, on account of the King's brig Taamano, having to pay for her anchorage at Macao, when sent there with a cargo of sandal wood, in 1816. Tameameah justly observes, that if his ships have to pay on entering a foreign port, it is but reasonable that foreign ships should pay on entering his ports. There are three close harbours on the south side of Woahoo, between Diamond-hill and Barber's Point. On rounding Diamond-hill the village of Wyteetee appears through large groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees; it has a most beautiful appearance, the land all round in the highest state of cultivation, and the hills covered with wood; a beautiful plain extending as far as the eye can reach. A reef of coral runs along the whole course of this shore, within a quarter of a mile of the beach, on which the sea breaks high; inside this reef there is a passage for canoes. Ships frequently anchor in the bay, in from sixteen to twenty

fathoms, over a sand and coral bottom. Several of the King's old vessels are hauled upon shore and sheds built over them. His Majesty formerly resided at this village, but of late years has preferred his native place, Owhyhee. About four miles to the westward of Wyteetee is the village and harbour of Honorora; it is the largest on the island, as the natives collect from all other parts to be near the shipping. The harbour is known by a deep and remarkable valley over the village, through which the N. E. trade wind blows very strong. The island is not more than five leagues across at this part. The best time to get into the harbour is early in the morning, before the wind sets violently in a contrary direction; the chief generally sends a number of large double canoes to tow the ship in, as the entrance of the harbour is not more than a quarter of a mile wide. Small vessels, when about to enter, run close to the east side of the reef, where hundreds of the natives are collected, and, by throwing a rope to them, the ship is pulled up to the anchorage.—Ships can moor close to the shore, so as to have a stage from thence, and be as safe as if they were in the London Docks. A fine round battery on the S. E. flat, or point, mounting about sixty guns, protects the village and harbour. The fort occupies about eight acres of ground; the facing of the wall is stone, about eighteen feet high, and about the same breadth on the top, gradually sloping to make a base of about thirty feet. It is constructed of hard clay and dry grass and sand well cemented together; on the top of this wall are embrasures built of the same materials, without stone; the guns are mounted all round, and are from four to eighteen pounders, the heaviest guns facing the sea. The magazine is

on the Wharf Bank. The vessel soon filled, and the pump was plied, but with no effect. The waves brought the vessel on her broadside. All who were able got on the shrouds, and clung (men, women, and children) till from exhaustion they began to drop, and were overwhelmed. One wave carried off from ten to fifteen at once. The Holyake life-boat saved about thirty, many in a dying state. The number of persons on board is not exactly known; fifty are supposed to be saved, and sixty perished. The captain (who was among the first that perished), and the greater part of the crew, it is said, were intoxicated.

under ground and well secured; and in the middle of the fort stands a flag-staff, on which the island colours are displayed, consisting of a union jack, with a red and blue stripe for each island. Round the flag-staff are the chiefs' houses, and barracks for the soldiers. The strictest discipline is observed; the guard relieved very regularly in the night, and the word "All is well," sung out in English every ten minutes! The Americans supply them with powder and stores, for which they get sandal wood, rope, hogs, vegetables, &c. The village consists of about 300 houses regularly built, those of the chiefs being larger and fenced in. Each family must have three houses, one to sleep in, one for the men to eat in, and one for the women,—the sexes not being allowed to eat together. Cocoa-nut, bread fruit, and castor-oil-nut trees, form delicious shades, between the village and a range of mountains which runs along the island in a N. W. and S. E. direction. The ground is laid out in beautiful square patches, where the taro grows, round which they plant sugar canes and Indian corn. They have also a number of fine fish ponds, in which they keep mullet and a fish they call *avaa*. On the N. W. side of the harbour is a fresh-water river, where a ship's long boat can go up about two miles and fill the water-casks in the boat. About three miles to westward of Honorora is a second harbour, easier of access and superior to the other in every respect, except the want of a watering place. There are but few farmers' and fishermen's houses hereabouts, and for this reason, it is not frequented; in fact, few ships know any thing of it. About six miles to the westward of this harbour, is Wy Moma, or Pearl Water. This inlet extends about five leagues up the country in a northerly direction; it is about four miles across in the widest part, and at the entrance about half a mile. There is not more than fifteen feet of water on the bar or reef at high water, and inside from six to eighteen fathoms mud and sand. There is an island about two miles in circumference in the middle of this inlet, belonging to Mr. Maning, a Spaniard, who has been

here for many years. It is covered with goats, rabbits, and hogs, belonging to him. At the head of the inlet is a run of very fine fresh water, and provisions are cheap and plentiful. There are many divers employed here, diving for the pearl oysters, which are found in great plenty. We saved them much trouble and labour by presenting the King with an oyster dredge we had on board, with which Tameameah was highly delighted. The reef, or flat, extends from this inlet to Barber's Point which is about eight miles to the westward, and from thence several miles to sea in a S. W. direction. Round Barber's Point to the north is the bay and village of Y-eni; and a little farther to the N. W. stands the village of Y-rooa; on the west end of the island is the village and bay of Wy-mea. There are no harbours on the N. E. side of the island, and only two large villages. As I before observed, the women are not allowed to enter the men's eating-houses, or even to appear on the inside of the fence, on pain of death. Neither men nor women are allowed to eat in the sleeping-houses; the women are prohibited from eating pork, cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, and many other things, which are used as offerings to the gods, and it is considered a profanation if a woman should touch any thing so offered. They are not even allowed to touch any thing that goes inside of the men's eating house; they have their own vessels to eat and drink out of; and they must have a separate fire, at which to cook their victuals; the men's fire being called *yahee taboo*, or prohibited fire, from which they cannot even light their pipes, though both young and old are very fond of smoking tobacco. There are several morais, or churches in the village, and at new moon the priests, chiefs and *likanees* enter them with offerings of hogs, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, which they set before the wooden images. The place is fenced in, and have pieces of white flags flying on the fences. They remain in the morai three nights and two days at new moon, beginning at sun set and ending at sun rise, feasting on roast hogs, and praying all the time. On the first

quarter, they remain inside two nights and one day; full moon and last quarter, they remain inside two nights and one day; full moon and last quarter, the same time. While the chiefs and priests are in the morai, the women are prohibited from going on the salt water, either in canoes or boats, on even from touching it; neither are they permitted to come within forty yards of the morai. They pay the greatest respect to their chiefs and priests, and are kept in a superstitious ignorance. Their muckahitec, or annual festival, commences in November; it begins by three of the most expert warriors throwing each a spear at Tameameah, who is obliged to stand without any thing in his hand to fend them off; the first spear he catches, and with it makes the others spears fly several yards above his head. He then breaks a cocoanut; the sea is tabooed, and none of the natives are allowed to go near it. The King enters the church where he remains for some days, and the people decorate their houses with green branches and new mats. They dress in their best garments, and the head god is taken from the principal morai, and sent round the island carried by

the priests. Any persons coming between the god and the sea are immediately stripped of their garments, and the same is done if they do not strip as the god is passing, and lie flat on their faces. This is the season for dancing, boxing, feasting, and all kinds of amusement. When the god arrives from the place whence he first started, the Taboo is taken off. They are generally about thirty days going round, calling at all the villages and plantations, to remind the people that it is time to bring in their taxes, which they do twice a year. This feast ended while I was here on the 24th of December. I have frequently questioned the chiefs about their religion, and their general answer was, that they go to the morais more to feast than pray, which I believe to be really the case. Mr. Cox, or Teymotoo, that I have before mentioned, sets the wooden gods and priests at defiance; he says, that the white men's God is the true and only God. The Sandwich Islanders have entirely abolished human sacrifices; all the time I have been about these islands, I have not known a single instance of sacrificing a human being.

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

THE following is a recent instance of those charitable offices which the pious Monks of St. Bernard, from a sense of duty, as well as from the locality of their establishment, are in the habit of performing. A poor soldier travelling from Siberia to the place of his nativity in Italy, set out from the village of St. Pierre in the afternoon, in the hope of reaching the monastery before night-fall; but he unfortunately missed his way, and in climbing up a precipice, he laid hold of a fragment of a rock, which separating from the mass, rolled with him to the valley below, which the poor man reached with his clothes torn, and his body sadly bruised and lacerated. Being unable to extricate himself from the snow, and night having come on, he remained in that forlorn situation till morning. The weather was uncommonly mild for the season, or he must have perished. He

spent the whole of the two following days in crawling to a deserted hovel, without having anything to eat. Two of the Monks of St. Bernard, on their way to the village about sun-set, were warned by the barking of their dog, and descried the man at a distance; they hastened to his succour. They found him at the entrance of the hovel, where he lay as if unable to cross the threshold, and apparently in a dying state, from hunger, fatigue, and loss of blood. They raised him on their shoulders, and carried him to the village, a distance of five miles, through the snow. The man was above the middle size, and robust; so that, independently of his helpless condition, it required a considerable portion of strength, as well as management; in the village of St. Pierre, the poor traveller received every attention and assistance that his situation required.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF THE MODERN DUTCH.

Oct. 1, 1821.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the *hold of nature* ;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.—
That feed, like cannibals, on fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
A land that rides at *anchor*, and is moored,
In which they no not live, but *go aboard*.

BUTLER.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand ;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead ;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.—
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They with mad labour, fished the land to shore ;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of *ambergris*.
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows hear away ;
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre of their *new-catched miles* ;
And to the stake a *struggling country* bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their wat'ry *Babel* far more high
To catch the waves, than those to seal the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er the steeples played ;—
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for *cabillau*.

MARVELL.

THE Dutch are a formal people, and an attachment to system is conspicuous in all their transactions. This disposition is strikingly exhibited in the affairs of courtship and marriage. Imprudent matches are seldom made in Holland, most of the wealthy or respectable inhabitants of a place always contriving to intermarry with one another ; so that sometimes half the people of a town are linked together in this manner. The youth of both sexes have but few opportunities of making a choice out of their own circle, nor do they seem at all anxious to do so, one young man being in the estimation of the young ladies nearly as good as any other young man, and the gentlemen are not too difficult if a lady's person is at all tolerable, prudence being consulted previous to every other consideration. The chief members of those family circles give dinners to the rest in turns, for which purpose certain days are appointed, called *familie dags*. When a young man wishes to get mar-

ried, and has made his choice, he writes a formal letter to his father and mother respectfully requesting their approbation. The old people send for answer that they must have time to consider and consult together upon a point so important, but that he may expect an answer in three weeks, more or less. Hitherto, it must be observed, the lovers have never met in private, at least so it is understood. The young man having received the approbation of his parents in due form, he again in the same style, requests that his father would be pleased to wait upon the young lady's father to demand his daughter in marriage for his son. Much form and ceremony passes between the two old gentlemen, but the real business is to settle pecuniary affairs in a satisfactory manner ; which generally takes place, as they are always well informed before hand on this subject. A further delay of a few weeks, however, still takes place, before the lady's father gives his final consent. This having with much formality been given, all reserve between the lovers is instantly thrown off, and the next day a large party of their young friends accompany them a few miles out of town, and the afternoon is spent in mirth and jollity. They are now considered as *onder trowd*, a word nearly of the same meaning as betrothed, but it does not imply that parties are bound to each other, as either is at liberty to withdraw, and the marriage seldom takes place till a year after the period of which we are speaking. An advertisement is now put in the newspaper stating that such and such persons are *onder trowd*, and another is inserted at their marriage to announce that they are *getrouwd* (married.) As soon as the consent of relations is given, the lover has access to his mistress whenever he pleases, and he sometimes spends whole days in her company in her father's house, nor is the least restraint felt by either, though the whole family, young and old, and even strangers be present. Indeed the stiff formality which was so strictly observed

before, is now exchanged for unbounded freedom, and what we should consider as gross indelicacy. The young couple lavish the most extravagant endearments upon each other, and it must be confessed that the lady is by no means loath in returning the fondness of her lover, frequently entertaining both the sight and hearing of the spectators with the ardent marks of her attachment. We have witnessed all this and a great deal more, again and again, and often in the midst of a large party of both sexes and all ages, yet nobody seemed conscious of either the impropriety or indelicacy of it. This state of things continues about a year, when the marriage takes place, if neither party withdraw, which is seldom the case. The marriage is celebrated by a magistrate, a burgomaster always attending at the town-hall for that purpose; a certificate of their ages, and that they have the full approbation of their parents or guardians, must be produced. The ceremony is very short, but most people are married again by a clergyman, on the same day, though, this is by no means necessary to render the marriage valid. The old custom of throwing the stocking is still kept up even among the rich, and the happy bridegroom is exposed to all the mischiefs that his friends may think proper to tease him with, such as spoiling the lock of his chamber, or shutting up a cock or hen in the room, which do not fail to awake the young couple betimes.

The Dutch are remarkably fond of making verses, and they never fail to gratify this propensity on such occasions. We have seen many of these effusions, and though but few of them had any claim to the appellation of poetry, the versification was generally good. The authors always read such tribute of their affection or respect during the wedding feast, addressing themselves with great formality to the new married pair, who always appear highly gratified by them. Sometimes a masquerade takes place, and such of the guests as are capable of personating a character, come forward and make a speech to the happy couple, who on this occasion are placed upon an elevat-

ed seat to receive the addresses. It must be confessed, however, that all this is conducted in a very childish manner; there is a want of dignity and elegance throughout, and this remark may be applied to all the amusements of the Dutch. There is in their mixed society a degree of *trifling* in their conversation, which to persons of a different disposition is often uninteresting, and frequently disagreeable or disgusting.

There are certain times and seasons of which much notice is taken among the Hollanders, such as the first day of the year, and some other festivals. At Christmas, the oldest and richest members of the circles receive the congratulations of their relations and descendants with great formality.

The following advertisement, translated from an Amsterdam newspaper, is a specimen of the manner in which deaths are made public.—“That our enjoyments are fleeting, and that our happiest prospects may be in a moment blasted, I have this day experienced; as it has pleased God to take from me, by death, my worthy and beloved spouse, *Adriana van Bunk van Ommering*, with whom I have not yet been a year united, at the early age of twenty-one years and six months. A child of a few weeks old is thus bereft of a tender mother's care, and I of the comfort of a dearly beloved friend and partner. (Signed)

“CHRISTOFEL VAN DER VULGT.”

The different classes of society are much more distinctly marked by their dress in Holland than in this country; this is particularly the case with regard to females. In cities and large towns, the female servants never wear gowns nor straw hats; their dress generally consists of a short jacket or bed-gown, and petticoat either of white dimity or some very shewy colour, with a cap very high and much ornamented. They usually wear a black silk apron, which contrasts well with the white dimity. If a servant girl were to be seen with a straw hat or gown, her character would be lost for ever; but their appearance is much more interesting without them, and the extreme neatness of their dress is beyond description. This distinctive-

tion of classes extends to different employments and professions; in England bankers and merchants often associate with shop-keepers, shoe-makers and butchers, and sometimes even tailors, when wealthy, are admitted into the company of their betters; this is seldom the case in Holland, as all *winkeliers* (shopkeepers) *kleermakers*, (tailors,) &c. are carefully excluded from the society of *real* gentlemen, such as *banniers*, (bankers) *klopliedew* (merchants) and *de geleerde*, (the learned or professional gentlemen.)

The Dutch have an idea that it is a common practice in England for people to sell their wives, and we have often heard ladies express their firm belief that if they were to marry Englishmen they would have a right to sell them whenever they pleased. They also believe that all Englishmen are boxers, appearing to be quite ignorant that the battles, of which they find accounts in the newspapers, are fought by prize-fighters, but are quite persuaded that any respectable person challenges another to fight for money.

MENTAL PASTIMES ;

BEING ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, HISTORICAL, HUMOROUS, AND WITTY ; COLLECTED DURING A RESIDENCE IN RUSSIA, &c.

(English Magazines, for December 1821.)

THIS amusing little volume, we observe from its text in various pages, is the production of an artist, long resident at the Court of St. Petersburg. In his preface he vouches for its being entirely composed of *authentic* original matter, and he has given the public an entertaining olio, agreeable to his title page.

It is highly original, for we do not think that above three of the anecdotes have crept into circulation before; it displays many curious traits of Russian manners; it is generally lively and laughable in its "*Scraps*," (for such is the appellation given by the author to the storied divisions); and it contains a number of useful hints, as well as sensible reflections on various topics in the other of its divisions, which he has called "*Introductions*," and with which he prefaces every fact he has recorded. That the writer of such a work must himself be a bit of a humourist is more than probable; we should have guessed so, even had he not made it clear by the following

" PROLOGUE.

" For me and for my Scraps, it is my aim
A patient reading from good folks to claim.
This kind indulgence granted, on my part
I pledge the tribute of—a grateful heart.

The Author, Sirs, ranks not among the chicks ;

This, his first egg, was hatch'd at *fifty-six*.

If it should prove a dunghill, wring its neck ;

But, if a game one,—let it crow and peck
Quite chanticleer: If foster'd, Gents, by you,
Not this his last loud cock-a-doodle doo.

In Chancery suits, King's Bench, or Common Pleas,

A hearing is obtain'd—first paying fees,
Nor can you be condemn'd (tho' long about,)
Till they have heard your case quite out-and-out.

And even culprits firmly may look round,
Object to jurors whom they think unsound,
Bring friends to vouch for character, or try

The old stale trick, a hackney'd *alibi*.

So with the public; tho' I nervous shake,
Yet I'll attempt this useful law to make ;

That any Author's volumes, one, two, three,
Shall, by the Critics, not condemned be,
Till they have really read the whole through-out :

If then he's damned,—why, merry be the rout.

Write, Critics, write ! indulge your spleen and wit !

Fill every paper but the dreaded *writ*.

If he's a fool,—why, at his folly swear—

Fair play's a jewel—Miss, let go my hair—
I'm overwhelm'd with feeling,—spare my tears,

Let your good-nature dissipate my fears."

Having thus among his other Introductions introduced himself, we will take it for granted, that the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, and the author of

Mental Pastimes, are so well acquainted, that the former will listen with pleasure to half a dozen of the anecdotes of the latter.

"A German of the name of Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and *maitre d'hotel* to the Empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favorite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of 'Donder und blitz vas is das for a fly summer!' Her majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present." * *

"I have, in one of the following scraps, said, that the Emperor Paul was not completely master of himself: this trifling occurrence will farther evince it. The late Mr. Frazer, of the King's Road, Chelsea, used, almost every summer, to bring out a large investment of curious plants, flowers, and shrubs, of which the present dowager-empress, Paul's consort, was a great amateur and purchaser. One year, he brought out, on speculation, one of the long slap-bang stage-coaches, to carry sixteen insides; thinking they might be substituted for the very heavy lumbering calashes, then used for transporting the court-servants from the town palaces to those in the country, when they changed their dejour or service. The empe-

ror was apprised of the carriage being at the door, to which were harnessed six horses. He came down to see it; laughed at its appearance; and, seeing me loitering about, asked me, with another or two he selected, to take a ride in it. We were no sooner seated, than, to my utter astonishment, up jumped the autocrat of all the Russians on the coach-box, with the coachman, and away we drove for several versts. When about to return, whether the Tzar of Muscovy thought the carriage ridiculous, his own conduct somewhat so, or was splenetic at having so far committed the imperial dignity, I know not, but he tapped at one of the little windows in the front, where I sat, which, as the reader may suppose, I immediately opened, and on seeing me, he, half laughing, said, '*Savez vous, Mons. W. que si je voulais je pouvois vous cracher, dans la figure.*' 'Do you know, squire W. if I chose, I could spit in your face.' The reply it deserved might have packed me off to Siberia, and, therefore, I pocketed the affront." * * *

"In the reign of this Emperor, his regulations and orders were promulgated with such rapidity, that it could only be equalled by the counter-orders that were often within a few hours issued. It was, indeed, impossible to know how to act, so as to avoid offending, which gave rise to some one wittingly observing, 'It was all 'order,' 'counter-order,' and 'disorder.'"

"A Russian merchant, whose name at this moment I do not recollect, (nor is it important,) was extremely, even immensely, rich, yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces; burying his money in casks in the cellar; and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night; the dog (as most dogs will do) died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actu-

ally performed the faithful creature's services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

"Note.—Such is occasionally the eccentricity of character, that I am correct in adding, this man either lent or subscribed a million of rubles to assist the empress in the beginning of the Swedish war, or on some other great national emergency." * *

"Introduction.—Wit admits of being related; humour is better seen than described: the following scrap partakes of both:—

"Scrap.—By marriage Admiral Greig was brother-in-law to a Mr. Cook, a ropemaker at Cronstadt, a very worthy, but rather a formal and eccentric character. He had had a few friends to pass the day with him from Petersburg; and for one of them a bed was made up on a sofa, in the same room where he himself slept. The old gentleman had taken a glass or two more than usual, and the conversation, in the course of the evening, had turned on a court-mourning then ordered for the stadtholder of Holland. Cook had been loudly reproaching the idea, that because a great personage chose to slip his cables, and run for the other world, every body should be obliged to put on black. They went to bed; and, a few minutes after, his friend was ready to burst with laughter, to see the little man still sitting up in bed tottering with the extinguisher in his hand, ready to put out the candle, when, on seeing a black beetle running along the floor, he exclaimed in half drunken accents, "So you! so you! so you little d——d black son of a bitch, so you must go in mourning too for the Dutch king, must ye?"

Doyen, a French artist at Petersburg, seems to have possessed the ready wit and happy talent (which is never taken by surprise) so essential to promotion at court. The following anecdotes illustrate this:—

"In the reign of the Emperor Paul, when Doyen and myself occupied the same apartment in the Hermitage, and were pursuing our respective operations, one day, when Doyen was employed

on a large circular picture for a ceiling, the subject Cupid and Psyche, his imperial majesty entered the room, surrounded by his family, and followed by a numerous train of courtiers of both sexes. He began rallying the painter on the seeming ease with which he painted; and, laughing, told him any body could do that: upon which Doyen begged his majesty would make the essay, giving him his pallet and brushes. The emperor filled a brush with black paint, and made a long black stroke over the eye, on the face of Psyche, which he was then painting, and asked Doyen, with a smile, whether it was not 'a spirited touch,' and what it meant. The painter agreed the touch was vigorous, and said it was the eye-brow of Psyche. In that case, fair ladies, said the emperor, significantly, and bowing to the company, '*On peut juger du reste,*' one may guess at the rest."

"The emperor one day, puffing and blowing out his cheeks, (as was his custom,) strutted up to Doyen, who was painting a large picture of Cupid and Psyche, and told him he would set to him for the head of Psyche, which was then wanting. The painter, though taken by surprise, was not thrown off his guard; but, making a very low bow, replied, that had he wanted the head of an emperor, he would not have wanted a better model, but for a Psyche he must beg to be excused. The sprightly monarch, patting him on the shoulder, told him he had acquitted himself better than he expected, and had come off like a true courtier, with flying colours."

We now copy more miscellaneous matter:—

"Introduction.—Though the Russians had great reason to rejoice when the reign of the Emperor Paul was over, (indeed it was necessary to the well-doing of the empire,) yet much is to be said in his favour. He was an affectionate husband and father, a generous friend, and a liberal sovereign; often extremely amiable, always polite and witty; and though certainly not a handsome man, yet there was in his looks an air of wholesome health and cheerfulness, that impressed every one much in his favour. I think he could

not control his errors; as there was evidently a slight approach to insanity in the organization of his mind; in fact, he was not master of himself, or, as a Scotchman would say, he had a bee in his bonnet." * * *

"A little, modest, diffident clergyman, who was chaplain at Cronstadt, was dining one day at Mr. R——'s, a merchant at St. Petersburg, whose lady was somewhat fastidious, formal, and ceremonious, in the arrangement, cleanliness, and etiquette of her table. In endeavouring to help some one to fish-sauce, in his fidgetty trembling way, he actually let the butter-boat slip out of his hand, and its contents fell in part on the table. Bad! A part into a lady's wine that sat next to him. Worse!

And the remainder into her plate, and over her rich dress. Horrible! horrible! horrible! It was too much for the patience of any woman. The hostess, frowning and biting her lips, was about to open upon the unfortunate Clericus, for his blundering unhandiness, when he, all embarrassment, and hot from top to toe, stammered out, How lucky it was it had not happened at Mrs. ——, a lady well known in their circle to be much more straight-laced and particular in these things. This well-timed remark smoothed the brow of the lady; dimples and smiles succeeded to angry looks; his wit was admired, and the dreadful hole in his manners darned in a minute."

Extracts from "The Pirate," by the Author of Waverley.

SERENADE.

1.
"Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

2.
"Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;

While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.
"O wake and live,
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling."

ADVICE TO MAIDENS.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread—

SEA-DITTY.

Sung by the Pirate.

"Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

"The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controuling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

"The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

"To all I love; or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!"

ANCIENT CONJURING RHIME.

"Saint Magnus, control thee, that martyr of treason ;
 Saint Ronan, rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason ;
 By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
 Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry !
 If of good, go hence and hallow thee,—
 If of ill, let the earth swallow thee,—
 If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee,—
 If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee,—
 If a Pixie, seek thy ring,—
 If a Nixie, seek thy spring ;—
 If on middle earth thou'st been
 Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
 Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
 And dree'd the lot which men call life,
 Begone to thy stone ! for thy coffin is scant of thee,
 The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of thee ;—
 Hence, houseless ghost ! let the earth hide thee,
 Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou bide thee !—
 Phantom, fly hence ! take the Cross for a token,
 Hence pass till Hallowmass !—my spell is spoken."

THE SYBIL'S SONG.

"Champion, famed for warlike toil,
 Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil ?
 Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
 Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
 Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
 Ye slumber'd on, while life was in ?—
 A woman now, or babe, may come
 And cast the covering from thy tomb.
 "Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
 Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight !
 I come not, with unhallow'd tread,
 To wake the slumbers of the dead,
 Or lay thy giant reliques bare ;
 But what I seek thou well can'st spare.
 Be it to my hand allow'd
 To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud ;
 Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
 To shield thy bones from weather rough.
 "See, I draw my magic knife—
 Never while thou wert in life
 Laid'st thou still for sloth or fear,

When point and edge were glittering near ;
 See, the cearments now I sever—
 Waken now, or sleep for ever !
 Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done,—
 The prize I sought is fairly won.

"Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea
 Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,—
 And while afar its billows foam,
 Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
 Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might
 Of wild winds raging at their height,
 When to thy place of slumber nigh,
 Shall soften to a lullaby.

"She, the dame of doubt and dread,
 Norna of the Fitful-head,
 Mighty in her own despite—
 Miserable in her might ;
 In despair and frenzy great,—
 In her greatness desolate ;
 Wisest, wickedest who lives,
 Well can keep the word she gives."

NORWEGIAN FISHING SONG.

"Farewell, merry maidens, to dance, song, and laugh,
 For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf ;
 And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
 Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.
 "For now, in our trim boats of Norway deal,
 We must dance on the waves, with the porpuess and seal.
 The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
 And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.
 "Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
 By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea ;
 And when twenty-score fishes are straining my line,
 Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.
 "We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we haul,
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all :
 There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.
 "Huzza ! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh !
 For life without mirth is a lamp without oil ;
 Then mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil !"

SCENES IN CANADA.*

A Selection from the contents of this work will exemplify its qualities. On Lake Ontario the author says,—

“The most remarkable phenomenon which this and the other lakes exhibit, is that increase and rise of their waters which is said to take place at regular periods. It occurs, in a moderate degree, every seven years, and to a very great extent once in thirty or forty. In the year 1816, the waters of Lake Ontario were seven feet and a half perpendicular above their average height, and Lake Erie was affected in a similar way. I have visited the shores of Lake Ontario several times, accompanied by a person who resides upon them, whose intelligence and indisputable veracity made me put full confidence in the information he gave, and from whom I received proofs of the accuracy of what I have now stated. I likewise saw the remains of a large storehouse which had been built a few years before, in a situation that seemed quite inaccessible to the lake, although the waters have surrounded and nearly demolished it.

“This singular phenomenon affords a problem very difficult to solve. The quantity of water that must be required to increase the depth of Lake Ontario, and all the other lakes, seven and a half feet perpendicular, is so vast, that it is impossible to conceive where its source can lie.—The height of the waters of the lakes, indeed, varies a few inches almost daily; but this is occasioned by changes in the direction of the wind. When it is east or north-east, the waters are driven back, or at least impeded in their course, and consequently an accumulation takes place, which makes the lakes rise; but if it blows from the south or south-west, the direction in which they flow, their waters are hurried towards the St. Lawrence, and, of course, decrease in height in proportion to the strength of the wind.

“Sir Alexander Mackenzie, during his voyage to the north-west, observed

that the waters of the rivers and lakes which he navigated underwent considerable variation in their height, the increase and decrease sometimes amounting to two or three feet; which proves that this phenomenon is not confined to the lower lakes. If this augmentation of the waters took place only at irregular periods, we might suppose that it proceeded from the occasional melting of those immense quantities of ice and snow which are accumulated in the northern regions; but even this would scarcely be adequate to produce the effect which cannot at present be rationally accounted for.”

Near Lake Erie we have a natural exhibition of another sort:—

“Here, (says Mr. H.) for the first time, I was gratified with an opportunity of listening to a frog concert, as I passed a mill-pond which swarmed with bull-frogs. The noise which these animals make is so disproportioned to their size, that it startles the ear not a little. At first, several of them utter their notes at intervals, like the performers in an orchestra tuning their instruments; then they all join, as if by one impulse, in a chorus, deep, loud, and discordant, beyond any sound I ever heard produced by animals.”

The following, however, relates to a more remarkable animal phenomenon, which we do not remember to have seen so explicitly noticed before.

“Being fatigued with riding,” our author begins, “I dismounted, and seated myself at the foot of a large tree that overhung a small stream, in which little trout sported incessantly. Every breeze was loaded with vegetable fragrance; but at intervals I felt a most intoxicating perfume, the source of which I was for some time unable to discover. At last I saw two small snakes creep from under a decayed tree that lay near me, and found, from the momentary increase of the odour, and its diminution as they retired, that it

* Sketches of Upper Canada, domestic, local, and characteristic, &c. &c. By John Howison. Edinburgh, Nov. 1821.

proceeded from them. These animals (as I was afterwards informed,) while basking in the sun, emit a delightful fragrance; but they are destitute of this peculiarity when dead. I followed the snakes for a little way, and for the first time learned that such animals had the power of *fascinating* men. Whenever I advanced within a certain distance of them, they turned round and coiled up,

“—— and heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.”

He proceeds to state instances of the *fascinations* of these creatures, (attributable to *fear*, as he thinks,) and certainly goes farther than we can well credit on hearsay testimony.

“Upper Canada is not infested with any snakes of a dangerous kind, except the rattlesnake, which, however, is very rare in the cultivated parts of the country. Garter snakes and black snakes are to be met with every where, but they seem quite harmless.

“In Upper Canada, it is almost universally believed, that snakes possess that power of *fascination* which has so often been denied to them by naturalists. Many people have had the fact demonstrated to them by being witnesses of it, and this was the case with me. One summer day, when strolling through the woods, I came to the edge of a small pond of water, on the surface of which floated a frog in a state of motionless repose, as if basking in the sun. I carelessly touched his back with a stick, but contrary to my expectation, he did not move; and, on viewing him more closely, I perceived that he gasped in a convulsive manner, and was affected with a tremor in his hind legs. I soon discovered a black snake coiled up, lying near the edge of the pond, and holding the frog in thralldom by the magic of his eyes. Whenever he moved his head from one side to the other, his destined victim followed it, as if under the influence of magnetic attraction; sometimes, however, recoiling feebly, but soon springing forward again, as if he felt

“A strong desire with loathing mixed.”
The snake lay with his mouth half open, and never for a moment allowed

his eyes to wander from his prey, otherwise the charm would have been instantaneously dissolved. But I determined to effect this, and accordingly threw a large chip of wood into the pond. It fell between the two animals—the snake started back, while the frog darted under water, and concealed itself among the mud.

“It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their powers of *fascination* upon human beings, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was *charm-ed* by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day, that she was sent to spread wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house. Her mother conceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her standing unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eyes stedfastly fastened upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off, the girl recovered herself and burst into tears, but was for some time so weak and agitated, that she could not walk home.”

Without looking for connexion, we will now copy a pathetic Indian story from the shores of Lake Erie:—

“An Indian woman, and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the edge of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the

woods than she at first intended. In the mean time, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the Lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavoring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the Lake, and mount one of its projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed through the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and during that time, occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared, he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and, giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Presently she heard a feeble voice cry, (in Indian,) "Mamma, I'm here, come and help me." She started up and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank—she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the Lake, and perished among the rushing billows!"

The burning of a forest is a sublime spectacle, and affords Mr H. an occasion for displaying his pictorial powers:—

"The land around was covered with pine trees, and three months drought

had rendered these so dry and combustible, that hundreds of them took fire, in consequence of a few sparks, blown from an oven, having kindled the brushwood beneath them. Immense volumes of black smoke rolled from different parts of the forest, and, when the wind divided these, the flames were seen raging on every side, and ascending to the tops of the tallest trees; while the roaring, crackling, and crashing, were incessant, under the cloudy obscurity. Large burning splinters of timber, that must have been detached from trees by the expansive power of steam, were sometimes projected high into the air like rockets, and descended again, leaving a showery train of glowing sparks behind them. The wind was hot and suffocating as the vapours from a furnace, and the vast glare of the conflagration overspread the heavens with a copper colour most dismal and appalling. The inhabitants around hurried about in the utmost alarm, momentarily expecting that the flames would communicate to their barns and fences; and the tumult was increased by the bellowing of a number of cattle, which had rushed in a state of terror from the woods, where they had been feeding.

"About midnight, the conflagration, which had commenced the preceding day, had in a great measure ceased. Many of the largest trees were charred from top to bottom, and, being now in a state of glowing redness, they stood like dazzling pillars of fire in various parts of the forest. The upper boughs of others were still enveloped in flames, and resembled meteors as they waved in the wind, the trunks from which they projected being concealed by the darkness. In the morning, I walked out to view the scene of devastation, which presented an aspect truly horrible. Many hundred acres of land were divested of the verdure that had lately covered them. The branchless trees stood in dreary blackness, and the wind scarcely sounded as it swept among them. Not a single bird animated the prospect, and the desolate shriek of the racoon, deprived of its den, alone proved that the tenants of the forest were not entirely extirpated."

Original Letters.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME, THE HISTORIAN.

Dear Sir, No. IX. London. 1759.

I AM very well acquainted with Bourke, who was much taken with your Book. He got your direction from me, with a view of writing to you, and thanking you for your present: For I made it pass in your name.

I am told that you are preparing a new Edition, and propose to make some additions and alterations in order to obviate objections. I shall use the freedom to propose one, which, if it appears to be of any weight, you may have in your Eye. I wish you had more particularly and fully prov'd that all kinds of Sympathy are necessarily agreeable. This is the hinge of your system, and yet you only mention the matter cursorily in p. 20.—Now it wou'd appear that there is a disagreeable sympathy, as well as an agreeable. And, indeed, as the sympathetic passion is a reflex image of the principal, it must partake of it's qualities, and be painful where that is so. Indeed, *when we converse with a man with whom we can entirely sympathise*, that is, where there is a warm and intimate friendship, the cordial openness of such a commerce overpowers the pain of a disagreeable sympathy, and renders the whole movement agreeable. But in ordinary cases, this cannot have a place. An ill humour'd fellow; a man tir'd and disgusted with every thing, always *ennuie*; sickly, complaining, embarrassed; such a one throws an evident damp on company, which I suppose wou'd be accounted for by sympathy, and yet is disagreeable.

It is always thought a difficult problem to account for the pleasure, received from the Tears and grief and sympathy of Tragedy; which would not be the Case, if all sympathy was agreeable. An Hospital would be a more entertaining place than a Ball. I am afraid that in p. 99. and 111, this proposition has escap'd you, or rather is interwove with your reasonings in that place. You say expressly, *it is painful to go along with Grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance*. It will probably be requisite

for you to modify or explain this sentiment, and reconcile it with your system.

My Dear Mr. Smith; You must not be so much engross'd with your own Book, as never to mention mine. The Whigs, I am told, are anew in a rage against me; tho' they know not how to vent themselves; For they are constrain'd to allow all my facts. You have probably seen Hurd's abuse of me. He is of the Warburtonian school; and consequently very insolent and very scurrilous; but I shall never reply a word to him. If my past Writings do not sufficiently prove me to be no Jacobite, ten Volumes of folio never would.

I signed yesterday an Agreement with Mr. Millar; where I mention that I propos'd to write the History of England from the Beginning 'till the Accession of Henry the VII; and he engages to give me 1400 pounds for the Copy. This is the first previous Agreement ever I made with a Bookseller. I shall execute the Work at leisure, without fatiguing myself by such ardent application as I have hitherto employ'd. It is chiefly as a resource against Idleness, that I shall undertake this Work; For as to money, I have enough; and as to reputation, what I have wrote already will be sufficient, if it be good: If not, it is not likely I shall now write better. I found it impracticable (at least fancy'd so) to write the History since the Revolution. I am in doubt whether I shall stay here and execute the work; or return to Scotland, and only come up here to consult the Manuscripts. I have several inducements on both sides. Scotland suits my fortune best, and is the seat of my principal friendship; but it is too narrow a place for me; and it mortifies me, that I sometimes hurt my friends. Pray write me your judgement soon. Are the Bigots much in arms on Account of this last Volume? Robertson's Book has great merit; but it was visible that he profited here by the Animosity against me. I suppose the Case was the same with you. I am, Dear Smith, Yours sincerely.

DAVID HUME.

No. X.

Dear Smith,—I can write as seldom and as short as you.—I am sorry I did not see you before I left Paris, I am also sorry I shall not see you there soon. I shall not be able to fix Rousseau to his mind for some Weeks yet : He is a little variable and fanciful, tho' very agreeable. Lord Hertford is to be over some time in April. I must then wait for him ; and afterwards must be dispos'd of for some time by his Commands. I recommended my servant St. Jean to you ; If he be with you or the Duke, I am sure you will like him and keep him on ; and you need say nothing of this to him. Some push me to continue my History. Millar offers me any price : All the Marlborough papers are offered me : And I believe nobody wou'd venture to refuse me : But *cui bono?*—Why should I forego Idleness and Sauntering and Society ; and expose myself again to the clamours of a stupid and factious public ? I am not yet tir'd of doing nothing ; and am become too wise either to mind censure or Applause. By and bye I shall be too old to undergo such labour. Adieu.

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

(Addressed) A Monsieur—Monsieur Adam Smith
chez Mousr. Foley, Banquier a Paris.

No. XI.

Paris, 5 Novr. 1765.

Dear Smith,—I have been whirl'd about lately in a strange manner ; but besides that none of the Revolutions have ever threatened me much, or been able to give me a moment's anxiety, all has ended very happily and to my wish. In June last, I got my patent for Secretary to the Embassy, which plac'd me in as agreeable a situation as possible, and one likely to last with £1200 a year. A few Weeks after, Lord Hertford got a letter from which he learn'd, that he must go over Lord Lieutenant to Ireland : he told me that he was averse to this employment for many good reasons, and wou'd not accept of it, unless gratify'd in some demands, particularly in appointing me Secretary for that kingdom, in conjunct Commission with his son, Lord Beauchamp. This is an office of great dignity as the Secretary is in a manner

Prime Minister of that kingdom ; it has 2000 a year Salary, and always entitles the person afterwards to some considerable Employment, whatever may be the fate of the Lord Lieutenant. Notwithstanding these advantages, I was very averse to the office, as it oblig'd me to enter on a new scene at my years, and a scene for which I apprehended I was not well qualified. I said so to Lord Hertford ; but he still persisted in his resolution. A few Weeks after, when he went over to London, he found the rage against the Scots so high, that he was oblig'd to depart from his resolution : Perhaps, the zeal against Deists enter'd for a Share. On the whole, he appointed his Son, sole Secretary ; but he told me that he had obtain'd the King's promise to provide me in something that shou'd not be precarious. Ten days after he wrote me that he had procured me a pension of 400 a year for life. Nothing cou'd be more to my mind. I have now opulence and liberty : The last formerly rendered me content : Both together must do so, as far as increase of Years must permit. * * *

As a new vexation to temper my good fortune, I am much in perplexity about fixing the place of my future abode for life. Paris is the most agreeable town in Europe, and suits me best ; but it is a foreign Country. London is the Capital of my own Country : but it never pleas'd me much. Letters are there held in no honour : Scotsmen are hated : Superstition and Ignorance gain ground daily. Edinburgh has many objections and many Allurements. My present mind, this forenoon, the fifth of September, is to return to France. I am much press'd here to accept of offers, which would contribute to my agreeable living, but might encroach on my Independence, by making me enter into engagements with Princes and great Lords and Ladies. Pray give me your judgement.

I regret much I shall not see you. I have been looking for you every day these three months. Your satisfaction in your pupil gives me equal satisfaction. Yours most sincerely,

(Sd.)

DAVID HUME.

London Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

THE TERNICK OF ANTWERP.

At Antwerp there is an alms-house for poor girls, which is called the Ternick, from the name of the founder, a pious canon of Antwerp, who had the satisfaction of governing the institution he had founded for thirty-eight years. In his daily visits, he successively discovered what improvements and reformation it required. Among other regulations, there is one which, at first view, appears very singular, but which is not on that account less reasonable. He thought that children employed all the day in sedentary work, would need some exercise before they went to bed. He therefore directed, that after supper they should dance for half an hour; and, as he wished to prevent all appearance of a ball, he prescribed that they should not dance to the sound of a violin, or any other instrument of that kind, but to that of a flute of many barrels, commonly called a copper whistle. The mistresses, who themselves have been educated in the house, and are well acquainted with its customs, either play the flute, or dance with the young girls: the house is well directed, and contentment and health reign through it.

IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

The serious inconveniences attached both to Falmouth and Torbay as affording no secure anchorage for large fleets, have long shown the necessity of converting Plymouth into a safe harbour, and government having at length resolved that something should be done, to accomplish so desirable an object, various plans were proposed and discussed; the result of which has been the proposal of Mr. Whidby, who accompanied Captain Vancouver in his voyage round the world, to construct the great work which is now so far advanced to its conclusion, and has already fully justified the expectations formed of its utility, by the safety which very many vessels have already derived from it. According to the plan, as originally laid down by Mr. Whidby and Mr. Rennie, the length of the work was to be 1,700 yards, or nearly a mile, extending across the middle of the Sound, from east to west, and leaving an entrance at each end; the centre part to be 1,000 yards in a straight line, and 350 yards at each end to head towards the north. at an angle of

104° with the centre part. The breadth of the bottom not to be less than about 250 feet, where the water was 30 feet deep, and 10 yards towards the summit at the height of 10 feet above low water or 40 feet from the bottom. The work to be commenced at the centre. This plan has been strictly adhered to; except that the dimensions are rather greater than those stated. At this time, the foundation of the whole fabric is laid to the extent of nearly a mile; the width at the base is 400 feet, and gradually diminishes to 48 feet, a little above high-water-mark; having a smooth walk or pathway, full six feet wide from end to end. This causeway, is composed of very large blocks of stone, many of them upwards of 10 tons weight each, and towards the middle of the Breakwater, a small jetty is carried out on both sides for the purpose of enabling boats to land in any weather.

About 1,000 yards are thus completed, and two million tons of stone have been already used. The stones now employed weigh upon an average from 5 to 10 tons; none of smaller dimensions being applicable. This stone is Devonshire marble, very hard and compact, with spots or small veins of black, white, and red, susceptible of a fine polish, and well adapted for chimney-pieces, and other ornamental works. The quarry is situated upon Catwater, near the mouth of the Plym. The rock, at the water's edge, is 25 feet high, and it rises to about 75 feet on the highest part; for which government gave ten thousand pounds to the Duke of Bedford for an extent of 20 to 25 acres, of which 8 acres have been cut away and thus employed. The various contrivances for obtaining those enormous masses by blowing up the rock, for conveying them to the waterside, and on board the vessel which carries them to the Breakwater, as well as for placing them in their proper position, reflect the highest credit on the skill of the engineers, and give the attentive observer a striking example of the wonders that may be effected by the aid of machinery. Besides the construction of the Breakwater, it has also been deemed advisable to remove several rocks at the bottom of the sea, which might injure vessels that happened to anchor over them at high water. But, many of these being 36 feet below the surface, it has been necessary to employ the diving-bell. That now employed is 6 feet long, 5 wide, and 7 high; composed of strong wrought iron, with shelves inside for the workmen's tools, &c. Two men generally go down together, the machine being lowered over the rock intended to be levelled. They use hammers and picks to break the rock, and put the fragments into canvas bags. The men remain two hours below water, when they are relieved by two others. They receive two shillings daily wages, and

eighteen-pence for every turn that they are below water. Some of the rocks at the bottom of the Sound have thus been lowered 9 feet, and made level with the surrounding ground.

Another work of great utility in progress in the neighbourhood of Plymouth is a jetty or pier constructing in Bovesand Bay, for the purpose of watering ships of war without taking out their casks. The ships are to be brought alongside the pier, and to receive their water by means of pipes from a fine spring; the casks having been sent on board empty are filled by means of a hose; which arrangement will save much time, trouble, and expense; as in time of war, when a fleet came for fresh water and no time was to be lost, the expense of getting it on board in the usual way has, on many occasions amounted to one guinea per gallon.

ECONOMICAL CHARITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Let not any individual say, "I am of no use in the world! I have no power to do any good!" for, as one of our poets says,

"Circles are praised, not that abound
In greatness; but th' exactly round:
Such praise they merit, who excel
Not in high state, but doing well."

At Hoffwyl, in Switzerland, lives a poor woman, who has devoted herself to the education and support of destitute orphan children depending on the charity of the compassionate, which is her only resource. She maintains eight; five boys, and three girls. The whole cost of her establishment, including herself, is less than *thirty francs* (say five and twenty shillings) per month; of which her lodgings costs *four francs*. The expense therefore for each individual, is scarcely three halfpence per day; yet the children are in good health, remarkably lively, fresh-coloured, and well-behaved. They are comfortably clad, and very obedient. She makes the elder teach the younger; and, no doubt, she makes them serve themselves and the younger also; which of necessity imposes a habit of diligence. The name of this exemplary personage is the widow Rumph; she is seventy years of age; she has been the mother of fifteen children, and has been the foster-mother to thirty-two others.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

A young woman of German extraction, waited for the Emperor Alexander on the stair-case by which he was accustomed to go down to the Parade. When the emperor appeared, she said, "Please your Majesty, I have something to say to you." "What is it?" demanded the monarch, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married, but I have no fortune; if you would but graciously give me a dowry"—"Ah, my girl," replied the emperor, "were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find the money?" The

girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty roubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him in ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at the time with his face to the military front, turned round instantly, and beholding the wretched object before him, started back at the sight; and then enquired with a look of astonishment what he wanted? "I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," said the stranger, in the Russian language. "Say on then," said the emperor, with a smile of encouragement, clapping him on the shoulder. A long solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and none ventured, either by word or motion, to disturb the emperor in this singular interview. The Grand Duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by this unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer to his brother. The stranger then related, that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present at the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarrow, that the latter had turned him out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being severely wounded at Zurich, (and here he pulled his rags asunder, and shewed several gun-shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburg, to apply to the emperor himself for justice, and to entreat an enquiry into the reason why he had been degraded from his rank in the army. The emperor listened with great patience, and then asked, in a significant tone, "If there was no exaggeration in the story he had told?" "Let me die under the knout," said the officer, "If I shall be found to have uttered one word of falsehood." The emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned round to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer who had behaved so harshly, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was very severely reprimanded; while the brave warrior whom he had unjustly persecuted was reinstated in his former post; and besides, had a considerable present from the emperor.

LITERARY.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has announced a Romance in 3 vols. to be called "The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Woman, and Witchcraft"

Novels are forthcoming from the pens of Mrs. Opie and the Author of Calthorpe; and Barry Cornwall's new Poem of The Deluge.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1822.

[NO. 11.

AN ARCTIC WINTER.

(From the London Time's Telescope, Jan. 1822.)

PHENOMENA AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

IN the volumes of Time's Telescope, for the years 1820 and 21, we have given some curious particulars of the extraordinary effects produced by *frost*, *snow*, *ice*, and *cold*, in the frozen regions of the North; we now resume the subject, and present our readers with the result of our gleanings from the interesting volume of CAPT. PARRY, whose '*Journal of a Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*' will form a noble monument (*cere perennius*) of the enterprise and talent of the author, and of the undaunted conduct and persevering industry of his companions. Captain Parry's account of the many singular facts which he collected, and the observations made by himself and officers in the course of the voyage, are circumstantial without being tedious,—explicit without being commonplace,—and interesting without the least art or attempt at effect. The plates which embellish this elegant volume are of a very superior description, and convey to the mind a most vivid and *heart-chilling* picture of the appearance of this desert region. The situation of the ships, at times, must have been tremendous; and nothing could have been more awful than to behold sea and shore, hill and valley, in short, Nature herself, under the aspect of one continued iceberg; no

sound to break upon the silence, but the explosions of the ice, or the howling of the wolves; and no living thing to meet the eye, except some ravenous and half-famished animal.

Where the NORTH POLE, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around;
There *ice-rocks* piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall; where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when, profound,
The smoke-frost muttered: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and fixed on his primeval mound,
Ruin, the Giant, sits; while stern *Dismay*
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert
way.

In that drear spot, grim *Desolation's* lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing *heart's blood* in an instant there
Would freeze to marble. Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours light)
Are there an unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of *half the year* to
rise.

KIRKE WHITE.

The effect which *exposure to severe frost* has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was strikingly exemplified in two young gentlemen of the Hecla, when they returned from a land excursion in these Hyperborean regions. On being sent for by Captain Parry, when they came into the cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational

answer to any question he put to them. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely.

On the 26th of October, 1819, the sun afforded sufficient light for reading and writing from half-past 9 A. M. till half-past 2, the rest of the twenty-four hours being spent by candle-light. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the sky to the S.E. and S.W. at sun-rise and sun set. About this period, near the horizon, there was generally a *rich bluish purple, and a bright arch of deep red above*, the one imperceptibly mingling with the other.

The effect produced by *touching any metallic substance* in the open air with the naked hand, exactly resembled that occasioned by the opposite extreme of intense heat, *taking off the skin* from the part affected. Whenever any instrument which had been for some time exposed to the atmosphere, so as to be cooled down to the same temperature, was suddenly brought below into the cabins, the vapour was instantly condensed all around it, so as to give the instrument the appearance of smoking, and the glasses were covered almost instantaneously with a thin coating of ice, the removal of which required great caution. When a candle was placed in a certain direction from the instrument with respect to the observer, a number of minute *spiculæ* of snow were likewise seen sparkling around the instrument, at the distance of two or three inches from it. (p. 113.)

About the latter end of October, to preserve the ships during winter, the crews in the face of snow-storms, *cut a passage for them through the ice*; the length of this canal was *four thousand and eighty-two yards*, and the average thickness of the ice seven inches. On the third day, they tracked the ships thro' the canal into winter quarters, where they were to remain for at least *eight months*; during *three* of which a glimpse of the sun would not be visible. Among other amusements, a weekly newspaper, called *The North Georgia Gazette*, was actually composed

and printed on board, the officers becoming voluntary contributors, and Captain Sabine acting as editor.

On the 4th of November, 1819, they *took leave of the sun*, 'that cheering orb of this great world, both eye and soul,' for a period of at least *three months*. On this occasion, the following beautiful lines appeared in *The North Georgia Gazette*; they are said to be the production of Capt. Parry:—

Behold yon glorious orb, whose feeble ray
Mocks the proud glare of Summer's livelier day!
His noontide beam, shot upward through the sky,
Scarcely gilds the vault of Heaven's blue canopy—
A fainter yet, and yet a fainter light—
And, lo! he leaves us now to one long cheerless night!

And is his glorious course for ever o'er?
And has he set indeed—to rise no more?
To us no more shall Spring's enlivening beam
Unlock the fountains of the fettered stream—
No more the wild bird carol through the sky,
And cheer yon mountain with rude melody!—

Once more shall Spring her energy resume,
And chase the horrors of this wintry gloom;
Once more shall Summer's animating ray
Enliven Nature with perpetual day:
Yon radiant orb with self-inherent light
Shall rise, and dissipate the shades of night,
In peerless splendour re-posess the sky,
And shine in renovated majesty.

In yon departing orb methinks I see
A counterpart of frail mortality.
Emblem of man! when life's declining sun
Proclaims this awful truth, 'thy race is run!'
His sun once set, its bright effulgence gone,
All, all is darkness—as it ne'er had shone!

Yet not for ever is man's glory fled,
His name for ever 'numbered with the dead':
Like yon bright orb, th' immortal part of man
Shall end in glory, as it first began;
Like Him, encircled in celestial light,
Shall rise triumphant 'midst the shades of night;
Her native energies again resume,
Dispel the dreary winter of the tomb,
And, bidding Death with all its terrors fly,
Bloom in perpetual Spring through all eternity!

About this part of winter, (Nov. 17) the *breath* and other *vapour* accumulated during the night in the bed places, and upon the beams of the ship, immediately froze; and the whole of the crew were often occupied during two or three hours in the day in scraping away the ice, in order to prevent the bedding from becoming wet by the increase of temperature occasioned by the fires. The bottles containing the *lemon-juice* began to burst, the whole contents be-

ing frequently frozen into a solid mass, except a small portion of highly concentrated acid in the centre, which, in most instances, was found to have leaked out, so that when the ice was thawed it was little better than water. The *vinegar* also became frozen in the casks in the same manner. A few gallons of highly *concentrated* vinegar, which had been sent out on trial, resisted the effects of intense cold, and, when exposed to a temperature of 25° below zero, congealed only into a consistence like that of the thickest honey, but was never sufficiently hard to break any vessel which contained it. Vinegar and lemon-juice intended for use in these regions should be previously concentrated, and, if mixed with six or seven times the quantity of water, would answer every necessary purpose, and would take up less space in the stowage of the vessel.—(*Journal*, p. 121.)

About the period of the *shortest day*, Captain Parry thus beautifully describes the situation of himself, his officers and crew, while, *ice-bound* and *snow surrounded*, they were compelled to winter in this inhospitable region. ‘The officers (says he) were in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and a heavy snow-drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may well be imagined, that, at this period, there was little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony which, day after day, presented itself. To the southward was the *sea, covered with one unbroken surface of ice*, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that, in some parts, a few hummocks were seen thrown up somewhat above the general level. Nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow, except here and there a brown patch of bare ground in some exposed situations, where the wind had not allowed the snow to re-

main. When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm clear days which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object could be seen on which they could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us,—a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye or amusement to the mind, that a *stone* of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.’

THOMSON has a magnificent description of these icy regions:—

“The Muse

Thence sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o’er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again returned,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding Fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more; a bleak expanse,
Shagged o’er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they
Who here, entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night incumbent o’er their heads,
Falls horrible The hapless crew,

Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

About the last mentioned period (Dec. 21), the return of each successive day had always been very decidedly marked by a *considerable twilight* for some time about noon, that on the shortest day allowing two hours for walking out. There was usually, in clear weather, a *beautiful arch of bright red light*, overspreading the southern horizon for an hour or two before and after *noon*, the light increasing, of course, in strength, as the sun approached the meridian. Short as the day now was (if indeed any part of the 24 hours could properly be called by that name), the reflection of light from the snow, aided occasionally by a bright moon, was at all times sufficient to prevent our navigators from experiencing, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, any thing like the gloomy night which occurs in more temperate climates.

The following lines, forming part of some very excellent '*Reflections on the Morning of Christmas-day, 1819*,' while they afford a pleasing illustration of Capt. Parry's description just given, fully evince that, whatever tendency the *cold* might have to consolidate every thing in the shape of a liquid, it had not the power to freeze 'the genial current of the soul of poesy,' or to bind in its *icy* adamant chains the ever-welling stream that flows from the fountain of Hippocrene :—

Rich from the blushing East no glory darts
To chase the shadowy night :—but all is gloom,
Save where the *moon's* young crescent o'er the snows
Emits a trembling radiance, faintly seen
Through mists obscure, or sparkling, seen on high,
The countless myriads of the *stars* diffuse
Their distant, glimmering, scarce-enlightening rays!†
Behind yon cloud a stream of paly light‡
Shoots up its pointed spires; again immersed,
Sweeps forth with sudden start, and, waving round
In changeful forms, assumes the brighter glow
Of orient *topaz*—then as sudden sinks
In deeper *russet*, and at once expires!

North Georgia Gazette.

On the 11th of January, 1820, the

greatest degree of cold was experienced, the thermometer having fallen to *forty-nine degrees below zero*, but, the weather being quite calm, 'we walked on shore (observes Captain Parry) for an hour without inconvenience, the sensation of cold depending much more on the *degree of wind* at the time, than on the absolute temperature of the atmosphere as indicated by the thermometer.' That violent sensation said to be produced on the lungs (*like rending them asunder*) when the air is inhaled at a very low temperature, was never experienced by our arctic navigators, though, in passing from the cabins into the open air, they were constantly in the habit, for some months, of undergoing a change of from 80 to 100°, and, in several instances, 120° of temperature, in less than one minute; and, what is still more extraordinary, not a single inflammatory complaint (except a common cold) occurred during this particular period. On opening the doors at the top and bottom of the hatchway ladders, the vapour was immediately condensed by the sudden admission of the cold air *into a visible form*, exactly resembling a very thick smoke, which settled on all the pannels of the doors, &c. and immediately froze, by which means the latter were covered with a thick coating of ice, which was necessary frequently to scrape off; but the vapour was not, on any occasion, converted into a *sudden shower of snow*, as is related by several early travellers in Spitzbergen and other cold countries.—*Journal*, p. 134.

During the lowest degree of temperature (*fifty-five degrees below zero*) not the slightest inconvenience was experienced from exposure to the open air, by a person well clothed, as long as the weather was perfectly calm; but in walking against a very light air of wind a *smarting sensation* was experienced all over the face, accompanied with a severe pain in the middle of the forehead. 'The increased length of the day (February 15,) and the cheering presence of the sun for several hours

† See a most beautiful engraving of an 'Arctic night-scene,' in Capt. Parry's Journal.

‡ Aurora Borealis.

above the horizon,* induced me (says Captain Parry) to open the dead-lights of my stern-windows, in order to admit the daylight, of which, in our occupations below, we had entirely been deprived for more than four months. I had soon, however, occasion to find that this change was rather premature, and that I had not rightly calculated on the length of the winter in Melville Island. The Hecla was fitted with double windows in her stern, the interval between the two sashes being about two feet; and, within these, some curtains of baize had been nailed close in the early part of the winter. On endeavouring now to remove the curtains, they were found to be so strongly cemented to the windows by the frozen vapour collected between them, that it was necessary to cut them off, in order to open the windows; and from the space between the double sashes, we removed *twelve large buckets of ice, or frozen vapour*, which had accumulated in the same manner.' (p. 145.)

These curious facts, just detailed, give a lively description of the privations to which the persons engaged in the arctic expedition were continually exposed. A pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, on this subject, appeared in the North Georgia Gazette, in which the writer is described as 'composing himself to rest beneath the cumbrous weight of *six blankets*, over which is stretched a warm *wolf's hide*.' He is then roused from sleep, and is 'shivered awake' by leaning his elbow against the *ice*. Beautiful *crystals* meet his eye in every direction, but, 'illumined by the candle's rays,' they soon liquefy and drop over him, forming a most delightful *North Georgia Shower Bath*. These are some of the *Arctic Miseries*; others are related, with much good hu-

mour, in the celebrated *Gazette*, so often quoted; a truly entertaining miscellany in any part of the world. The 'Miseries' (happily for our intrepid seamen) were not considered very numerous, as the following only are recited by *Old Comical*:—

'Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and, before you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole.*

'When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animal's four legs are employed in carrying away the body.

'Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and, when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not penetrate it.

'Being called from table by the intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner.

'Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear.

'Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water.'

The distance at which *sounds* were heard in the open air, during *intense cold*, afforded matter of considerable surprise: people were often heard distinctly conversing in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile. At a distance of two miles from the ships, *smoke* which had passed from them

* The splendid Sun, with reascending ray
Sheds o'er the northern world the flood of day.
Lost in the blazing radiance, sable Night
Resigns her empire to the kindling light.
Serenely clear, the heaven's blue concave glows,
And glittering sun-shine gilds the mountain snows.
Precursive of the general fire, a stream
Of reddish light shoots up its bounteous gleam;
The conscious skies the blushing tint extend,
Till with their azure dye its glories blend.

N. Georgia Gazette.

† A hole in the ice, for steeping salt meat. &c

horizontally was smelt so strong, as to impede the breathing of some officers who were walking on shore.

On the 5th of March 1820, the thermometer rose to 15° at noon; and, on the 7th, a circumstance occurred which filled our navigators with joy, as affording some promise of the *approach of Spring*. This olive-branch of promise, was no more than the *thawing of a small quantity of snow*, in a favourable situation, upon the black paint work* of the ship's stern which exactly faced the south. But this being the first time that such an event had occurred for more than five months, the circumstance, trifling as it would have appeared in any other climate, proved a matter of no small interest and satisfaction to those who here witnessed it.

On *Bhering's* rocks and *Greenland's* naked isles,
'Mongst wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from *Oonalaska's* shore;
Fond *Hope* can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

CAMPBELL.

The vapour arising from the men's breath and the steam of their victuals during meals, which had been frozen to the ship's sides, and had remained in a solid state, beginning to thaw on the approach of the mild weather, this coating was scraped off, and the quantity removed filled more than one hundred buckets, although it had not accumulated for a longer time than 4 weeks.

A smart shower of rain, a most agreeable novelty to persons so long unaccustomed to view water in a fluid state, fell on the 24th of May; and rain being a powerful agent in dissolving ice, this was hailed by every one as a most propitious event. Notwithstanding this and other favourable prognostics, when the sea was viewed from the N. E. hill in Melville Island, it still presented the same unbroken and continuous surface of solid and impenetrable ice—not less than from six to seven feet in thickness.

So *Zembla's* rocks, the beauteous work of frost,
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;

Pale suns, unfelt at distance, roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years. Pope.

In the month of *June* 1820, Capt. Parry, accompanied by some of his officers, &c. travelled across Melville Island to the northern shore, and returned by a different route. His remaining observations we have put into the form of a Diary; and, as a companion to the '*Lapland Calendar*,' given in a preceding number, we shall designate this

THE ARCTIC CALENDAR.

June 8.—Some sandy ground passed over, so full of the burrows of *hares*, as to resemble a warren. Some *moss* and a few short tufts of *grass* seen; the *dwarf-willow* coming out in flower. Some *sorrel* began to make its appearance.

June 9.—The plumage of the *cock-grouse* was still quite white, except near the tip of the tail, where the feathers were of a fine glossy black; but in every hen that was killed a very perceptible alteration was apparent, even from day to day, and their plumage had now nearly assumed that *speckled colour*, which, from its resemblance to the ground, is admirably adapted to preserve them from being seen at the season of incubation.

June 12.—A *ranunculus* in full flower in a sheltered situation. The root and three feet of the trunk of a *pine-tree*, and part of the skeleton of a *musk-ox*, frozen into the ground, were seen on a lagoon in the neighbourhood of the sea. The soil here became very rich, and abounded with the finest *moss*, together with a great deal of *grass*, *saxifrage*, and *poppy*; and there were evident proofs that this place was much resorted to by *deer*, *musk-oxen*, and *hares*.

June 13.—A *musk-ox* was seen feeding on a spot of luxuriant pasture ground, and, when fired at, set off at a quick pace over the hills. The skin of one which was subsequently killed has

* It is worthy of remark that no appearance of thawing took place except in the situation described, and, even there, upon the *yellow* paint the snow remained as hard as before.

been stuffed, and deposited in the British Museum. This extraordinary animal somewhat resembles the *Bonassus*, lately exhibited in London. The musk-ox furnished 421 pounds of beef, which was served to the crews as usual, in lieu of their salt provisions, and was much relished, notwithstanding its very strong *musky* flavour. The meat was remarkably fat. The total quantity of game obtained on Melville Island during their stay of nearly twelve months, was as follows ; 3 musk-oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigans, or grouse ; affording 3,766 pounds of meat.

One or two *mice* were caught, turning brown about the belly and head, and the back of a dark grey colour. In every part of the island these little animals were occasionally seen : one of them being pursued, finding no hole near, and escape impossible, set himself against a stone, as if in defence ; and bit the man's finger when he took him.

From the observations made on board the *ships in Winter Harbour*, during Capt. Parry's absence, we select the following facts illustrative of the natural history of the Arctic regions.

June 2.—The first red phalarope (*p. platyrinchos*) and also the first flock of *buntings* appeared.

June 3.—A flock of 12 king-ducks, together with a single *raven*, an arctic *gull*, and some golden *plovers* seen.

June 5.—Flocks of *ducks* and *geese* seen almost daily, for six weeks from this time.

June 9.—The first *seal* was seen lying upon the ice, near the mouth of the harbour, and having a hole close to him as usual : like the bear in autumn, no more than one of these animals was ever observed at the same time. About this time, several *mosquitoes* (*culex pipiens*) were caught ; but, as in Hudson's Bay and other cold countries, they never attempted to bite, or annoy in any way. The buds of the *saxifraga oppositifolia*, and of the *dwarf willow*, were observed to be opening out, and

some of the *sorrel* to be in flower ; a plant with a lilac-coloured flower, having a very sweet smell (supposed to be a *draba*), was also observed to be pushing out its blossoms about this time, but none of these plants were so forward as the saxifrage. Among the *sea-birds* observed in the Arctic regions the following are enumerated in a poetical address to the feathered tribe, inserted in the North Georgia Gazette :awks, dovekies, looms, mallemites, tern, kittiwakes, ice-gulls, and the *glaucous gull*, 'king of the Hyperborean main,' and little inferior in size to an eagle.

June 14.—The first *rein-deer* seen from the ships this day.

An interesting anecdote of the docility of the *rein-deer* is given by Capt. Parry, as witnessed on his visit to Melville island. The habits of this useful animal are fully known from our intercourse with other countries.

Their *rein-deer* form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups,
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded, glazed.

THOMSON.

We now conclude our extracts from Capt. Parry's interesting book, which we have made with a view rather to stimulate, than gratify curiosity : trusting that many of our readers will recur to the volume itself for additional gratification. As this indefatigable man has before this (Sept. 1821) probably made further discoveries in the Arctic regions, which may add further to the science and the fame of his country, we sincerely offer up our aspirations for the entire success of his adventurous undertaking ; at the same time convinced, that, whatever may be the result of Captain Parry's discoveries, there can be but one opinion of his zeal and abilities.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE, BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

CONCLUDED.

FROM Soof, a village near the ruins of Geraza, the travellers set out on the morning of February 2nd, and, continuing their route in a north-westerly direction, arrived at Aidoone. From Aidoone they passed on to Erbeed, where they saw an octagonal tower, probably of Saracen origin, and a reservoir of water resembling the pools of Solomon near Jerusalem, though not quite so large. They reached, a short time before sun-set, a small hamlet, called Bahraha, where they passed the night. Here they discovered some curious relics of antiquity, and among others a sarcophagus of black porous stone, of a basaltic or volcanic nature.

The village of Bahraha does not contain more than fifty houses, and is governed by a Sheikh, who acknowledges the authority of the Pacha of Damascus.

The next day the travellers proceeded on their journey, and passing through several hamlets, arrived about three hours after noon at Oorn Kais, on the site of the ancient Gamala, whose ruins they alighted to examine.

“After devoting (says Buckingham) about an hour to the ruins of Gamala, and traversing them on foot in every direction, we were enabled to perceive that the city formed nearly a square; its greatest length being from east to west, which we found to measure one thousand six hundred and seventy paces, of about two feet each, or just half a mile, and its breadth perhaps one-fourth less. The upper part of the city stood on a level spot on the summit of the hill, and appears to have been walled all around the acclivities of that hill, being on all sides exceedingly steep, and having appearances of ruined buildings, even on their steepest parts. The eastern gate of entrance has its portals still remaining, and was near the northern wall. From hence a noble street ran through the whole length of the city, extending the number of paces mentioned, as it was along this that the measurement was taken.

This street was fifteen paces, or about thirty feet in breadth, from pillar to pillar; as it had a colonade of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, at intervals, lining its avenues on each side, as at the ruins at Geraza. The street was paved throughout with fine squared blocks of the black volcanic stone, and this pavement was still so perfect that the ruts of carriage-wheels were to be seen in it of different breadths, and about an inch in depth, as at the ruins of Pompeii in Italy.

“The first edifice which presented itself, on entering at the eastern gate, was a theatre on the left, the scene and front of which was entirely destroyed, but its benches were still remaining, and it faced towards the north. Still farther on were appearances of an Ionic temple, the colonnade of the street being continued; and at about the centre of its length, a range of Corinthian columns on pedestals marked the site of a grand edifice on the left; not a column now remained erect, but the plan could be distinctly traced.

“Before we departed we were taken to see one of the ancient Roman tombs, now used as a carpenter’s shop, the occupier being employed in constructing a rude plough, and in fixing the irons to one of those long Syrian goads, which serve to spur the animal with one end and clear the plough of clods with the other. On examining the size and weight of this iron at the foot, Maundrell’s conjecture struck me as a very judicious one, that it might have been with such a weapon Shamgar made the prodigious slaughter related of him in the Book of Judges.

“From this tomb we went to a still more perfect one, which was entirely cleared, and now used as a private dwelling. Though the females of the family were within we were allowed to enter, and descended by a flight of three steps, there being either a cistern or a deep sepulchre on the right of this descent. The portals and architrave were here perfectly exposed; the orna-

ments of the latter were a wreath and open flowers ; the door also was divided by a studded bar and pannelled, and the ring of the knocker remained, though the knocker itself had been broken off. The door, which was of the same size and thickness as those described, traversed easily on its hinges, as we were permitted to open and close it at pleasure. On examining it closely, all that has before been said on the mode of fixing and of fastening it was confirmed, as we could here see every part of the construction more perfectly.

"The tomb was about eight feet in height on the inside, as there was a descent of a steep step from the stone threshold to the floor. Its size was about twelve paces square, but no light was received into it except by the door; we could not see whether there was an inner chamber, as in some of the others. A perfect sarcophagus still remained within, and this was now used by the family as a chest for corn and other provisions, so that this violated sepulchre of the dead had thus become a secure, a cool, and a convenient retreat to the living of a different race."

From Oorn Kais (the ancient Gama-la) they bent their steps towards Nazareth : they arrived on the 12th of February, and left it the following day for Tiberias. Passing thro' a number of small villages, without seeing any thing very remarkable, they journeyed along

THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

"The present town of Tabareeah (Tiberias) is in the form of an irregular crescent, and is inclosed toward the land by a wall flanked with circular towers. It lies nearly north and south along the western edge of the lake, and has its eastern front opposed to the water, on the bank of which it stands, as some of the houses there are almost washed by the sea. Its southern wall approaches almost to the beach ; but the north-western angle of the northern wall, being seated on a rising ground, recedes some little distance from the water, and thus gives an irregular form to the enclosure. The whole does not appear a mile in circuit, and cannot

contain more than five hundred separate dwellings, from the manner in which they are placed. There are two gates visible from without, one near the southern, and the other in the western wall, the latter of which is in one of the round towers, and is the only one now open ; there are appearances also of the town having been surrounded by a ditch, but this is now filled up with cultivatable soil.

"To the northward of the town is the road we passed over on our journey the day before ; to the southward the ruins of the ancient city, and a hot bath, still frequented, as well as the burying-ground of the Mahomedans and Jews ; on the east the broad expanse of the lake stretches over to the opposite shore ; and on the west it has a small space of plain fit for cultivation, from whence the land rises into the lofty hills which almost overhang the town.

"The interior presents but few objects of interest beside the ordinary habitations, which are small and mean. There is a mosque with a dome and minaret now frequented, and another with an octangular tower in ruins. The former of these is not far from the gate of entrance, the latter is nearer to the beach. There are also two synagogues of the Jews near the centre of the town, both of them inferior to that of Jerusalem, though similar in design, and one Christian place of worship, called the 'House of Peter,' near the southern quarter, close to the water's edge. The last, which has been thought by some to be the oldest place of Christian worship now extant in Palestine, is a vaulted room, thirty feet by fifteen, and perhaps fifteen in height ; it stands nearly east and west, having its door of entrance at the western front, and its altar immediately opposite in a small recess. Over the door is one small window, and on each side four others, all arched and open. The masonry of the edifice is of an ordinary kind ; the pavement within is similar to that used for streets in this country, and the whole is devoid of sculpture or any other ornament that I could perceive. In a court without the 'House of Peter,' I

observed, however, a block of stone, on which were the figures of two goats and two lions or tigers coarsely executed, but whether this ever belonged to the building itself, no one could inform me. During my visit to this church, morning mass was performed by the Abenna, at whose house we had lodged; the congregation consisted of only eleven persons, and the furniture and decorations of the altar and the dress of the priest were exceedingly scanty and poor.

"The edifice is thought by the people here to have been the very house that Peter inhabited, at the time of his being called from the boat to follow Christ. It was, however, evidently constructed for a place of worship, at a period much posterior to the time of the apostle whose name it bears, though it might have been erected on the spot which tradition had marked as the site of his more humble habitation. From hence they say too it was that the boat pushed into the lake when the miraculous draught of fishes was drawn.

"The ordinary dwellings of the inhabitants are such as are commonly seen in eastern villages, but are marked by a peculiarity which I witnessed here for the first time; on the terrace of almost every house, stands a small square inclosure of reeds, loosely covered with leaves. These I learned were resorted to by the heads of families to sleep in during the summer months, when the heat of the nights is intolerable from the low situation of the town, and the unfrequency of cooling breezes. At the present moment, indeed, we had the thermometer at 82° in the shade an hour after sun-rise and calm, while on the hills it was considerably less than at noon in the sun.

"The whole population of Tiberias does not exceed two thousand souls, according to the opinion of the best-informed residents. Of these about the half are Jews, many of them are from Europe, particularly from Germany, Poland, and Russia, and the rest are Mahomedans, exclusive of about twenty Christian families of the Catholic communion."

After remaining the night in a convent at Nazareth, the travellers directed

their journey to the northward, and passed through the villages of Mezra, Tooli, Affouli, Noori, Tarahcen, along the plain of Esdraelon, and arrived at Jeneen. The place is governed by a Sheikh, who is tributary both to Acre and Damascus. On the arrival at Sanhoor they were introduced to Hadjee Ahmed Gerar, the chief of the place. We give the account of the interview in Buckingham's own words:—

"On being conducted to the chief, we found him sitting on a stone bench in the court of his house, and surrounded by a circle of dependants, who seemed to think themselves honoured by being admitted, like Mordecai of old, to sit at the king's gate. All arose at our entrance; a carpet and cushions were placed for me on the right hand of the master; our horses were fed, a supper provided, and every mark of hospitality shown to us.

"In the ardour of conversation with this seemingly-estimable man, I had quite forgotten to deliver my letter to him until we had finished supper. As soon as he received it, a young scribe was called, who read the contents of the letter aloud, and all listened and applauded, for it was full of the most extravagant encomiums. It was gratifying to me, however, to consider that such false representations of wisdom, talents, honour and wealth had no share in obtaining from me the kind reception given to our party; and, happily, as the utmost had already been done, even such a letter could not draw more from our benevolent host.

"Our conversation of the evening was chiefly on the state of Europe, on the countries I had visited, and those I hoped to see. As the chief had himself been twice to Mecca, making the journey from Damascus, I learned from him also some interesting particulars on that route, and we talked a great deal about those parts of Arabia which we had both seen, namely, the ports of the Hedjas. An excellent bed was prepared for me in a separate room, with clean sheets and cushions covered with silk, and every arrangement was made for my comfort that I could possibly desire."

Early on the morning of the 17th

the travellers proceeded on their journey, and visiting successively Shechem, or Neapolis, Mount Ebul and Gerezim, and the Well of Samaria, arrived at Nablous, from which place they returned once more to Nazareth.

It is not possible, in a few desultory extracts, to do justice to this important volume. We have endeavoured, for the information of our readers, to furnish an outline of Mr. Buckingham's tour, but have been unable to record, in an abbreviated form, any of the numerous and valuable illustrations of the sacred writings with which this work abounds. If to throw a light upon the pages of the poet, historian, or philoso-

pher, deserve our thanks, that writer has surely a greater claim to our countenance and acknowledgments, who, by his useful and important researches, has illustrated several of the obscure texts of a book, the due knowledge of which can only enable us to become "wise" in the best and most extended sense of the term.

The volume is handsomely printed, and accompanied by excellent maps and plans of the places visited by Mr. Buckingham. Each chapter is preceded by a neatly executed vignette of the most interesting portion of the description.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfrey to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled shewed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the

clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfrey, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself flat on my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to peices; the floor under

me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through : It entered my very soul ; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished ; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face ; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than at first ; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass ; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ram-rod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas.

The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me ; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes ; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest ; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to

shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails: and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which hung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time past over me without computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing,

but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate the time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame-work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular

stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding: my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell

formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Mnezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

JOHN RENNIE, THE GREAT CIVIL ENGINEER.

(European Magazine.)

AMONGST those numerous distinguished individuals, of whom Great Britain has such just reasons to be proud, for elevating her fame in the ranks of art and science far above all contemporary kingdoms, the subject of this brief notice is one of the most celebrated; and the monuments of his ability are such as must transmit his name to all posterity. They must remain coeval with the existence of the land which they adorn and dignify; and must excite admiration in the remotest ages of her future history.

JOHN RENNIE, Esq. was born June 7th, 1761, at the small village of Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland; and was the youngest of a family of nine children. He had the misfortune to lose his father, a most respectable and extensive farmer,

at the early age of five years, and subsequently acquired a taste for mechanical pursuits by the mere accident of becoming acquainted with the sons of Mr. Andrew Mickle, the inventor of the thrashing machine, who tenanted a mill upon the estate, and whose talents were brought into action by Mr. George Rennie, of Phantassie, the elder brother of John, and much celebrated as an agriculturist. Young Rennie's whole delight consisted in watching the labours of Mr. Mickle, but he never neglected his studies in consequence: on the contrary, his ardour for the sciences increased to such an extent, that he did not forsake his schools until he could acquire no more instruction; and such was the rapidity of his progress, that he far outstripped the whole of his companions. At the age of eighteen he went to Edinburgh, and there acquired

fresh knowledge under Professors Black and Robison, of that university; with the latter of whom he formed an intimacy which led to his introduction to Messrs. Boulton and Watt, into whose service he entered about the year 1784; having, however, previously erected several mills with great credit to his abilities. Messrs. Boulton and Watt were not long in discovering his extraordinary merit, and employed him, in conjunction with themselves, to erect the Albion Mills, at Blackfriars, planning and executing the machinery, which was driven by two steam engines of considerable power, and then considered the finest mill work in existence. The whole were, however, destroyed by fire in the year 1791, when Mr. Rennie commenced business on his own account, and soon afterwards commenced his career as Civil Engineer to the Crinan Canal, so remarkable for the very extraordinary labour and difficulty required in its erection; and the Lancaster Canal, famous for its aqueduct over the River Lune; every particular of which is given in *Rees's Encyclopedia*, article *Canal*.

Mr. Rennie married, early in life, Miss Mackintosh, a beautiful young lady, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years since, but who left him an interesting and accomplished family. They have now to lament the loss of a second parent, who, though possessed of a constitution and frame so robust as to give the promise of a long life, sunk under an unexpected attack at the early age of sixty.

The death of Mr. Rennie is, indeed, a national calamity; and his loss cannot be adequately supplied by any living artist with whom we are acquainted; for, though we have many able engineers, we know of none who so eminently possess solidity of judgment with profound knowledge; and who are gifted with the happy tact of applying to every situation, where he was called upon to exert his faculties, the precise form of remedy that was wanting to the existing evil. Whether it was to stem the torrent and violence of the most boisterous sea;—to make new harbours, or to render those safe which

were before dangerous or inaccessible;—to redeem districts of fruitful land from the encroachments of the ocean, or to deliver them from the pestilence of the stagnant marsh;—to level hills, and to unite them by aqueducts or arches, or by embankment to raise the valley between them;—to make bridges that for beauty surpass all others, and that for strength seem destined to endure to the latest posterity;—Mr. Rennie had no rival. Every part of the united kingdom possesses monuments of his glory, and they are as stupendous as they are useful. They will present to our children's children objects of admiration for their grandeur, and of gratitude for their utility. Compare the works of Mr. Rennie with the most boasted exploits of the French Engineers, and mark how they tower above them all. Compare the Breakwater at Plymouth with the Casseons at Cherbourg;—any one of his Canals with that of Ourke; and his Waterloo-bridge with that of Nully; and our country may justly glory in the comparison. Their superiority is acknowledged by every liberal Frenchman; and M. Dupin, who is so well qualified to do justice to his merits, has, in a *Notice Necrologique* respecting him, addressed to the Royal Institute of France, paid a tribute to the virtues and amiable qualities of Mr. Rennie, and given a brief, but masterly, account of his principal works.

"Mr. Rennie," says M. Dupin, "raised himself by his merit alone. In a country in which education is general, he received from his infancy the benefit of instruction, which he afterwards knew how to appreciate.

"Scotland has the glory of having produced the most of the civil engineers, who, for nearly a century, have executed the finest monuments of the three kingdoms, and the most ingenious machines; James Watt, John Rennie, Thomas Telford, &c. seconded with so much ability by the Nimmos, the Jardines, and the Stevensons."

After enumerating the works executed by Mr. Rennie, for Messrs. Watt and Boulton, and his application of steam to machinery for clearing canals, he observes—

“Mr. Rennie learned immediately from Smeaton the art of directing hydraulic constructions; he formed himself by the counsels and example of that great engineer, and by the study of the works of a master whom he was to equal in some respects, and surpass in many others.”

M. Dupin then alludes to the East India, the London, and the West India Docks, and observes,—

“At the very moment he was snatched from us by death, he was busied in finishing a new construction, equally ingenious for its architecture and its mechanism. Vast roofs, supported by lofty columns of cast iron, present in the middle of their structure aerial roads, on which are made to run carriages, whose mechanism is so contrived, that by their means enormous mahogany trees, kept in these fine magazines, may be raised and let down at pleasure. By means of this ingenious system, a few workmen now execute in a few minutes what required formerly whole hours, and a number of workmen.”

Our limits will not allow us to follow M. Dupin through his account of the various works of Mr. Rennie. We cannot, however omit the following observations, with which he concludes his notice of the Breakwater of Plymouth:—

“This unalterable solidity, secured by the judiciousness of the forms and the prudence of the dimensions, appears to us to be the essential and distinctive character of the great works of Mr. Rennie. This character is particularly remarkable in the two most beautiful bridges which adorn the metropolis of the British Empire.

“The Southwark Bridge is the first in which the bold idea of using cast iron in solid masses, and of an extent greatly surpassing that of the largest stones employed in arches. The arches of this bridge are formed by metallic masses, of a size which could only be cast in a country in which metallurgy is carried to the highest degree of perfection. Mr. Rennie derived from this advanced state of industry all the advantages which it could furnish to his talents. When we consider the extent

and the elevation of the arches of this bridge, and the enormity of the elements of which it is composed, we acquire a higher idea of the force of man, and we exclaim involuntarily, in our admiration of this *chef d'œuvre*, ‘this is the Bridge of Giants!’”

* * * * *

“If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the New Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea?—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the bridge built by Rennie, in the centre of the commercial world, will subsist to tell the most distant generations, here was a rich, industrious, and powerful city. The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great Prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing of this work; if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostri or Cæsar, he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens.”

Mr. Rennie cultivated his art with the most enthusiastic ardour, and instead of being merely a theorist, he prepared himself for practical efficiency, by visiting and minutely inspecting every work of magnitude in every country that bore similitude with those which he might be called upon to construct. His library abounded in a richer collection of scientific writings than that of almost any individual; and we repeat, that the loss of such a man is irreparable. Cut off in the full vigour of his mind, his death would almost seem to suspend for a time the march of national improvement, until the just fame of his merit shall animate our rising artists

to imitate his great example, and to prepare themselves by study and observation to overcome, as he did, the most formidable impediments to the progress of human enterprise, of industry, and of increased facility in all the arts of life. The integrity of Mr. Rennie in the fulfilment of his labours, was equal to his genius in the contrivance of his plans and machinery. He would suffer none of the modern subterfuges for real strength to be resorted to by the contractors employed to execute what he had undertaken; and every thing he did was for futurity. An engineer, unlike an architect, has no commission on the amount of his expenditure, or Mr. Rennie would have been one of the most opulent men in England; for upwards of forty millions have been expended under his eye. But his glory was in the justice of his proceedings, and his enjoyment in the success of his labours. It was, indeed, only as a millwright that he engaged himself to execute the work he planned, and in this department society is indebted to him for so economizing the power of water, as to give an increase of energy by its specific gravity, to the natural fall of streams, and to make his mills equal to four-fold the produce of

those which, before his time, depended solely on the impetus of the current. His largest mills thus work as smoothly as clock-work, and by the alternate contact of wood and iron, are less liable to the hazard of fire by friction. If the death of such a man is a national loss, what must it be to his private friends, and to his amiable family? Endeared to all who knew him by the gentleness of his temper, the cheerfulness with which he communicated the riches of his mind, and forwarded the views of those who made useful discoveries or improvements in machinery or implements, procured him universal respect. He gave to inventors all the benefits of his experience, removed difficulties which had not occurred to the author, or suggested alterations which adapted the instrument to its use. No jealousy nor self-interest ever prevented the exercise of this free and unbounded communication; for the love of science was, in his mind, superior to all mercenary feeling.

In the active exercise of these virtues, and of these talents, Mr. Rennie was suddenly seized with a long and lingering illness, and died at his house in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, on Thursday, October 4th, 1821.

WONDERS OF THE NETHERLANDS—THE HILL OF PETERSBERG.

(Literary Gazette.)

VOYAGE SOUTERRAIN ; OU, DESCRIPTION DU PLATEAU DE SAINT PIERRE DE MAESTRICHT.
PAR LE COL. BORY DE SAINT VINCENT. 1821.

THE author of this interesting work is one of the French exiles who sought refuge in the Netherlands, after the second restoration of the King of France. Tossed to and fro by the political storm, he at length landed at Maestricht. The following particulars, collected from the author's account of the curious subterranean vaults of Maestricht, will be the more acceptable as they are not very generally known.

Petersberg, or the Hill of St. Peter, is situated between the Jaar and the Meuse, and extends along the distance of nearly a league. The earth which is contained in the cavities in the interior of the hill furnishes materials for

building; but principally for manure, and for this double purpose it has been excavated from the most remote ages of antiquity. In the symmetrical galleries of Petersberg the Roman pick-axe has imprinted a kind of monumental character, and the feudal spade has left its Gothic traces. Workmen have, from time immemorial, been employed in extracting the bowels of the earth to fertilize its surface. For ages the pick-axe and wheelbarrow have worked passages in every direction, and the traveller in this subterranean labyrinth is happy, if, with the aid of his torches, he can return the way he entered. Streets, squares and cross-roads appear on ev-

ery side ; in short the vaults of Petersberg present the appearance of a town, in which there are only wanting houses, inhabitants, theatres, carriages and gas-lamps. M. Bory de Saint-Vincent draws the following picture of this gloomy region :—

“ If any thing,” he says, “ can add to the horror of the perfect darkness, it is the total silence which reigns in these dismal vaults. The voice of man is scarcely sufficient to disturb it ; sound is, as it were, deadened by the thickness of the gloom. Echo itself, which the bewildered traveller may interrogate in the desert, dwells not in these silent cavities.”

It may naturally be conjectured, that superstition has peopled these subterranean vaults with demons and hobgoblins. Tradition has even allotted a hell and a paradise to the cavities of Petersberg. The huge pieces of coal, which an equal temperature has protected from the ravages of time, imagination has converted into monsters with claws, long tails, and horns. In various places, names, inscriptions and remote dates record the history of excavations, and relate numerous adventures and unfortunate deaths of which Petersberg has been the theatre. In one part of the vaults a workman, whose torch became extinguished, perished amidst the pangs of hunger and the horrors of darkness ; his hat and some fragments of his clothes still remain to attest his melancholy fate. In another part the walls present the history of four friars, who purposed to erect a chapel at the remotest point of these cavities. The thread by which they were to trace back their way to the opening of the vaults, broke ; the unfortunate men perished, and their bodies were subsequently found at the distance of a few paces from each other. However, catastrophes of this terrible kind presented fewer horrors to the conscripts of the Lower Meuse than the pursuits of the *gendarmerie*, and, according to the testimony of the author, many preferred dismal retreats to the laurels of WAGRAM and JENA.

The interior of the Hill of St. Peter has given rise to anecdotes worth collecting ; the Austrians, having posses-

sion of the fort of Petersberg, discovered a secret communication with the vaults of the hill, of which the French troops guarded some of the entries. With torch in hand and fixed bayonets the Austrians attempted to surprise the French, but the latter, warned by the subterranean lights, rushed upon the enemy, who were dazzled by their own torches, and a conflict ensued which resembled a combat of the infernal deities.

The following story is of a less serious nature. Maestricht had fallen into the power of the French, and long continued a most formidable garrison. A portion of the Austrian population fled to the vaults beneath the hill of St. Peter. They took their cattle with them, and in the subterranean cavities they hastily constructed rooms and stables. The French were unable to account for the miraculous disappearance of a portion of the conquered inhabitants, when a pig, which had escaped from its sty, rushed along the subterranean galleries squeaking tremendously. It was heard by the French centinels, and this circumstance led them to suspect the retreat of the Austrians. They adopted means to make the pig squeak still louder, in the hope of attracting the fugitives, when, to the great surprise of the French soldiers, several pigs rushed out to answer the summons of the imprudent deserter. In ancient times the Roman capital was saved by geese, and on this occasion a pig caused the destruction of the little republic of Petersberg. The Austrians were routed from their retreat, and their cattle and pigs, as may well be supposed, were speedily roasted and devoured.

One of the most curious phenomena of the vaults of St Peter is the formation of geological organ-pipes. These are a kind of wells, the orifices of which are on the upper part of the hill, and which extend, like funnels, to its base. They serve as drains, which intercept the subterranean galleries, and continually destroy their architecture. The origin of these geological phenomena has given rise to old conjectures. M. Mathieu, who has devoted great attention to the subject, supposes them to have been dug by some monstrous an-

imal; but M. Bory de Saint-Vincent mentions an experiment which is suited very reasonably wages war against M. to the understanding of children: he Mathieu's enormous moles, and ascribes let fall some water, drop by drop, on the geological organ-pipes to the filtration of water. In support of this conjecture, M. Bory de Saint-Vincent artificial wells similar to those on the hill.

SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

By the Author of Waverley. Sung by the Witch Norna, in "The Pirate."

1.

" Stern eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

2.

" Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3.

" There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, and when the dark-coloured dog is opening on his track;
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on the wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler;
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,
And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer,
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chaunted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

4.

" Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

5.

" Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoapest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar."

SARDANAPALUS—TWO FOSCARI—CAIN.

BY LORD BYRON.*

THE arrival of three new Tragedies in this country, from Lord Byron, has already been announced by us in our literary notices, but whether or not they be intended for immediate publication, is a point which we are quite unable to decide. The names of these dramas have not as yet publicly transpired, although they have been whispered abroad during the last fortnight, pretty generally, in fashionable blue-stocking routs and select literary coteries. The hero of one of these pieces is said to be FOSCARI, son of the Doge of that name, who was unjustly banished by the Venetian senate, after having been cruelly tortured, for a crime of which he appears to have been entirely innocent. Rogers, in his *Pleasures of Memory*, thus alludes to the catastrophe :—

“Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot’s sigh,

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die ;
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate ;
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow’s long soliloquies a prey ;
When reason, justice, vainly urg’d his cause,
For this he rous’d her sanguinary laws ;
Glad to return, tho’ hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail’d him to the shore.”

Aware that a notice of any subject which has employed the pen of Lord Byron cannot fail of proving interesting to our readers, we hasten to lay before them some account of the circumstances from which his Lordship’s tragedy of Foscari will, in all probability, have been constructed. A multiplicity of allusions to this melancholy story are to be met with in the volumes of the various historians and travellers who have made Venice the subject of their disquisitions ; but the most copious and correct version of the circumstances will be found in Dr. Moore’s *Travels in Italy*, from which we have principally derived the materials for the following notice :—

The government of Venice have ever been proverbially severe in the ex-

ecution of their laws, without respect either to the rank or situation of the supposed delinquent ; and, in order that they might be carried into effect with the utmost rigour, they appointed magistrates, whose particular province it was to see that the judges did not exhibit, towards the presumed culprit, the slightest marks of clemency or indulgence. In the case of the council from whom Foscari received his condemnation, however, the situations of these superinducers of relentless severity would seem to have been sinecures ; for the inflexibility of the Venetian senate needed no spur on this memorable occasion.

Foscari, son of the Doge of that name, having offended the senate of Venice by the commission of some juvenile imprudences in that city, was, by their orders, put into temporary confinement at Treviso ; when Almor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was assassinated on the 5th of November, 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for that and any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who should be the means of bringing the perpetrator of this crime to justice. No such discovery, however, resulted from this proposal.

The apprehension of Foscari and one of his servants, upon the slightest and most unsatisfactory evidence, was the next step of the council. This young nobleman’s footman had been observed loitering near Donato’s palace on the night of the murder ; conscious, probably, that this solitary circumstance would give rise to his apprehension, and, dreading the unappeasable fury of his judges, Oliver (for that was the man’s name) fled from Venice the next morning. This act, combined with other trifling coincidences, created a strong suspicion, that Foscari had employed his servant to commit the murder.

* These works have been received and published by Munroe and Francis—forming an additional volume to the Works of Lord Byron.

After seizing Oliver, and putting him to the most cruel tortures, without extracting from him any thing but repeated protestations of his total ignorance of the transaction, the Council of Ten cited his master Foscari before them, and treated him in the same barbarous and unjustifiable manner. His assertions of innocence, while under the endurance of the rack, were but slightly attended to by his merciless judges. "They convinced (says Dr. Moore) the court of his firmness, but, by no means of his innocence." Still, however, they could not sentence to death the son of one of the noblest families in Venice, without something like a legal proof of his guilt. They accordingly satisfied their thirst of vengeance for the assassination of their colleague, by banishing him to Canea, in the Island of Candia.

With the Romeo of our immortal poet, banishment from his family and friends would appear to have been considered by Foscari as a punishment to which death had been preferable; although we do not learn that he left behind him any fair Juliet, whose lamentations embittered still farther a doom already sufficiently severe. We trust, however, that his Lordship will, with his usual discrimination, have supplied a feature which could not fail of conducting, in an important degree, to the interest of his tragedy, for, as he himself has sagaciously remarked of women,

"All know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinished, like their untrimm'd bonnets."

But, to proceed with our relation: "The unfortunate youth (says the author of *Zeluco*) bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died. All these applications were fruitless; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour for fear of giving offence to the obdurate council, or had interfered in vain."

At the end of five years' exile, having given up all hope of return thro' the

intercession of his own family or countrymen, he wrote to the Duke of Milan, reminding him of services rendered to that prince by his father, and urging him to exert his powerful influence with the government of Venice, to obtain a remission of his sentence. This letter was intrusted to a merchant journeying from Canea to that capital, who, instead of forwarding it, as he had faithfully promised to the Duke on his arrival at Venice, treacherously laid it before the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

It should here be premised, that, by the laws of the Venetian Republic, its subjects were strictly enjoined, under the severest penalties, from applying secretly, or otherwise, for the protection of foreign princes, in any matters referring to the decisions of their own Court of Judicature. The consequence of the infringement of this edict in young Foscari, was, that he was immediately remanded from Candia, and incarcerated in the prison for state criminals at Venice; from whence, by an unwarrantable stretch of the prerogative of his judges, he was once more brought up to be put to the torture, in order to elicit from him the motives by which he had been actuated, in addressing the Duke of Milan.

In answer to this inquiry, he declared, that, conscious of the perfidy of his messenger, as well as of the punishment that would, in all probability, follow his offence, in endeavouring to conciliate the good offices of a foreign prince; he had, in a fit of despair, addressed the Duke of Milan, as he foresaw that it would occasion his removal to Venice; the only opportunity that was ever likely to be afforded him of obtaining an interview with his relatives and friends; a consummation which he professed he most ardently desired, although it were only to be purchased by his death.

This act of filial piety availed him but little with his inquisitors. He was ordered back to Candia, there to remain in close confinement for the space of one year; besides which, his banishment from Venice to that place, was made perpetual, and a threat held out to him, that if he solicited again in any way, either directly or indirectly, the

aid of foreign princes, his imprisonment should only terminate with his life.

The father of Foscari had filled the office of Doge for thirty years; but, notwithstanding the influence which so exalted a situation ought to have created for him with the Senate, in a case of such flagrant injustice as the condemnation of his son, (without any proof, or even reasonable grounds for suspecting him of the offence which had been laid to his charge,) he was unable to obtain from the council any remission of the young man's punishment. He, however, visited his son in the place wherein he was confined during his stay at Venice, and deploring in the most moving terms his inability to serve him, exhorted him to bear with fortitude the evil, however severe and undeserved, for there was no remedy. The scene of Foscari's interview with his parents, for his mother was also present at this meeting, has, we doubt not, been pathetically dwelt upon by Lord Byron. His son replied, (says Dr. Moore,) that he was incapable of attending to the advice of his father, that, however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship and the reciprocal endearments of private life, without which his soul sank into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and, melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused; he conjured him by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the council to mitigate the sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved.

This affecting appeal rendered the

grief of the unhappy father still more acute, who was well aware how fruitless would be his endeavours in his son's behalf. Unable to support the anguish of a separation under such distressing circumstances, the old man sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover until the vessel, that was to bear his son once more into exile, had spread its sails for Candia. The grief of his aged consort has been movingly described by those who have taken upon themselves the record of this melancholy history. The overwhelming misery of these unfortunate parents, interested, at length, one or two of the most powerful senators; who applied with so much earnestness for the pardon of the young Foscari, that they were on the point of accomplishing their object, when information arrived from Candia, that the noble-hearted youth had expired in prison, a few months after his return.

It was not until some time had elapsed that the real murderer was discovered. Nicholas Erizzo, a Venetian of high rank, being a few years afterwards upon his death-bed, confessed that in revenge for a supposed affront, put upon him by the senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which Foscari had, in a great measure, undergone the penalty.

Before this disclosure took place, the sorrows of the aged Doge were at an end. He died a few months after his son. Although he is said to have relied confidently upon the innocence of his child, it is much to be deplored that he did not live until the odious stigma, which had been attached to his name and memory, was thus effectually removed.

Such is the story which Lord Byron is said to have employed in the construction of one of his forthcoming tragedies. It is a subject which, however deficient it may be as it respects variety of incident, is nevertheless much more worthy of poetical illustration than the tiresome fretfulness of the superannuated Doge, Faliero.

Lit. Gaz.

LORD BYRON, IN A NOTE TO THE TWO FOSCARI, SAYS :—

"In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon *"Italy,"* I perceive the expression of *"Rome of the Ocean"* applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the *"Two Foscari."* My publisher can vouch for me that the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August. I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public. I am the more anxious to do this as I am informed (for I have seen but few of the specimens, and those accidentally) that there have been lately brought against me charges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous sort of threatening intimation of the same kind, apparently with the intent of extorting money. To such charges I have no answer to make. One of them is ludicrous enough. I am reproached for having formed the description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking. Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso *"to have copied the minutest details of the Siege of Jerusalem from the Chronicles,"* In me it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope's* character, the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing *mine*: this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I *"received five hundred pounds for writing advertisements for Day and Martin's patent blacking!"* This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received. It states also *"that a person has been trying to make acquaintance with Mr. Townsend, a gentleman of the law, who was with me on business in Venice three years ago, for the purpose of obtaining any defamatory particulars of my life from this occasional visitor."* Mr. Townsend is welcome to say what he knows. I mention these particulars merely to show the world in general what the *literary* lower world contains, and their way of setting to work. Another charge made, I am told, in the *"Literary Gazette"* is, that I wrote the notes to *"Queen Mab;"* a work which I never saw till some time after its publication, and which I recollect showing to Mr. Southey as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than their real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other publications.

Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is

equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the *"legislature to look to it,"* as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the *"Satanic School."* This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French revolution, and the French revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither give nor bear more. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—the first, I mean—what was it occasioned by? The *puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have I to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsease of theophilanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt.—There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—*that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

Mr. S. with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated "death-bed repentance" of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant "Vision of Judgment," in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, I have not waited for a "death-bed" to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the "diabolical pride" which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn him. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, "in my degree," have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only act of my life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What his "death-bed" may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, "be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten." I for one neither envy him "the friendship," nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelussou's fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in "English Bards") Porson said "would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then." For the present I leave him."

SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF M. ARAGO.

Literary Gazette.

DURING the last war, the two French Mathematicians, Biot and Arago, travelled, with the permission of England and Spain, to make experiments for the purpose of measuring an arc of the Meridian. Biot happily returned to France; but Arago, before he succeeded, encountered some singular adventures.

He was in Majorca, on the Mountain de Gallazzo, concluding his labours after which he intended to return to Paris, when suddenly there arose a disturbance among the people of the island. They fancied that Arago's instruments, and particularly the fire signals which he gave to other observers employed at Ivica, were intended to invite their enemy the French to the Island, and to show them the way. Arago suddenly heard the dreadful cry all round—"Treason! Death!" The assault upon Mount Galazzo instantly commenced, but its cause fortunately perceived the imminent danger. He quickly chang-

ed his dress for that of a peasant of the island, and escaped to Palma. Here he found the ship which had brought him to the island, and concealed himself in it. He at the same time succeeded, through some brave men of the crew, in regaining his mathematical instruments, which he had been obliged to leave on the mountain. But new terrors awaited him in this disguise. Either through fear or treachery, the Spanish Captain of the ship quite unexpectedly refused to protect Arago any farther, though he had always shown himself his friend; he also refused to take him back to France; entreaties, promises, reproaches—nothing would avail. In this great emergency, the chief commander of the island fortunately took the part of Arago, but could not save him at that time, but by confining him as a prisoner in the fortress. While Arago was obliged to remain here several months his life was sometimes in the greatest danger. The

fanatical Monks attempted several times to bribe the guards and murder the prisoner. The Spanish mathematician, Rodriguez, his fellow labourer and faithful friend, who never quitted his side, was his deliverer. This worthy man would not rest, till he had obtained, by his representations against the injustice of the unaccountable maltreatment of an innocent person, the liberty of his friend, and at the same time permission for him to go over to Algiers in a small vessel of his own.

In Algiers, Du Bois Tainville, at that time French Consul, kindly received him, and took means to put him on board an Algerine merchantman, that he might return to France. At first every thing went according to his wishes. The ship approached Marseilles, and Arago, with the fairest hopes, already found himself in the harbour. But, at the same moment, a Spanish privateer attacked the ship, took it, and brought it to Rosas on the Spanish coast. Arago might still have been liberated, as he was entered in the ship's books as a *German* merchant; but, unfortunately, he was recognized to be a Frenchman by one of the sailors, who had previously been in the French service, and was, with his companions, thrown into the most dreadful imprisonment. But when the Dey of Algiers heard of the insult to his flag, he immediately demanded the ship, its cargo and crew, to be instantly returned, and in case of refusal, he threatened to declare war against the king of Spain. This had the desired effect. The ship and the crew were liberated, and Arago sailed for the second time to Marseilles, without in the least doubting his safe arrival; he already saw the town, the ship once more steered towards the harbour, when suddenly a furious north-west storm arose, and drove it with irresistible violence towards Sardinia. How hard a fate! The Sardinians were at war with the Algerines. A new imprisonment awaited them. The commander therefore resolved to seek refuge on the coast of Africa. Though they were so distant, he succeeded. He run in to the harbour of Bougie, three days' voyage from Algiers. But here another very

unfortunate piece of news awaited poor Arago. The former Dey of Algiers, his friend, had been killed in a commotion and another ruler chosen. For this reason the party of the new Dey examined the ship with suspicious rigour, and the heavy trunks of Arago, which contained his mathematical instruments, were immediately seized: for what else could they contain but gold? Why else should they have been so carefully secured, if they were not filled with sequins? He was obliged to leave his instruments in the hands of the Algerines. A new misfortune was added to this. How could he make a three days' journey to Algiers by land among a savage and highly irritated people? Courage and presence of mind, however, saved him. He disguised himself in the Turkish costume, and went under the protection of a greatly esteemed priest of those parts, who conducted him, with some others, through inhospitable mountains and dreary deserts, and after overcoming many threatening dangers, arrived at last in safety at Algiers. How was Du Bois Tainville astonished to see his countryman suddenly again, in a Turkish dress, whom he had long fancied to be at Marseilles. He took up his cause with the greatest zeal, found means to have the chests returned, which no longer interested the Algerines of Bougie, as they had found brass instead of gold, and kept the "*Adventurer against his will*," as the opportunities of sailing to France were, at that time, as rare as dangerous. Thus another six months passed. At last Du Bois was recalled by Buonaparte, to France. He began his voyage, accompanied by Arago, for the third time to France. But they scarcely saw Marseilles, when an English fleet appeared, which ordered them to return to Minorca, as all the French harbours were at that time in a state of blockade. The ships accompanying Du Bois obeyed; only the one on board of which Arago was embraced a favourable fresh breeze, and ran into the harbour with all sail spread. The services of Arago were duly appreciated in his country; and he was honorably rewarded by a situation in the Astronomical department.

(Literary Gazette.)

MEMOIRS of the CELEBRATED PERSONS composing the KIT-CAT CLUB.

THIS work, apparently compiled as a vehicle for the portraits, as an opera is written for the sake of the music, has been so well done that it possesses an intrinsic value far beyond what could have been anticipated, and forms altogether a very pleasing and interesting miscellany.

The Kit-Cat Club, composed of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of the reign of Queen Anne, was instituted about the year 1700. The ostensible objects of its members appear to have been the encouragement of literature and the fine arts, and the promotion of loyalty and allegiance to the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover. It was in their political character that Horace Walpole spoke of them as 'the patriots that saved Britain;' and if we look to the continued and zealous support afforded to the constitutional government of the country by this distinguished association in emergencies upon which the future welfare of England so materially depended, it must be acknowledged that this eulogy, exalted as it is, has not been misapplied. But politics occupied by no means exclusively the attention of this celebrated Club. They proposed rewards for literary merit, on something like the plan of the Royal Society of the present day. Pope 'remembers having seen a paper in Lord Halifax's handwriting, offering a premium of four hundred guineas for the best written comedy.' In matters of taste and criticism these gentlemen were in every respect the leaders of the town. A new play of Dryden's could hardly be relished until its merit had been stamped by the approbation of the Kit-Cat Club; and the booksellers of those days were cautious of speculating upon any work, however apparently important, until they had consulted some one or other of its members as to the propriety of the undertaking.

The Kit-Cat Club is said to have derived its name from the person at whose house the meetings of the members were first held. Their earliest place of

rendezvous was at an obscure pastry-cook's, in Shire-lane, near Temple-bar, called *Christopher Cat*, eminent for the manufacture of *mutton-pies*, which used to form the standing dish of the society at their suppers. Aided and assisted by his friend Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who was the secretary, the key-stone, and, as some have affirmed, the founder of the club, and patronized by his illustrious visitors, CHRISTOPHER, or for brevity's sake KIT CAT, removed to a more commodious residence, the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, where his guests became regular in their attendance, and increased from the thirty-nine mentioned by Malone, to the forty-eight, whose portraits are included in the present volume; among these we may instance the Dukes of Marlborough and Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset and Halifax, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Vanbrugh, Garth, Steele, Addison, Congreve, Pulteney, Walsh, Stepney, &c. thus numbering, in the list of the members of this knot of illustrious persons, almost all the rank and talent of a period which has been not unaptly termed the Augustan Age of British Literature.

Having thus brought our readers acquainted with this politic-literary-amateour-convivial body, and not having left ourselves room for any very long extract from the work whence we have deduced our information, we shall limit this notice to a few of the many anecdotes related of its members, which we find interspersed in their respective biographies.

"*Bill for Licensing Plays.*—In 1737, Sir Robert Walpole brought a bill into the House of Commons, the object of which was to prescribe proper bounds for dramatic performances, and to enforce a restraint upon the licentiousness of the stage, which at this juncture was outraging all decency and decorum, by its low buffoonery and ribald satire upon all orders of persons entitled to consideration and respect. The office of 'Master of the Revels.'

established in the reign of Henry VIII. and modified and rendered more effective by Queen Elizabeth, but which was set aside, or at least disregarded, during the reign of Charles II. was virtually revived by the bill thus introduced, and the power of licensing players and stage performances with the Lord Chamberlain, who was instructed to compel all persons to send copies of any new plays, parts added to old plays, prologues, and epilogues, fourteen days before they were acted or spoken, and in default of not attending to this injunction, a forfeiture of 50*l.* was fixed upon for every delinquent, besides the loss of the license of the theatre where the piece was acted. The propriety and utility of this measure has been universally admitted; while the gross licentiousness which used to prevail was suppressed, no real injury was inflicted upon the drama; for the indecency it curbed is not at all a necessary *adjutant* of wit, nor are vulgar and disgusting lampoons in any way synonymous with the productions of the satiric muse."

We have also the following anecdotes of the same celebrated Minister:—

"In a squabble between Mr. Pulteney and Sir. R. Walpole, in the House of Commons, the former playfully told his antagonist that his *Latin* was not so good as his *politics*. Pulteney insisted that Walpole had misquoted a line from Horace, which he was not disposed to admit. A wager of a guinea was immediately staked on the question by each party, and Harding, the clerk of the House, was applied to as arbiter, who rose with ludicrous solemnity, and gave it against his patron. The guinea was thrown across the House, which Pulteney took up, saying it was the first *public money* he had touched for a long time. He had formerly been in office. At his death this guinea was discovered, carefully preserved in a piece of paper, with a memorandum upon it recording the circumstance.

"Walpole was accustomed to say, when speaking of corruption, 'We ministers are generally called, and are, sometimes, tempters, but we are often-
er tempted.'

"As a proof of Walpole's profuse liberality to those who advocated his cause, we may instance the following anecdote:—About 1735 some severe pamphlets were published against his administration. Among others was a poem intitled 'Are these Things so?' A young gentleman of nineteen years of age took it into his head to write an answer to this piece, to which he gave the title of 'Yes, they are.' Sir Robert was so pleased with it, although but an insignificant performance, that he sent for Roberts the publisher, and expressed his great satisfaction at the compliment paid him, by giving a bank note of a hundred pounds, which he desired the publisher to present to the author."

Of Steele we find a curious story:

"Sir Richard Steele had constructed a very elegant theatre in his house for the recitation of select passages from favourite authors, and wishing to ascertain whether it was as well calculated to gratify the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter, who had completed the work, to ascend a pulpit placed at one end of the building, and speak a few sentences. The carpenter obeyed, but when mounted found himself utterly at a loss for the matter of his harangue. Sir Richard begged he would pronounce whatever came first into his head. Thus encouraged, the new-made orator began, and looking steadfastly at the knight, in a voice like thunder, exclaimed 'Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have.' Sir Richard replied, that he was in raptures with the eloquence, but by no means admired the subject."

Of Addison there are many anecdotes, from which we select the subjoined:—

"The Countess of Warwick treated her husband, Addison, with extreme superciliousness and contempt; as though she believed that the mere casualty of splendid birth entitled her to arrogate an insolent superiority over a

man of exquisite genius and unsullied virtue. Not content with treating him with the least possible deference, and manifesting her want of consideration to him, even to her servants and dependants, this wretched woman sought to implant the same sentiments in the bosom of their only child, and endeavoured, as we are assured from good authority, to teach her to despise the memory of her father. The lady who had the education of the girl assured the editor of the *Tattler* (ed. 1797) that her pupil was distinguished for her marked dislike to her father's writings, and her unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them. Indeed it is more than surmised that the days of Addison were shortened by the unhappiness which attended his connexion with his high born and heartless consort." * * *

"The Queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Marlborough, constituted Addison Keeper of the Records in Ireland; and increased the salary, which, until then, had been very trifling, to 300*l.* a year. There is an anecdote related by Swift of our author, while in the performance of the duties of this office, which serves to illustrate his prudence and carefulness in matters in which money was to be gained. He would never remit the fees of his office even to his friends. 'I may,' said he, 'have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. The evil suffered, therefore, beyond all proportion, exceeds the benefit done.' Of the independence and integrity of his conduct in refusing every thing in the shape of compliment or *donneur*, we have a remarkable instance in the letter addressed by him to Major Dunbar, who had sent him a bank-note of 300*l.*, by way of gratuity, in order that he might expedite his business with the Lord Lieutenant." * * *

"Steele, speaking of the effects which were produced by wine upon his friend Addison, remarks: 'When he is once arrived at his pint, and begins to look

about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discern the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by his enlivening aid he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself.' The effects produced by wine upon different constitutions has been commented upon with considerable humour by Horace. One man weeps under the influence of the bottle, the miserable martyr of maudlin sensibility; another becomes merry and loquacious; a third grows noisy and quarrelsome; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. It is a curious fact, that when Addison and Steele dined in company with each other, such different results were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious by the time the latter had absorbed wine enough to make him heavy and uncommunicative. One of the annotators on the *Tattler* goes so far as to assert that Addison shortened his existence by an immoderate use of Canary wine and Barbadoes water. This person has been informed that Jacob Tonson boasted of paying his court, not unsuccessfully, by inventing excuses for requesting a glass of the last-mentioned liquor, in order to furnish the poet with an opportunity and an apology for his indulging his own inclination. 'We believe this,' says our author, 'like many of the stories resting upon the old bookseller (mis-called *honest*) Jacob's testimony, to be utterly destitute of foundation, as it is quite unlikely that Addison could not have indulged in his favourite potations without waiting for apology so ridiculous and unsatisfactory either to himself or others.' "

With these extracts we must conclude, though it is not unlikely that we shall devote another paper to this entertaining volume.

APOLOGY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, in his Preface, issued with the December Number, thus remarks :—

“WHILST the Editor declares himself deeply conscious of being answerable for the general character and moral tendency of the Work which he conducts he must also remark, that his responsibility is not to be too rigorously interpreted as extending to every shade and expression of opinion which the publication may contain. It is impossible to give exact harmony and consistency to the sentiments of a numerous and changing body of contributors ; and the spirit and originality of an amusing paper might often be more injured by pruning its eccentricities, than by suffering them to remain.

Under this plea the Editor has no desire to excuse himself for one article, which has given offence, rather too justly, on the other side of the Atlantic. He inserted it without reflection, but had observed its unfairness, and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it, long before the fair and temperate reply which Mr. Everett made to it had reached him. In advertent to this paper he will have occasion for once, and he hopes only for once, to touch upon politics ; but it shall be but generally, and nothing but the necessity of self-defence shall make him resume the subject. With reluctance, but from a sense of duty, he must criticise a paper in his own work, communicated to him by a valued friend, to whose taste and sentiments he would defer, perhaps, on any occasion but the present. But when his friend deprecates our literary feuds with America, he applies, in the Editor’s opinion, the most faulty methods of appeasing them. He denies, and it is to be hoped we all deny, any systematic hatred towards the Americans ; but he charges the large majority of that people with being vain, vulgar, and boisterous, and full of national prejudices ; which, when they come to this country, take the form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness. Hard words these ; and, perhaps, not very usefully uttered even if true. But if they be not true—if this sweeping computation of the tolerable or intolerable character of a whole

nation can be even suspected of exaggeration, how unfair and how dangerous to have made it. For his own part the Editor can say, that he believes he has known more Americans than the writer of the paper. Possibly, in the course of his life, not less than an hundred—men of various vocations, characters, and degrees of education. He has argued with them, and heard them argue, on national subjects ; but he can safely declare, that he never thought them more boisterous than other men ; on the contrary, rather distinguished, in general, by coolness and self-possession. Exceptions of warmth, as among the people of all countries when their prejudices are ruffled, he may have observed ; but unmeasured hatred, or rudeness, never.

If we dislike the American manner, (our own, the world says, is not perfect) we should not rake up its imperfections when we protest our wish to put an end to a paper war with that people. It is an useless jar in the tones of our harmony to talk of their disagreeable peculiarities at the moment of confessing that those faults have not caten into the heart and substance of their national character, and after quoting travellers, who attest “ *the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of their troops*, and the general religion and hospitality of their people.” But the Americans are told they should be satisfied with our full acknowledgments of their virtues. And so they would have been, no doubt, if the compliments from our press had not come to them so bedaubed with inconsistent aspersions, as to resemble oranges that have been dipped in the kennel. For, in testifying their humanity, we parenthetically bemoan their ferocity. We reproach them, and yet say we are willing to be well with them. We hold out to them the olive-branch, and whip them with it as a conciliatory ceremony. With all this we tell them, however, that they must not be offended, because it is our way to caricature and gibbet Kings and Queens, and Bishops, for the popular entertainment,

forgetting that the Americans have nothing to do with our treatment of Kings and Bishops, and that our literature should be as dissimilar as possible to either gibbets or caricatures. Farther, we enjoin them silence and good humour. The charms of silence we illustrate by harangues on their soreness and irritability; and we suggest their vulgar manners, their scanty literature, and the prospect of their language being for ever amenable to our correction, as themes on which they may meditate during their pleased and pensive taciturnity.

But we admire the writings of Washington Irving, and, it might have been added, the pictures of Lesley, and of the American Newton.* And this is a pledge of our perfect liberality. So thinks the Editor's friend, but not so the Editor. For the Americans have gone before us in this species of justice, having praised our British books abundantly, and yet without obtaining credit for entire freedom from prejudices. Nor, in strictness, have they deserved it. It is on neither side an excuse for national abuse to have paid compliments to individuals. The charitable feeling between two kindred and free nations ought to extend much farther, and exclude all collective animosity. How to produce this Christian spirit is, to be sure, the problem which can never be practically solved in perfection. Yet, let antipathies be softened, if they cannot be eradicated. If our interests and those of America be the same, they should unite us; if they jar, the more composure of mind is necessary to adjust them. America is told that she will always find friends in England, from the party which supports the republican side of our mixed constitution. But is this all that England can offer America—not the milk of human kindness, but the spare gall of political wrangling? Is not every English royalist interested to demonstrate, in his demeanour towards America, that Monarchy creates more courtesy of manners, than Republicanism?—that chivalrous recollection inspire magnanimity? that our Universities teach

dispassionate ethics; and that our Church is at the head of Christian churches, by its having impressed our public character with forbearance and charity?

So much for the feelings that ought to be brought into his business. As to wrangling with America in print, it should be the policy of all honest British politicians to avoid it.

If the anxious Monarchist be alarmed at her citizens over-describing their democratical blessings, he should recollect that every contemptuous word we throw out is a challenge to their pride and boastfulness, and a temptation for them to exaggerate the pictures of their own felicity. And though we may expose many of their false assertions, yet, as all human things have imperfections, those of our own venerable institutions are in turn laid open to the detraction of antagonists, whom we irritate in order to make sure of their candour. It is true that rude remarks on England might come from America, supposing our press to be ever so moderate. English emigrants rail at us; but for these the native American character is not responsible. Granting, however, that this railing is an evil, how is it best to be mitigated? The transatlantic press cannot be silenced by force: though vanquished in argument, it would argue still. All angry discussion on our part that inflames the whole American people, makes them speak ten times of our tithes and taxes for once that they would mention them if not embarked in a provoking controversy. And their boastings of immunity from such burthens—boastings undeniably aggravated by the reproaches which we offer them—come indirectly, through seditious newspapers, to our taxed and tithed, and reading poor. By wrangling with the only nation that speaks English, we render the only foreign newspaper an uneducated Englishman can read, to the utmost extent in our power, a gazette of his causes for discontent. If the American press be despicable, the surest token of our contempt would be silence; if it be formidable, it is better to be at peace than at

* The Editor calls him American, because there is an ingenious English artist of the same name.

war with it. If America has been violent in this war of words, it is clear that we have not been moderate : even her federalists have been insulted by us. When she has spoken of those whom she thought her great men, and mentioned Patrick Henry, it has been contemptuously asked, in one of our most popular publications, "Who is he?"—The memory of Patrick Henry is deeply respected by his countrymen. He was the first orator who stood up in an American assembly to propose the resolution of their independence. Whether we choose to call him great or not, he was a bold and distinguished man. His name is inwoven in his country's history, and ought to have been known to every one pretending to write about America.

This is not the way to deal, either effectively or fairly, with the citizens of the United States. Let us increase the number of their liberals, by our own liberality. Their Republicans, in candid moments, will acknowledge defects in their own system of policy, calculated to make an Englishman better satisfied with his own institutions—acknowledgments which their pride will justly refuse to our haughty treatment ; and it must be owned that we treat them haughtily, when we subjoin to the name of one of their best and bravest patriots the ignorant and insolent interrogation of "Who is he?"

There is no need to flatter their self-complacency. But surely it need not compromise our dignity, that the general character of our publications should gain over the young American, who is to be the future senator or ruler of his country, to form pleasing associations with the political literature of Britain. It were better that the language recording his ties of affinity with us, were not the only one, perhaps, in the world, in which he can read humiliating truths or irritating falsehoods about his country, and expressions of contempt, calculated to make him vow, in the weakness of human nature, that no love shall be lost between himself and Old England.

The worst thing urged against America is her negro slavery—a theme, no doubt, for the general philanthropist,

but not for the Englishman as a ground of unqualified national vanity. Slaves cannot breathe in England. Yes, but they can breathe in the English West Indies, and breathe heavier groans (it is said) than in America. And we profit by this slavery, and we pay taxes to maintain it. The negro, however, is free the moment he reaches our shores. And could he reach them at his pleasure, we might then boast that we took the chains from his limbs, and bound them round his heart. But he cannot come over to us. An English soldier would help to kill him, if he asserted his liberty ; and the main power that coerces him is English. Now, the plea which our own colonists allege for possessing slaves is necessity, and we either admit or reject this plea. If we absolve the West Indian, we cannot condemn the American. If we denounce them both as tyrants, it is clear that, of the two, we are most nearly and practically concerned with our fellow subjects of the West Indies. If we can justify or palliate their slavery, let us make allowance for that of America. And if we cannot justify it, then, before we preach the emancipation of slaves to another empire, we should first make efforts to accomplish that emancipation in our own.

It is prophesying at random to speak of the future dependence of the American language and literature upon ours ; and it is unfair to deride their future prospects of fame, which are neither contemptible nor chimerical. In maintaining real rights, let us be resolute ; but not in bandying irritating and useless speculations. Much less in accusations that heighten national antipathies. How degrading to both countries was the spectacle when the American press accused Englishmen of stirring their punch with the amputated fingers of Irish rebels, and when England retorted by charging American parents with letting their children run drunk about the streets—a loathsome rivalry in scandal that would have disgraced honest fishwomen. From calumnies like these, base as they are, spring antipathies that prepare the human mind for the guilt of war. The serpents' teeth, though buried in the

dirt, produce armed men. The evil of nationally hostile writers lives long after their short reputations—it is felt by posterity, when their works are gone to the grocer's shop.

In all that the Editor has said, he has not meant to justify the malignity or injustice of any American railer against England. He has only argued that British pride should be above exasperation, and should be inclined rather to pardon than punish the irascible anxiety of the Americans respecting their national character, which, though great for their age as a nation, is yet proceeding, and incomplete. That very anxiety, though it may have been misdirected, is a virtuous emotion in a young nation.

If any ill-natured remarks should be made on this apology which the Editor has offered the people of the United States, he can promise his critics one advantage, that he will (in all probability) make no reply to them. But the sober part of the British community will scarcely require an excuse for his having spoken thus respectfully of the Americans. It was a duty peculiarly imposed on him by the candid manner of Mr. Everett's reply; and it was otherwise, as he felt in his heart, deservedly claimed by a people eulogized by Burke and Chatham—by a land that brings such recollections to the mind as the wisdom of Washington and Franklin, and the heroism of Warren and Montgomery. T. C.

DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

(From the London Time's Telescope, Jan. 1822.)

Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others, *young, like him*,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.

MR. KEATS died at Rome, Feb. 23, 1821, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His complaint was a *consumption*, under which he had languished for some time; but his death was accelerated by a cold caught in his voyage to Italy. It is rather singular, that, in the year 1816, he expressed an ardent desire to visit the shores of Italy, in one of his earliest productions, and is too beautiful to be omitted in this humble tribute to his memory.

Happy is *England*! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For *skies Italian*, and an inward groan
To sit upon an *Alp* as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is *England*, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging;
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

Mr. Keats was, in the truest sense of the word, a POET. There is but a small portion of the public acquainted

with the writings of this young man: yet they were full of high imagination and delicate fancy, and his images were beautiful and more entirely his own, perhaps, than those of any living writer whatever. He had a fine ear, a tender heart, and at times great force and originality of expression; and notwithstanding all this, he has been suffered to rise and pass away almost without a notice: the laurel has been awarded (for the present) to other brows; the bolder aspirants have been allowed to take their station on the slippery steps of the Temple of Fame, while he has been nearly hidden among the crowd during his life, and has at last died, solitary and in sorrow, in a foreign land.

It is at all times difficult, if not impossible, to argue others into a love of poets and poetry: it is altogether a matter of feeling, and we must leave to time (while it hallows his memory) to do justice to the reputation of Keats. There were many, however, even among the critics, who held his powers in high estimation; and it was well observed by the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that there was no other author whatever, whose writings would form so good a test by which to try the love

which any one professed to bear towards poetry. In proof of this assertion, we need only refer to the following exquisite Ode, which, that we may do ample justice to the author, we shall quote entire. The poem will be more striking to the reader, when he understands that it was written not long before Mr. Keats left England, when the author's powerful mind had for some time past inhabited a sickened and shaking body,—and had suffered from the baleful effects of the poisoned shafts of *critical malignity*!

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And happy the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around with all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Thro' verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in the embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
With hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In antient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Thro' the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

GREECE.

Is it but the hollow wind
Thro' the dreary sea beach sounding—
Is it but the hunted hind
Thro' the leafy desert bounding?
'Tis the tread of Grecian men,
Rushing thro' the twilight pale;
'Tis the echo of the glen
To their trumpet's brazen wail.

What has lit that sanguine star,
Sitting on the mountain's brow?
'Tis the fiery sign of war
To the warrior tribes below.

Where was born the sudden flash,
Darting upward from the shore?
Answer—sword and target's clash!
Answer—Freedom's hallow'd roar!

Onward comes the mighty column,
Winding by the silver sea;
To its chaunt severe and solemn,
Athens' hymn of liberty!
Now they climb the Spartan mountain,
Now they sweep th' Arcadian vale,
Now beside the Argive fountain,
Glitters in the morn their mail!

Like a storm the march advances,
 With a deep and gathering sound ;
 Now above the throng of lances,
 See the ancient flags abound !
 Bearing each a glorious name,
 Each a summons to the soul,
 Each a guiding lightning flame,—
 Soon the thunderbolt shall roll !

Not a spot that host are treading,
 But has been a hero's grave ;
 But has seen a tyrant bleeding,
 But has seen a ransom'd slave !
Moslem, fly ! thy hour is come,
 For the sword shall smite the chain
 In that shout has peal'd thy doom,
 Greece shall be herself again !

ANECDOTES OF ROUSSEAU.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DAVID HUME, THE HISTORIAN. CONTINUED.

Dear Doctor,†

No. X.

I HAD asked M. Rousseau the question you propose to me: He answered, that the story of his *Heloise* had some general & distant resemblance to Reality; such as was sufficient to warn his Imagination and assist his invention: But that all the chief circumstances were fictitious. I have heard in France, that he had been employ'd to teach Music to a young Lady, a Boarder in a Convent at Lyons; and that the Master & Scholar fell mutually in love with each other, but the affair was not attended with any Consequences. I think this work his Masterpiece; though he himself told me, that he valued most his *Contrat Sociale*; which is as posterous a judgement as that of Milton, who prefer'd the *Paradise* regain'd to his other performances.

This man, the most singular of all human Beings, has at last left me; and I have very little hopes of ever being able, for the future, to enjoy much of his company, tho' he says, that if I settle either in London or in Edinburgh, he will take a journey on foot every year to visit me. Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of 5 or £6000 (a year) in the North of England, & a man of great humanity and of a good understanding, has taken the charge of him. He has a house called Wooton, in the Peake of Derby, situated amidst mountains and rocks and streams and forrests, which pleases the wild imagination, and solitary humour of Rousseau; and as the Master seldom inhabited it, and only kept there a plain Table for Servants, he offer'd me to give it up to my Friend; I accepted, on condition that he wou'd take from him 30 pounds a year of

Board for himself and his *Gouvernante*, which he was so good natur'd as to agree to. Rousseau has about £80 a year which he has acquired by Contracts with his Booksellers, and by an Annuity of 25 pounds a year which he accepted from Lord Mareschal. This is the only man, who has yet been able to make him accept of money.

He was desperately resolv'd to rush into this solitude, notwithstanding all my remonstrances; and I foresee, that he will be unhappy in that situation, as he has indeed been always, in all situations. He will be entirely without occupation, without company, and almost without amusement of any kind. He has read very little during the course of his life, and he has now totally renounced all reading: He has seen very little, and has no manner of Curiosity to see or remark: He has reflected, properly speaking, and study'd, very little; and has not indeed much knowledge: He has only felt, during the whole course of his life; and in this respect, his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any Example of: But it still gives him a more acute feeling of Pain than of pleasure. He is like a man who were stript not only of his cloaths, but of his skin, and turn'd out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous Elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower World. I shall give you a remarkable instance of his turn of character in this respect: It pass'd in my room, the evening before his Departure.

He had resolved to set out with his *Gouvernante* in a post Chaise; but Davenport, willing to cheat him and save him some money, told him, that he

† Addressed to the Revd. Dr. Hugh Blair at Edinburgh.

had found a retour chaise for the place, which he might have for a trifle, and that luckily, it set out the very day, in which Rousseau intended to depart : His purpose was to hire a chaise, and make him believe this story. He succeeded at first ; but Rousseau, afterwards, ruminating on the circumstances, began to entertain a suspicion of the trick. He communicated his doubts to me, complaining that he was treated like a Child ; that tho' he was poor, he chose rather to conform his circumstances, than live like a Beggar, on alms ; and that he was very unhappy in not speaking the language familiarly, so as to guard against these Impositions. I told him that I was ignorant of the matter, and knew nothing more of it, than I was told by Mr. Davenport ; but if he pleas'd I should make enquiry about it. *Never tell me that, reply'd he, if this be really a contrivance of Davenport's you are acquainted with it, and consenting to it, and you cou'd not possibly have done me a greater Displeasure.* Upon which he sate down, very sullen and silent ; and all my attempts were in vain to revive the Conversation, and to turn it on other subjects : He still answered me very drily and coldly. At last, after pausing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room : But judge my surprize, when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kiss'd me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaim'd *Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my Dear Friend : After all the testimonies I have received from you, I reward you at last with this folly & ill-behaviour : But I have notwithstanding a heart worthy of friendship : I love you, I esteem you : and not an instance of your kindness is thrown away upon me.*—I think you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion : I assure you I kiss'd him and embrac'd him twenty times, with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting.

I now understand perfectly his Aver-

sion to company, which appears so surprising in a man well qualify'd for the entertainment of Company, and which the greater part of the World takes for affectation. He has frequent and long fits of the spleen, from the state of his mind or Body, call it which you please ; and from his extreme Sensibility of temper, during that disposition, Company is a torment to him. When his spirits and health and good humour return, his fancy affords him so much and such agreeable occupation, that to call him off from it gives him uneasiness ; and even the Writing of Books, he tells me, as it limits and restrains his fancy to one subject, is not an agreeable entertainment. He never will write any more ; and never shou'd have wrote at all, could he have slept a-nights. But he lies awake commonly, and to keep himself from tiring, he usually compos'd something, which he wrote down when he arose. He assures me, that he composes very slowly, and with great labour and difficulty.

He is naturally very modest, and even ignorant of his own Superiority : His fire, which frequently rises in conversation, is gentle and temperate ; he is never, in the least, arrogant and domineering, and is indeed one of the best bred men I ever knew.* I shall give you such an instance of his modesty as must necessarily be sincere. When we were on the road, I recommended to him the learning of English, without which, I told him, he wou'd never enjoy entire liberty, nor be fully independent, and at his own disposal. He was sensible I was in the right ; and said, that he heard there were two English Translations of his *Emile* or Treatise of Education ; He wou'd get them, as soon as he arriv'd in London ; and as he knew the subject, he wou'd have no other trouble, than to learn or guess the words : This wou'd save him some pains in consulting the Dictionary ; and as he improv'd, it wou'd amuse him to compare the Translations, which was the best. Accordingly, soon after our arrival, I procur'd him the Books, but he return'd them in a few days, saying that they cou'd be of

* This letter is dated in March, 1766. In the course of the succeeding year, Mr. Hume was taught not to think quite so favourably of his *protege* in those particulars.

no use to him. *What is the matter,* reply'd I.—*I cannot endure them,* said he, *they are my own work, and ever since I delivered my Books to the Press, I never cou'd open them, or read a page of them without disgust.—That is strange,* said I, *I wonder the good reception they have met with from the World has not put you more in conceit with them.—Why!* said he, *if I were to count suffrages, there are perhaps more against them, than for them.—But,* rejoin'd I, *it is impossible but the style and eloquence and ornaments must please you.—To tell the truth,* said he, *I am not displeas'd with myself in that particular: But I still dread, that my Writings are good for nothing at the bottom, and that all my Theories are full of Extravagance.* *Je craigne toujours que je pecke par le fond, et que tous mes systemes ne sont que des extravagances.*—You see that this is judging of himself with the utmost severity, and censuring his Writings on the Side where they are most expos'd to Criticism. No feign'd modesty is ever capable of this courage. I never heard ——— reproach himself with the ———: Nobody ever heard you express any remorse for having put Ossian on the same footing with Homer.

Have I tir'd you, or will you have any more Anecdotes of this singular personage? I think I hear you desire me to go on. He attempted once to justify to me the moral of his new Heloisa, which, he knew, was blam'd, as instructing young people, in the Art of gratifying their Passions, under the cover of Virtue and noble and refin'd sentiments. *You may observe,* said he, *that my Julia is faithful to her husband's bed, tho' she is seduc'd from*

her duty during her single state: But this last circumstance can be of no consequence in France, where all the young Ladies are shut up in Convents, and have it not in their power to transgress: It might indeed have a bad effect in a protestant Country. But notwithstanding this reflection, he told me, that he had wrote a Continuation of his *Emilius*, which may soon be publish'd: He there attempts to show the effects of his plan of Education, by representing *Emilius* in all the most trying situations, and still extricating himself with courage and Virtue. Among the rest, he discovers that *Sophia*, the amiable, the virtuous, the estimable *Sophia*, is unfaithful to his bed, which fatal accident he bears with a manly and superior spirit. *In this work,* added he, *I have endeavour'd to represent Sophia in such a light that she will appear equally amiable, equally virtuous, and equally estimable, as if she had no such Frailty.—You take a pleasure, I see,* said I, *to combat with difficulties in all your works.—Yes,* said he, *I hate marvellous and supernatural events in Novels. The only thing that can give pleasure in such performances is to place the personages in situations difficult and singular.* Thus, you see, nothing remains for him but to write a Book for the instruction of Widows; unless perhaps he imagines that they can learn their lesson without instruction.—*Adieu Dear Doctor; You say that you sometimes read my letters to our common friends; but you must read this only to the initiated.*

Yours, *usque ad oras.*

DAVID HUME.

Lisle Street Leicester fields,
25 March 1736.

THE CHIME BELLS OF MERIDEN.

On hearing them at Midnight.

WHAT tuneful sounds are those I hear,
Warbling so soft, so sweet, so clear?
'Tis not the night-bird's dulcet lay,
That carols in the merry May;
But floating down the lovely glen,
'Tis the sweet bells of Meriden.
Like spell-bound wight in armour'd hall,
I, listening, heard the waterfall;
And while the sleeping winds were still

In yonder wood, on yonder hill,
The turret clock struck twelve, and then
Chim'd the sweet bells of Meriden.
Ye who for pleasure idly roam,
And wish to find an inn a home,
When shuts the live-long summer's day,
Hither repair, and welcom'd, stay
To hear in this delightful glen
The soft, sweet bells of Meriden.

Stephensiana, No. XXX.

Literary Gazette.

The late Mr. H. S. WOODFALL.

I WAS pleased to find him a man of abilities and merit, occasionally relating with pleasantry, the persecutions with which he had been assailed, for the part he had taken in publishing the letters of Junius. Too much cannot be said in praise of those well written letters, as containing the politics of the times, and affording valuable materials not only for the historian, but the man of taste and the philosopher.

Mr. W. told me, March 10th, 1801, that he knew Dr. Wolcott well, having often met him behind the scenes. "I was brought up in some measure behind the scenes," said he to me, "as my father was printer to Covent Garden house, and I used to be always there, and indeed at both of the theatres." Mr. Wood was then the treasurer. The actors were not so well paid then as now, and they used to say to one another, on a Saturday night, when the piece was concluded, "Have you seen the treasury?" "Yes, but there is no coal there, "I will burn wood then."

The following Card was left at the QUEEN'S HOUSE, during the KING'S illness, in March, 1801.

"Captain Blake, of the Grenadiers, (George 1st.) was in the regiment of Colonel Murray, at the battle of Preston Pans, in the year 1745. He was left among the dead in the field of action, with no less than eleven wounds, one so capital as to carry away three inches of his skull. Has been preserved 56 years to relate the event, and enabled by gracious protection, to make his personal enquiry after his Majesty."

LOBSTERS.

These unfortunate and ill-used creatures, are caught in baskets on the coast of Scotland and even of Norway, and being carried into the Thames, are placed in large boxes, called lobster chests, with different widths between the joints, to allow the water to flow freely through and through. These are sunk at a place on the Essex coast, about ten miles below Gravesend,

where the water is salt. Thence they are draughted as occasion requires, and brought to Billingsgate, to supply the London market.

The WITTINAGEMOT of the CHAPTER.

From 1797 to 1805, I was accustomed to use the Chapter Coffee-house, where I always met with intelligent company, and enjoyed an interesting conversation. The box in the NE. corner used to be called the *Wittingagemot*. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers as brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter. A *dry* paper they viewed as a *stale* commodity.

In the afternoon another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers, and it was these whom I met.

Dr. BUCHAN, author of the *Domestic Medicine*, generally held a seat in this box, and though he was a tory, he heard the freest discussions with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy and his white hairs qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. HAMMOND, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly 45 years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French wars, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was *Socratic*, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, often creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar, or chronicle of the box, was a Mr. MURRAY, an episcopal Scotch clergyman, who generally sat in one place from nine in the morning till nine at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty

years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited, was Dr. BERDMORE, Master of the Charter House; WALKER, the rhetorician; and Dr. TOWERS, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker, to the finest enunciation, united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. GEORGE FORDYCE, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after his wine, and staid about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another glass at the London, and a third at the Oxford, before he went to his house in Essex-street.

Dr. GOWER, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor, and added much to our stock of information. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan, in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter-punch, or brandy and water, as *aqua vite*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch is not found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now, let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here—John, or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he like brandy and water better. Take that, Sir, and I'll warrant you'll soon be well—you're a peg too low—you want a little stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second.

There was a growling man of the name of DOBSON, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, of the name of HERON, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle that, deserted by all, he would have died from want if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

ROBINSON, the King of the Booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent; and JOSEPH JOHNSON, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuzeli. PHILLIPS, then commencing his Magazine, was also on a keen look out for recruits, with his waistcoat-pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlisting money into their hands.

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, the workman of the Robinsons, and through introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humour, and in anecdotes, of which he had a plentiful store at command. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his name-sake George, who, he used to say, carried "*the leaden mace*," and was much provoked whenever he happened to be taken for his name-sake.

CAHUSAC, a teacher of the classics; McLEOD, a writer in the papers; the two PARRYS of the Courier, then the organ of jacobinism; and Capt. SKINNER, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One BAKER, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirkby-street, it was discovered that for some years he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his subsistence, till his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

LOWNDES, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. BUCHAN, jun. a graduated son

of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes, and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, was as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. BUSBY, the musician, and a very ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the tories. And MACFARLANE, the author of the History of George the Third, was always admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during a procession of Sir F. Burdett, from Brentford.

KELLY, an Irish schoolmaster and gentlemanly man, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man of the name of WILSON, who acquired the name of *Longbow* Wilson, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton* which he used to retail by the hour. He was a good-tempered, and certainly very amusing person, who seemed likely to be an acquisition among the *Wittenagemot*, but having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the house, begged of me, if I met with him, to tell him that she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch, and more brandy and water, than from any other single cause whatever." I, however, never saw Wilson again, and suppose he is dead or gone abroad.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time, as LovETT, a militia-officer; HENNEL, a coal-merchant, and some others, whose names I forget, and these seemed likely to keep up the party; but all things have an end—Dr. Buchan died, some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented him-

self, after nearly fifty years attendance, and the noisy box of the *Wittenagemot* has for some years been remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no noise above a whisper, and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever.

LORD HOWE.

When the late Lord Howe was a captain, a lieutenant, not remarkable for courage or presence of mind in dangers (common fame had brought some imputation on his character) ran to the great cabin, and informed his commander that the ship was on fire near the gun-room. Soon after this, he returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid, as the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" replied Capt. H. a little nettled: "How does a man *feel*, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he *looks*."

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

In one of the morning excursions of John, Duke of Bedford, he observed a woman at a short distance from him wringing her hands, weeping aloud, and discovering every mark of the deepest distress. Moved with sympathy, he immediately approached her, desired her to dry up her tears, and tell him the cause of her sorrow; promising at the same time to do her all the service in his power. Seeing a man in a plain genteel dress looking at her with an air of benignity, and interesting himself in her sufferings; and being entirely ignorant of his rank, she communicated her story to him without reserve. "I have," said she, "a large family; my husband is sick, and being unable to pay our rent, the Duke of Bedford's steward has seized our stock, and left us nothing but the dismal prospect of unavoidable ruin; and I came out to this field, to take my last sad sight of my poor cows, which are still feeding in the park there." Deeply affected with her melancholy tale, he advised her to drive the cows home, and offered to set open the gate for her for that purpose. At this proposal she started, burst again into tears, and absolutely refused to meddle with them. "They are no longer my husband's," said she; "and if I drive them home, I shall be looked upon as a thief; and for any thing I know, I may be hanged for it!" Forcibly struck with the justice of her reasoning, and the honest simplicity of her language, he gave her some money, and told her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the Duke of Bedford, whom he knew to be a good natured sort of a man, and he hoped he would do something valuable for her. Accordingly, he desired her to call next day at Woburn Abbey, and ask for John Russell,

and he would introduce her to the duke, and speak to him in her behalf. The good woman having returned him many thanks, and promising to meet at the time and place appointed, they parted.

Next day, dressed in her best clothes, the poor woman went to the Abbey, and asked for John Russell; she was shown into a room, and told that Mr Russell would be with her immediately. She had not waited long, when several gentlemen richly dressed, entered the room. She knew at first sight the features of him who had conversed with her the day before; and strongly impressed with the idea of his being the duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise; but his Grace walked up to her with a look of condescension and goodness, which reanimated her drooping spirits, while he assured her that she had no cause to be afflicted, but might keep herself perfectly easy. He then called his steward, ordered him to write her a receipt in full, and to see every thing returned that had been taken from her husband. His Grace then put the receipt into her hand, and told her that he had enquired into her husband's character, and found that he was a very honest man, and had long been his tenant; and giving her thirty guineas, he desired her to go home, and rejoice with her family.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC AND THE LYRE.

The Hermes, or Mercury, of the Egyptians, surnamed Trismegistus, or Thrice Illustrious, who was, according to Newton, the secretary to Osiris, is reported to have been the *inventor of Music*, according to Apollodorus, under the following circumstances:—The Nile having overflowed its banks, and inundated the whole country of Egypt, on its return to its customary bounds left on the shores various dead ani-

mals, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which, being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, and these being tightened and constructed by the drying heat, became *sonorous*. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against this shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced, that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his imagination. The first instrument he constructed was in the form a *tortoise*, and was strung with the dried sinews of dead animals. There is something beautiful in this allegory, which leads us into a conception of the energetic powers of the human mind in the early ages of the world, thus directed to a discovery of the capabilities of Nature by the fingers of Omnipotence in the form of accident.

This fanciful mode of accounting for the origin of music is thus curiously alluded to in Brewer's *Lingua*:

—“The *lute* was first devised
In imitation of a tortoise' back,
Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
Echo'd about the concave of the shell;
And seeing the shortest and smallest gave
shrillest sound,
They found out frets, where sweet diversity,
Well touched by the skilful learned fingers,
Roused so strange a multitude of chords.
And the opinion many to confirm,
Because testudo signifies a lute.”

The first organ that ever was seen in Europe was sent to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

Intelligence.

A Translation of Baron Larrey's new work, entitled, a Collection of Surgical Observations, with Notes, is preparing by the Translator for publication, by Mr. Duglison, of Prescott-street.

A New Edition (being the 7th) of Conversations on Chemistry, is preparing for the press with considerable additions.

The author of the Bachelor and the Married Man, Hesitation, &c. will shortly publish a new Novel, entitled, the Woman of Genius.

The Rev. S. Burder, A. M. is preparing a New Edition of his Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by an explanatory application of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations, and especially of the Jews therein alluded to; this edition will be considerably enlarged.

Miss A. M. Porter is writing a Romance, to be entitled Roche Blanc, or the Hunters of the Pyrennees.

Dr. Watkins, author of the General Biographical Dictionary, will shortly publish a work consisting of Memoirs of Self-educated Persons, who by their own exertions have risen to eminence in literature and science.

Miss Bengier is engaged in Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

A new edition is in the press with considerable additions, of Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various departments of Literature and Science, with Practical Rules for studying each Branch of useful Knowledge, by the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. J. Joyce, and the Rev. Lant Carpenter, L.L.D.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1822.

[NO. 12.

(English Magazines, for December 1821.)

THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shapes of the coffins they enwomb?
And 'what if 'tis so—shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, cause its fair circle
Is haunted by a shadow?

Old Play.

ON the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allambay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond, you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalswinton and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in Scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide-mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild-plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and

lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river-bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with waterfowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before.

Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neigh-

bour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide, sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, as one will conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which passing through the ends of two pieces of flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathize—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away.

I had often heard of the singular superstitutions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow; he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good green-sward—it is hale-some and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o'Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o'Kempstane will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit—they are godless fear-noughts." I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel,—a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax,—while his legs were warmly cased in

blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me—a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:—"This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither; and while she continued to browse, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks, for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests." "Ay, ay," said the peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile, "they have braved sundry tempests between sixteen and sixty; but touching this pasture, sir, I know nobody who would like to crop it—the aged cattle shun the place—the birds never build in the branches—the children never come near to play—and the aged never chuse it for a resting-place; but pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, sir, having no good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblest place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there." I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o'Caerlaverock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed. "My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and

scorner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie of Dookdub.” The peasant seized my hand—“Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o’ Dookdub—whom I wooed so sair, and loved sae lang!—I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the Story of the Ghost and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost.”

“You may imagine, then,” said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable English—“you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened and covered with a coating of green brom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years.—There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bonne-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock-sand—one of these persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God’s judgments are. Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season;—but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon arises now, as they did then—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind,—sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun:—I heard my father sigh, and say, ‘dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.’ The day was closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still—frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon

heard mingling with the hasty clang of the waterfowls’ wings as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side—but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvas rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment, showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, ‘Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead man’s bank’—and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest

interposed between the bay at Dead-man's bank, and the bay at our feet ; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of dounce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land.—I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair ; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound.—Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you weep ?
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,
Though the heaven be mirker, than mirk may be,
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night
When our bridal candles gleamed far and bright."—
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

Second Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you cry ?
Though the waves be flashing top-mast high,
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,
There is one who comes in the time of need,
And curbs the waves at we curb a steed"—
'The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,
Then flashes high as Barnbourie brave,
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave—
Though 'twixt thee and this ravening flood
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood,
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

Both.

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave,
Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave
And cling to me, with that white right hand,
And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."—
A lightning flash on the shaliop strook,
The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,
From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,
That were heard above the tempest's blast.—

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded—"The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabating fury ; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the greensward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners ; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element—but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the freestone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along ; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others. When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself—the ship, dashed to atoms, covered the shore with its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners—not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him.—'O,

Gilbert, Gilbert, what a frightful sight is this—has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul ?—‘ Nor soul nor body have I saved,’ said the fisherman, doggedly : ‘ I have done my best—the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me—their boat alone came near with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.’ My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, ‘ If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine—if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners’ redemption, thou hast much to answer for.’—As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood—it almost left its foam on their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long—had been forcibly rent away—the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off—the rings removed from her fingers—and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground.—My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes—but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman, from that time too, waxed rich and prosperous—and from being the needy proprietor of a halvenet, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance—proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha’; and became a lead-

ing man in a flock of a purer kind of Presbyterians—and a precept and example to the community.

“ Though the portioner of Gyrape-ha’ prospered wondrously—his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all : though nothing open or direct was said—looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated—the cause was left to his own penetration. The peasant scrupled to become his servant—sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep—the beggar ceased to solicit an *armous*—the drover and the horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand—his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married—no maiden would hold tryste with his sons—though maidens were then as little loth as now ; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say—‘ The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee—and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake.’ It happened during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in star-light as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion—the former was, therefore untenanted ; and the latter, from its vantage ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing—a revelry common in Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the water-fowl swimming and ducking in the encreasing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth—looked to

the sea—looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said : ‘ My son, I have a counsel to give thee—treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life—the daughters of *him* of Gyrape-lia’ are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest—their father has wealth—I say nought of the way he came by it—they will have golden portions doubtless.—But I would rather lay thy head aneath the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard, and son have I none beside thee, than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean—I may not now tell thee why this warning is given. Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said Prudence Gyrape, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have long thought some one would see a sight—and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear—for where blood is shed there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight !’ I answered not—being accustomed to regard my father’s counsel as a matter not to be debated—as a solemn command : we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water—accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide. ‘ God haud his right-hand about us !’ said my father, breathing thick with emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life.—I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light, dancing along the surface of the sea : it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman’s cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination.—‘ I’ll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyrape,’ said my father, ‘ I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and proprietor of thy right-hand, for all the treasures in the earth and ocean.’—A loud and piercing scream from the cottage made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures

of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smugglers, who infested the country ; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade—for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution. ‘ I vow by the night-tide, and the crooked timber,’ said Willie Weethause, ‘ I never saw sic a light as yon since our distillation pipe took fire, and made a burnt, instead of a drink-offering of our spirits—I’ll uphold it comes for nae good—a warning may be—sae ye may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi’ yere wickedness—as for me, I’ve gae hame and repent.’—‘ Saulless bodie !’ said his companion, whose natural hardness was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy cup—‘ Saulless bodie, for a flaff o’ fire and a maiden’s shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade.—Saul to gude ! but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thraffle into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin. Confound the fizenless bodie ! he glowers as if this fine star-light were something frae the warst side of the world, and thae staring e’en o’ his are busy shaping heaven’s sweetest and balmiest air into the figures of wraiths and goblins.’—‘ Robin Telfer,’ said my father, addressing the third smuggler, ‘ tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft—but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.’ ‘ I’ll tell ye what, goodman,’ said the mariner, ‘ I have seen the fires o’ heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o’ punch at a merry making, and neither quaked nor screamed ; but ye’ll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound ; sae it lessened nae one’s courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od ! if thought

living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I'd drill his breast-bane wi' my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.' My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook with terror, for it seemed no common light. 'Ou, God! then,' said hopeful Robin, 'since it was one o' our ain cannie sea-apparitions I care less about it—I took it for some landward spright! and now I think on't, where were my een? did it no stand amang its own light, with its long hanks of hair dripping, and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I'll be bound it's the ghost o' some sonsie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold—and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o' brandy, I would have ask'd a cannie question or twae.' Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. 'The tide serves, lads! the tide serves—let us slip our drap o' brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or the town quarry—ye ken we have to meet Bailie Gardevine, and laird Soukaway o' Laddlemouth.'—They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

"The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions.—With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain

quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or a kind of better sort of will-o'-the-wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds—and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea coast—it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the fisherman,—like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers. I heard douce Thomas Haining,—a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head,—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Rood-fair of Dumfries—the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself,—he was liting and singing the cannie of the auld sang, "There's a cuttie stool in our Kirk,"—which was made on some foolish quean's misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the Fisherman! 'Little wonder that he galloped,' said the elder, 'for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.' But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed—his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head

in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him.”

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle,—the remains of stockings and shoes were on his feet—a kind of fisherman’s cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him—“Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert the fisherman—once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o’er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice too, as if something in the water required his counsel—and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being.” I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice; “O hoy! the ship, O hoy,—turn your boat’s head ashore—and my bonnie lady, keep haud o’ yere casket—Hech bet! that wave would

have sunk a three decker, let be a slender boat—see—see an’ she binna sailing aboon the water like a white swan;”—and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water—“Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me—ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and o’er many diamonds on your bosom, to ’scape drowning. There’s as mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathoms deep.” And he continued to hold his hands under the water—muttering all the while.—“She’s half gone now—and I’ll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crouselly to kirk and market—now I may let the waves work their will—my work will be ta’en for theirs.”—He turned to wade to the shore, but a large and heavy wave came dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late—for nature was so exhausted with the fullness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him.—The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

SONG OF THE MERMAIDS IN THE PIRATE.

I.

MERMAID.

Fathoms deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistening pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl;
Dwelling where the tempest’s raving
Falls as light upon our ear,
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,
Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come to share your glee.

II.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest’s course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,

When the huge whale & sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen’s knell,

When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have plough’d such furrows on the sea,
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

III.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,
A hundred fathom deep below,
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
That drown each sound of war and woe.
Those who dwell beneath the sea
Love the sons of Thule well;
Thus to aid your mirth, bring we
Dance, and song, and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
Where your daring shallows row,
Come to share the festal show.

MADAME DE STAEL'S TEN YEARS' EXILE.*

[This production consists of fragments of Memoirs, which M. de Stael had intended to complete at her leisure, and which would probably have undergone alterations, if a longer life had been allowed her to revise and finish them. The narrative begins in 1800, two years previous to her first exile, and stops at 1804, after the death of M. Necker. It recommences, in 1810, and breaks off abruptly at her arrival in Sweden, in the autumn of 1812. Many of the circumstances, though trifling, are too curious to be neglected, at the same time M. de Staël was an intriguing politician and wrote as a partizan with womanish feeling.]

CAUSES OF BONAPARTE'S ANIMOSITY AGAINST ME.

THE Emperor Napoleon, whose character exhibits itself entire in every action of his life, has persecuted me with a minute anxiety, with an ever increasing activity, with an inflexible rudeness; and my connections with him contributed to make him known to me, long before Europe had discovered the key of the enigma.

Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte had heard that I had been speaking strongly in my own parties, against that dawning oppression, whose progress I foresaw as clearly as if the future had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose understanding and conversation I liked very much, came to see me, and told me, "My brother complains of you. Why, said he to me yesterday, why does not Madame de Staël attach herself to my government? what is it she wants? the payment of the deposit of her father? I will give orders for it: a residence in Paris? I will allow it her. In short, what is it she wishes?" "Good God!" replied I, "it is not what I wish, but what I think, that is in question." I know not if this answer was reported to him, but if it was, I am certain that he attached no meaning to it; for he believes in the sincerity of no one's opinions; he considers every kind of morality as nothing more than a form,

to which no more meaning is attached than to the conclusion of a letter; and as the having assured any one that you are his most humble servant would not entitle him to ask any thing of you, so if any one says that he is a lover of liberty,—that he believes in God,—that he prefers his conscience to his interest, Bonaparte considers such professions only as an adherence to custom, or as the regular means of forwarding ambitious views or selfish calculations.

HER BANISHMENT.

Madame Recamier, so celebrated for her beauty, and whose character is even expressed in her beauty, proposed to me to come and live at her country seat at St. Brice, at two leagues from Paris. I accepted her offer, for I had no idea that I could thereby injure a person so much a stranger to political affairs; I believed her protected against every thing, notwithstanding the generosity of her character. I found collected there a most delightful society, and there I enjoyed for the last time, all that I was about to quit. It was during this stormy period of my existence, that I received the speech of Mr. Mackintosh; there I read those pages, where he gives us the portrait of a jacobin, who had made himself an object of terror during the revolution to children, women and old men, and who is now bending himself double under the rod of the Corsican, who ravishes from him, even to the last atom of that liberty, for which he pretended to have taken arms. This *morceau* of the finest eloquence touched me to my very soul; it is the privilege of superior writers sometimes, unwittingly, to solace the unfortunate in all countries, and all times. France was in a state of such complete silence around me, that this voice, which suddenly responded to my soul, seemed to me to come down from heaven; it came from a land of liberty. After having passed a few days with Madame Recamier, without hearing

* Ten Years' Exile; or, Memoirs of that interesting period of the Life of the Baroness de Stael Holsten, written by herself. And now first published from the original Manuscript, by her Son.

my banishment at all spoken of, I persuaded myself that Bonaparte had renounced it. Nothing is more common than to tranquillize ourselves against a threatened danger, when we see no symptoms of it around us. I felt so little disposition to enter into any hostile plan of action against this man, that I thought it impossible for him not to leave me in peace; and after some days longer, I returned to my own country seat, satisfied that he had adjourned his resolution against me, and was contented with having frightened me. In truth I had been sufficiently so, not to make me change my opinion, or oblige me to deny it, but to repress completely that remnant of republican habit which had led me the year before, to speak with too much openness.

I was at table with three of my friends, in a room which commanded a view of the high road, and the entrance gate; it was now the end of September. At four o'clock, a man in a brown coat, on horseback, stops at the gate and rings: I was then certain of my fate. He asked for me, and I went to receive him in the garden. In walking towards him, the perfume of the flowers, and the beauty of the sun particularly struck me. How different are the sensations which affect us from the combinations of society, from those of nature! This man informed me, that he was the commandant of the gendarmerie of Versailles, but that his orders were to go out of uniform, that he might not alarm me; he shewed me a letter signed by Bonaparte, which contained the order to banish me to forty leagues distance from Paris, with an injunction to make me depart within four and twenty hours; at the same time to treat me with all the respect due to a lady of distinction. He pretended to consider me as a foreigner, and as such subject to the police: this respect for individual liberty did not last long, as very soon afterwards, other Frenchmen and Frenchwomen were banished without any form of trial. I told the gendarme officer, that to depart within twenty-four hours, might be convenient to conscripts, but not to a woman and children, and in consequence, I proposed

to him to accompany me to Paris, where I had occasion to pass three days to make the necessary arrangements for my journey. I got into my carriage with my children and this officer, who had been selected for this occasion, as the most literary of the gendarmes. In truth, he began complimenting me upon my writings. "You see," said I to him, "the consequences of being a woman of intellect, and I would recommend you, if there is occasion, to dissuade any females of your family from attempting it." I endeavoured to keep up my spirits by boldness, but I felt the barb in my heart.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

On the eve of the last day which was granted me, Joseph Bonaparte made one more effort in my favour; and his wife, who is a lady of the most perfect sweetness and simplicity, had the kindness to come and propose to me to pass a few days at her country seat at Morfontaine. I accepted her invitation most gratefully, for I could not but feel sensibly affected at the goodness of Joseph, who received me in his own house, at the very time I was the object of his brother's persecution. I passed three days there, and notwithstanding the perfect politeness of the master and mistress of the house, felt my situation very painfully. I saw only men connected with the government, and breathed only the air of that authority which had declared itself my enemy; and yet the simplest rules of politeness and gratitude forbid me from shewing what I felt. I had only my eldest son with me, who was then too young for me to converse with him on such subjects. I passed whole hours in examining the gardens of Morfontaine, among the finest that could be seen in France, and the possessor of which, then tranquil, appeared to me really an object of envy. He has been since exiled upon thrones, where I am sure he has often regretted his beautiful retreat.

FEMALE TRAPPIST.

We reached the convent in the midst of a severe shower, after having been obliged to come nearly a mile on foot. As we were flattering ourselves with being admitted, the *Procureur* of la Trappe, who has the direction of the

female convent, told us that nobody could be received there. I tried, however, to ring the bell at the gate of the cloister; a nun appeared behind the latticed opening through which the portress may speak to strangers. "What do you want?" said she to me, in a voice without modulation, as we might suppose that of a ghost. "I should wish to see the interior of your convent."—"That is impossible."—"But I am very wet, and want to dry myself."—She immediately touched a spring which opened the door of an outer apartment, in which I was allowed to rest myself, but no living creature appeared. I had hardly been seated a few minutes, when becoming impatient at being unable to penetrate into the interior of the house, I rung again; the same person again appeared, and I asked her if no females were ever admitted into the convent; she answered that it was only in cases when any one had the intention of becoming a nun. "But," said I to her, "how can I know if I wish to remain in your house, if I am not permitted to examine it?"—"Oh, that is quite useless," replied she, "I am very sure that you have no vocation for our state," and with these words immediately shut her wicket. I know not by what signs this nun had satisfied herself of my worldly dispositions; it is possible that a quick manner of speaking, so different from theirs, is sufficient to make them distinguish travellers who are merely curious. The hour of vespers approaching, I could go into the church to hear the nuns sing; they were behind a black close grating, through which nothing could be seen. You only heard the noise of their wooden shoes, and of the wooden benches as they raised them to sit down. Their singing had nothing of sensibility in it, and I thought I could remark both by their manner of praying, and in their conversation which I had afterwards with the father Trappist, who directed them, that it was not religious enthusiasm, such as we conceive it, but severe and grave habits which could support such a kind of life. The tenderness of piety would even exhaust the strength; a sort of ruggedness of soul is necessary to so rude an existence.

The new Father Abbé of the Trappists, settled in the vallies of the Canton of Fribourg, has added to the austerities of the order. One can have no idea of the minute degrees of suffering imposed upon the monks; they go so far as even to forbid them, when they have been standing for some hours in succession, from leaning against the wall, or wiping the perspiration from their forehead; in short every moment of their life is filled with suffering, as the people of the world fill theirs with enjoyment. They rarely live to be old, and those to whom this lot falls, regard it as a punishment from heaven. Such an establishment would be barbarous if any one was compelled to enter it, or if there was the least concealment of what they suffer there. But on the contrary, they distribute to whoever wishes to read it, a printed statement, in which the rigours of the order are rather exaggerated than softened; and yet there are novices who are willing to take the vows, and those who are received never run away, although they might do it without the least difficulty. The whole rests, as it appears to me, upon the powerful idea of death; the institutions and amusements of society are destined in the world to turn our thoughts entirely upon life: but when the contemplation of death gets a certain hold of the human heart, joined to a firm belief in the immortality of the soul, there are no bounds to the disgust which it may take to every thing which forms a subject of interest in the world; and a state of suffering appearing the road to a future life, such minds follow it with avidity, like the traveller, who willingly fatigues himself, in order to get sooner over the road which leads him to the object of his wishes. But what equally astonished and grieved me, was to see children brought up with this severity: their poor locks shaved off, their young countenances already furrowed, that deathly dress with which they were covered before they knew any thing of life, before they had voluntarily renounced it, all this made my soul revolt against the parents who had placed them there. When such a state is not the adoption of a free and determined

choice on the part of the person who professes it, it inspires as much horror as it at first created respect. The monk with whom I conversed, spoke of nothing but death; all his ideas came from that subject, or connected themselves with it; death is the sovereign monarch of this residence. As we talked of the temptations of the world, I expressed to the father Trappist my admiration of his conduct in thus sacrificing all, to withdraw himself from their influence. "We are cowards," said he to me, "who have retired into a fortress, because we feel we want the courage to meet our enemy in the open field." This reply was equally modest and ingenious.

POLAND.

The Poles love their country as an unfortunate friend: the country is dull and monotonous, the people ignorant and lazy; they have always wished for liberty; they have never known how to acquire it. But the Poles think that they can and may govern Poland, and the feeling is very natural. The education however of the people is so much neglected, and all kind of industry so foreign to them, that the Jews have possessed themselves of the entire trade, and make the peasants sell them for a quantity of brandy the whole harvest of the approaching year. The distance between the nobility and the peasantry is so immense, the contrast between the luxury of the one, and the frightful misery of the other, is so shocking, that it is probable the Austrians have given them better laws than those which previously existed. At every post-house in Galicia there are to be seen three descriptions of persons who gather round travellers' carriages: the Jew traders, the Polish beggars, and the German spies. The country appears exclusively inhabited by these three classes of men. The beggars, with their long beards, and ancient Sarmatian costume, excite deep commiseration; it is very true that if they would work they need not be in that state; but I know not whether it is pride or laziness which makes them disdain the culture of the enslaved earth.

You meet upon the high roads processions of men and women carrying

the standard of the cross, and singing psalms; a profound expression of melancholy reigns upon their countenances: I have seen them, when not money, but food of a better sort than they had been accustomed to was given them, turn up their eyes to heaven with astonishment, as if they considered themselves unfit to enjoy its bounty. The custom of the common people in Poland is to embrace the knees of the nobility when they meet them; you cannot stir a step in a village without having the women, children, and old men saluting you in this manner. In the midst of this spectacle of wretchedness you might see some men in shabby attire, who were spies upon misery: for that was the only object which could offer itself to their eyes. The captains of the circles refused passports to the Polish noblemen, for fear they should see one another, or lest they should go to Warsaw. They obliged these noblemen to appear before them every eight days, in order to certify their presence. The Austrians thus proclaimed in all manner of ways that they knew they were detested in Poland, and they separated their troops into two equal divisions: the first entrusted with supporting *externally* the interests of Poland, and the second employed in the *interior* to prevent the Poles from aiding the same cause. I do not believe that any country was ever more wretchedly governed than Galicia was at that time, at least under political considerations; and it was apparently to conceal this spectacle from general observation that so many difficulties were made in allowing a stranger to reside in, or even to pass through the country.

KIOW.

Determined to continue my journey through Russia, I proceeded towards Kiow, the principal city of the Ukraine, and formerly of all Russia, for this empire began by fixing its capital in the South. The Russians had then continual communication with the Greeks established at Constantinople, and in general with the people of the East, whose habits they have adopted in a variety of instances. The Ukraine is a very fertile country, but by no means

agreeable; you see large plains of wheat which appear to be cultivated by invisible hands, the habitations and inhabitants are so rare. You must not expect, in approaching Kiow, or the greater part of what are called cities in Russia, to find any thing resembling the cities of the West; the roads are not better kept, nor do country houses indicate a more numerous population. On my arrival at Kiow, the first object that met my eyes was a cemetery, and this was the first indication to me of being near a place where men were collected. The houses at Kiow generally resemble tents, and at a distance the city appears like a camp; I could not help fancying that the moveable residences of the Tartars had furnished models for the construction of those wooden houses, which have not a much greater appearance of solidity. A few days are sufficient for building them; they are very often consumed by fire, and an order is sent to the forest for a house, as you would send to market to lay in your winter stock of provisions. In the midst of these huts, however, palaces have been erected, and a number of churches, whose green and gilt cupolas singularly draw the attention. When towards the evening the sun darts his rays on these brilliant domes, you would fancy that it was rather an illumination for a festival, than a durable edifice.

The Russians never pass a church without making the sign of the cross, and their long beards add greatly to the religious expression of their physiognomy. They generally wear a large blue robe, fastened round the waist by a scarlet band; the dresses of the women have also something Asiatic in them; and one remarks that taste for lively colours which we derive from the East, where the sun is so beautiful, that one likes to make his eclat more conspicuous by the objects which he shines upon. I speedily contracted such a partiality to these oriental dresses, that I could not bear to see Russians dressed like other Europeans, they seemed

to me then entering into that great regularity of the despotism of Napoleon, which first makes all nations a present of the conscription, then of the war-taxes, and lastly, of the Code Napoleon, in order to govern in the same manner, nations of totally different characters.

The Dnieper, which the ancients called Borysthenes, passes by Kiow, and the old tradition of the country affirms, that it was a boat-man, who in crossing it found its waters so pure that he was led to found a town on its banks. In fact, the rivers are the most beautiful natural objects in Russia. It would be difficult to find any small streams, their course would be so much obstructed by the sand. There is scarcely any variety of trees; the melancholy birch is incessantly recurring in this uninvective nature; even the want of stones might be almost regretted, so much is the eye sometimes fatigued with meeting neither hill nor valley, and to be always making progress without encountering new objects. The rivers relieve the imagination from this fatigue; the priests, therefore, bestow their benedictions on these rivers. The emperor, empress, and the whole court attend the ceremony of the benediction of the Neva, at the moment of the severest cold of winter. It is said that Wladimir, at the commencement of the eleventh century, declared, that all the waters of the Borysthenes were holy, and that plunging in them was sufficient to make a man a Christian; the baptism of the Greeks being performed by immersion, millions of men went into this river to abjure their idolatry. It was this same Wladimir who sent deputies to different countries, to learn which of all the religions it best suited him to adopt; he decided for the Greek ritual, on account of the pomp of its ceremonies. Perhaps also he preferred it for more important reasons; in fact the Greek faith by excluding the papal power, gives the sovereign of Russia the spiritual and temporal power united.

THE GREEK RELIGION.

The Greek religion is necessarily less intolerant than the Roman Catholic; for being itself reproached as a schism, it can hardly complain of heretics; all religions therefore are admitted into Russia, and from the borders of the Don to those of the Neva, the fraternity of country unites men, even though their theological opinions may separate them. The Greek priests are allowed to marry, and scarcely any gentleman embraces this profession: it follows that the clergy has very little political ascendancy; it acts upon the people, but it is very submissive to the emperor.

The ceremonies of the Greek worship are at least as beautiful as those of the catholics; the church music is heavenly; every thing in this worship leads to meditation; it has something of poetry and feeling about it, but it appears better adapted to captivate the imagination than to regulate the conduct. When the priest comes out of the sanctuary, in which he remains shut up while he communicates, you would say that you saw the gates of light opening; the cloud of incense which surrounds him, the gold and silver, and precious stones, which glitter on his robes and in the church, seem to come from countries where the sun is an object of adoration. The devout sentiments which are inspired by gothic architecture in Germany, France, and England, cannot be at all compared with the effect of the Greek churches; they rather remind us of the minarets of the Turks and Arabs than of our churches. As little must we expect to find, as in Italy, the splendour of the fine arts; their most remarkable ornaments are virgins and saints crowned with rubies and diamonds. Magnificence is the character of every thing one sees in Russia; neither the genius of man nor the gifts of nature constitute its beauties.

The ceremonies of marriage, of baptism, and of burial, are noble and affecting; we find in them some ancient customs of Grecian idolatry, but only those which, having no connection with doctrine, can add to the impression of the three great scenes of life, birth,

marriage, and death. The Russian peasants still continue the custom of addressing the dead previous to a final separation from his remains. Why is it, say they, that thou hast abandoned us? Wert thou then unhappy on this earth? Was not thy wife fair and good? Why therefore hast thou left her? The dead replies not, but the value of existence is thus proclaimed in the presence of those who still preserve it.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

I reached at last that part of my road which removed me from the theatre of war, and arrived in the governments of Orel and Toula, which have been so much talked of since, in the bulletins of the two armies. I was received in these solitary abodes, for so the provincial towns in Russia appear, with the most perfect hospitality. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to my inn to compliment me on my writings, and I confess having been flattered to find that my literary reputation had extended to this distance from my native country. The lady of the governor received me in the Asiatic style, with sherbet and roses; her apartment was elegantly furnished with musical instruments and pictures. In Europe you see every where the contrast of wealth and poverty; but in Russia it may be said that neither one nor the other makes itself remarked. The people are not poor; the great know how to lead, when it is necessary, the same life as the people: it is the mixture of the hardest privations and of the most refined enjoyments which characterizes the country. These same noblemen, whose residence unites all that the luxury of different parts of the world has most attractive, live, while they are travelling, on much worse food than our French peasantry, and know how to bear, not only during war, but in various circumstances of life, a physical existence of the most disagreeable kind. The severity of the climate, the marshes, the forests, the deserts, of which a great part of the country is composed, place man in a continual struggle with nature. Fruits, and even flowers, only grow in hot-houses; vegetables are not generally cultivated;

and there are no vines any where. The habitual mode of life of the French peasants could not be obtained in Russia but at a very great expense. There they have only necessities by luxury : whence it happens that when luxury is unattainable, even necessities are renounced. What the English call *comforts* are hardly to be met with in Russia. You will never find any thing sufficiently perfect to satisfy in all ways the imagination of the great Russian nobleman ; but when this poetry of wealth fails them, they drink hydromel, sleep upon a board, and travel day and night in an open carriage, without regretting the luxury to which one would think they had been habituated. It is rather as magnificence that they love fortune, than from the pleasures they derive from it : resembling still in that point the Easterns, who exercise hospitality to strangers, load them with presents, and yet frequently neglect the every-day comforts of their own life. This is one of the reasons which explains that noble courage with which the Russians have supported the ruin which has been occasioned them by the burning of Moscow. More accustomed to external pomp than to the care of themselves they are not mollified by luxury, and the sacrifice of money satisfies their pride as much or more than the magnificence of their expenditure. What characterizes this people, is something gigantic of all kinds : ordinary dimensions are not at all applicable to it. I do not by that mean to say that neither real grandeur or stability are to be met with in it : but the boldness and the imagination of the Russians know no bounds : with them every thing is colossal rather than well proportioned, audacious rather than reflective, and if they do not hit the mark it is because they overshoot it.

I was always advancing nearer to Moscow, but nothing yet indicated the approach to a capital. The wooden villages were equally distant from each other, we saw no greater movement upon the immense plains which are called high roads ; you heard no more noise ; the country houses were not more numerous : there is so much space in Russia that every thing is lost in it,

even the chateaux, even the population. You might suppose you were travelling through a country from which the people had just taken their departure. The absence of birds adds to this silence ; cattle also are rare, or at least they are placed at a great distance from the road. Extent makes every thing disappear, except extent itself, like certain ideas in metaphysics, of which the mind can never get rid, when it has once seized them.

MOSCOW.

Gilded cupolas announced Moscow from afar ; however, as the surrounding country is only a plain, as well as the whole of Russia, you may arrive in that great city without being struck with its extent. It has been well said by some one, that Moscow was rather a province than a city. In fact, you there see huts, houses, palaces, a bazar as in the East, churches, public buildings, pieces of water, woods, and parks. The variety of manners, and of the nations of which Russia is composed, are all exhibited in this immense residence. Will you, I was asked, buy some Cashmere shawls in the Tartar quarter ? Have you seen the Chinese town ? Asia and Europe are found united in this immense city. There is more liberty enjoyed in it than at Petersburg, where the court necessarily exercises great influence. The great nobility settled at Moscow were not ambitious of places ; but they proved their patriotism by munificent gifts to the state, either for public establishments during peace, or as aids during the war. The colossal fortunes of the great Russian nobility are employed in making collections of all kinds, and in enterprises of which the Arabian Nights have given the models ; these fortunes are also frequently lost by the unbridled passions of their possessors.

When I arrived at Moscow, nothing was talked of but the sacrifices that were made on account of the war. A young Count de Momonoff raised a regiment for the state, and would only serve in it as a sub-lieutenant ; a Countess Orloff, amiable and wealthy in the Asiatic style, gave the fourth of her income. As I was passing before these palaces surrounded by gardens, where

space was thrown away in a city as elsewhere in the middle of the country, I was told that the possessor of this superb residence had given a thousand peasants to the state : and of that, two hundred. I had some difficulty in accommodating myself to the expression, *giving men*, but the peasants themselves offered their services with ardour, and the lords were in this war only their interpreters.

As soon as a Russian becomes a soldier, his beard is cut off, and from that moment he is free. A desire was felt that all those who might have served in the militia should also be considered as free : but in that case the nation would have been entirely so, for it rose almost *en masse*. Let us hope that this so much-desired emancipation may be effected without violence : but in the mean time one would wish to have the beards preserved, so much strength and dignity do they add to the physiognomy. The Russians with long beards never pass a church without making the sign of the cross, and their confidence in the visible images of religion is very affecting. Their churches bear the mark of that taste for luxury which they have from Asia : you see in them only ornaments of gold, and silver, and rubies. I was told that a Russian had proposed to form an alphabet with precious stones, and to write a Bible in that manner. He knew the best manner of interesting the imaginations of the Russians in what they read. This imagination, however, has not as yet manifested itself either in the fine arts or in poetry. They reach a certain point in all things very quickly, and do not go beyond that. Impulse makes them take the first steps ; but the second belong to reflection, and these Russians, who have nothing in common with the people of the North, are as yet very little capable of meditation.

Several of the palaces of Moscow are of wood, in order that they may be built quicker, and that the natural inconstancy of the nation, in every thing unconnected with country or religion, may be satisfied by an easy change of residence. Several of these fine edifices have been constructed for an entertainment ; they were destined to add to

the eclat of a day, and the rich manner in which they were decorated, has made them last up to this period of universal destruction. A great number of houses are painted green, yellow, or rose colour, and are sculptured in detail like desert ornaments.

THE KREMLIN.

The citadel of the Kremlin, in which the Emperors of Russia defended themselves against the Tartars, is surrounded by a high wall, embattled and flanked with turrets, which, by their odd shapes, remind one of a Turkish minaret rather than a fortress like those of the West of Europe. But although the external character of the buildings of the city be oriental, the impression of Christianity was found in that multitude of churches so much venerated, and which attracted your notice at every step. One was reminded of Rome in seeing Moscow ; certainly not from the monuments being of the same style, but because the mixture of solitary and country and magnificent palaces, the grandeur of the city and the infinite number of its churches give the Asiatic Rome some points of resemblance to the European Rome.

It was about the beginning of August, that I was allowed to see the interior of the Kremlin ; I got there by the same staircase which the Emperor Alexander had ascended a few days preceding, surrounded by an immense people, who loaded him with their blessings, and promised him to defend his empire at all hazards. This people has kept its word. The halls were first thrown open to me in which the arms of the ancient warriors of Russia are contained ; the arsenals of this kind, in other parts of Europe, are much more interesting. The Russians have taken no part in the times of chivalry ; they never mingled in the Crusades. Constantly at war with the Tartars, Poles, and Turks, the military spirit has been formed among them in the midst of the atrocities of all kinds brought in the train of Asiatic nations, and of the tyrants who governed Russia. It is not therefore the generous bravery of the Bayards or of the Percys, but the intrepidity of a fanatical courage which has been exhibited in this country for

several centuries. The Russians, in the relations of society, which are so new to them, are not distinguished by the spirit of chivalry, such as the people of the West conceive it: but they have always shown themselves terrible to their enemies. So many massacres have taken place in the interior of Russia, up to the reign of Peter the Great, and even later, that the morality of the nation, and particularly that of the great nobility, must have suffered severely from them. These despotic governments, whose sole restraint is the assassination of the despot, overthrow all principles of honour and duty in the minds of men: but the love of their country and an attachment to their religious creed have been maintained in their full strength, amidst the wrecks of this bloody history, and the nation which preserves such virtues may yet astonish the world.

From the ancient arsenal I was conducted into the apartments formerly occupied by the czars, and in which the robes are preserved which they wore on the day of their coronation. These apartments have no sort of beauty, but they agreed very well with the hard life which the czars led and still lead. The greatest magnificence reigns in the palace of Alexander; but he himself sleeps on the floor, and travels like a Cossack officer.

The commercial establishments at Moscow had quite an Asiatic character; men in turbans, and others dressed in the different costumes of all the people of the East, exhibited the rarest merchandize: the furs of Siberia and the muslins of India there offered all the enjoyments of luxury to those great noblemen whose imagination is equally pleased with the sables of the Samoièdes, and with the rubies of the Persians.

ST. PETERSBURG.

From Novogorod to Petersburg, you see scarcely any thing but marshes, and you arrive in one of the finest cities in the world, as if, with a magic wand, an enchanter had made all the wonders of Europe and Asia start up from the middle of the deserts. The foundation of Petersburg offers the greatest proof of

that ardour of Russian will, which recognizes nothing as impossible; every thing in the environs is humble, the city is built upon a marsh, and even the marble rests on piles; but you forget when looking at these superb edifices, their frail foundations, and cannot help meditating on the miracle of so fine a city being built in so short a time.

On my arrival at Petersburg my first sentiment was to return thanks to heaven for being on the borders of the sea.

It is said, and properly, that you cannot, at Petersburg, say of a woman, that she is as old as the streets, the streets themselves are so modern. The buildings still possess a dazzling whiteness, and at night when they are lighted by the moon, they look like large white phantoms regarding, immovable, the course of the Neva. I know not what there is particularly beautiful in this river, but the waves of no other I had yet seen ever appeared to me so limpid. A succession of granite quays, thirty versts in length, borders its course, and this magnificent labour of man is worthy of the transparent water which it adorns.

The Russian inhabitants of Petersburg have the look of a people of the South, condemned to live in the North, and making every effort to struggle with a climate at variance with their nature. The inhabitants of the North are generally very indolent, and dread the cold, precisely because he is their daily enemy. The lower classes of the Russians have none of these habits; the coachmen wait for ten hours at the gate, during winter, without complaining; they sleep upon the snow, under their carriage, and transport the manners of the Lazzaroni of Naples do the sixtieth degree of latitude. You may see them laying on the steps of staircases, like the Germans in their down; sometimes they sleep standing, with their head reclined against the wall. By turns indolent and impetuous, they give themselves up alternately to sleep, or to the most fatiguing employments. Some of them get drunk, in which they differ from the people of the South, who are very sober; but the Russians are so

also, and to an extent hardly credible, when the difficulties of war require it.

The day after my arrival I went to dine with one of the most considerable merchants of the city, who exercised hospitality *à la Russe*; that is to say, he placed a flag on the top of his house to signify that he dined at home, and this invitation was sufficient for all his friends. He made us dine in the open air, so much pleasure was felt from these poor days of summer, of which a few yet remained, to which we should have scarcely given the name in the South of Europe. The garden was very agreeable; it was embellished with trees and flowers; but at four paces from the house the deserts and the marshes were again to be seen. In the environs of Petersburg, nature has the look of an enemy who resumes his advantages, when man ceases for a moment to struggle with him.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

I had at last the pleasure of seeing that monarch, equally absolute by law and custom, and so moderate from his own disposition. The Empress Elizabeth, to whom I was at first presented, appeared to me the tutelary angel of Russia. Her manners are extremely reserved, but what she says is full of life, and it is from the focus of all generous ideas that her sentiments and opinions have derived strength and warmth. While I listened to her, I was affected by something inexpressible, which did not proceed from her grandeur, but from the harmony of her soul; so long was it since I had known an instance of concord between power and virtue. As I was conversing with the empress, the door opened, and the Emperor Alexander did me the honour to come and talk with me. What first struck me in him was such an expression of goodness and dignity, that the two qualities appeared inseparable, and in him to form only one. I was also very much affected with the noble simplicity with which he entered upon the

great interests of Europe, almost among the first words he addressed to me. I have always regarded, as a proof of mediocrity, that apprehension of treating serious questions, with which the best part of the sovereigns of Europe have been inspired; they are afraid to pronounce a word to which any real meaning can be attached.

The Emperor Alexander, on the contrary, conversed with me as statesmen in England would have done, who place their strength in themselves, and not in the barriers with which they are surrounded. The Emperor Alexander, whom Napoleon has endeavoured to misrepresent, is a man of remarkable understanding and information, and I do not believe that in the whole extent of his empire he could find a minister better versed than himself in all that belongs to the judgment and direction of public affairs. He did not disguise from me his regret for the admiration to which he had surrendered himself in his intercourse with Napoleon. His grandfather had, in the same way, entertained a great enthusiasm for Frederick II. In these sort of illusions, produced by an extraordinary character, there is always a generous motive, whatever may be the errors that result from it. The Emperor Alexander, however, described with great sagacity the effect produced upon him by these conversations with Bonaparte, in which he said the most opposite things, as if one must be astonished at each, without thinking of their being contradictory. He related to me also the lessons *à la Machiavel* which Napoleon had thought proper to give him: "You see," said he, "I am careful to keep my ministers and generals at variance among themselves, in order that each may reveal to me the faults of the other; I keep around me a continual jealousy by the manner I treat those who are about me: one day one thinks himself the favourite, the next day another, so that no one is ever certain of my favour."

THEODORE AND BERTHA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

THE story of this little drama is taken, with some variation in the scene and catastrophe, from the beautiful ballad entitled *Fause Foudrage*, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Characters, { Countess Lindorf.
Bertha.
Theodore.
Conrade.
Frederick.

Scene, a Forest in Bohemia—a Castle in the Back-ground.

Theodore alone.

The. Lie there, dark murderous weapon ! I renounce thee !
Farewell, ye barbarous sports ! Alas, poor fawn !

Enter Bertha.

Ber. Did I not hear a gun ? The poor, poor fawn
Licking its bleeding mother ! This is cruel !

The. Oh ! cruel ! cowardly ! Never again will I—
I hate my treacherous skill—I hate myself.

Ber. Look how the poor fawn, with his nudging nose
And pretty stamping feet, dabbled in blood,
Tries to awake his dam ! How piteously
He moans, poor spotted thing ! Are you quite sure
The doe is dead ? I thought I saw her move.

The. Too sure. 'Twas not her motion ; that fond thing
Striving—I cannot bear to look on them !
She is too surely dead ; when I came up
I found her dying ; her fine delicate limbs
Trembling with the death-shiver. She scarce breathed ;
But the pure instinct of maternal love
Struggled to keep in life : she fix'd her sad,
Affectionate eyes upon her young-one's face,
Then moaning over her as now he moans—
Stretch'd out her feet and died. Oh, Lady Bertha,
Man is the wilder brute !

Ber. But you are grieved,—
And knew not—no, I'm sure you never dreamt
Of this poor fawn ?

The. No ; it lay sleeping there
Behind the bushes. But a savage heart
Was mine, that could even here— Look round you, lady !
There is not in the forest such a spot
As this. Look how the wood-walks hither tend,
As to a centre : some in vistas green,
Pillar'd and over-arch'd—as the long aisles
Of an old proud cathedral ; others wandering
In lovelier mazes through a various scene—
Holly or copse-wood ; scarce the eye can trace
Their coy meanders, but all meeting here
Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs
The sun comes flickering. How the indented leaves,
Of brightest green, cut clearly the blue sky
And the small clouds ! And how this tiny spring

Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
 Winding its silver thread along the short
 Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,
 And mix'd with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
 Amongst the bowery thickets ! Not a spot
 In all the forest can compare with this—
 Nature's own temple ! And that delicate thing
 Made up of innocence, and love, and fear,
 And trembling happiness,—most beautiful
 Of all this beauty,—she, who stood enjoying,
 With a sweet peaceful spirit, drinking in
 This flood of bliss,—that I— I hate myself !
 And you must hate me, lady.

Ber. Oh ! no ; no ;

You are so sorry !

The. 'Tis my father's fault :
 He keeps me here, waging unequal war
 With these poor harmless deer, when I should be
 Arm'd in the desperate strife, stemming the tide
 Of glorious battle, winning death or fame.

Ber. That were a strange place to learn gentleness.

The. The only place for me. Oh, I must forth
 Into the stirring world ! I have wild dreams
 Which I would fain make real ; daring thoughts
 Which must be turn'd to action ; hopes which soar
 High as the eagle's wing ; all madness now ;—
 But, Lady Bertha, I have bask'd too long
 In the bright blaze of beauty. I have gazed
 Unseen, unknown, as our poor forest cot
 Looks upwards on your castle ; I must gain
 A name, or die—a glorious name !

Ber. Nay, Theodore—

The. She knows me !

Ber. Theodore—

The. Oh ! now that name
 Is precious to my heart !—Thou know'st me, lady ?

Ber. Think you, I thus had spoken with a stranger ?
 I've often seen you at our early mass,
 And sometimes from the windows ; and, besides,
 My own dear mother often speaks of your's—
 Her faithful, favourite maid.

The. She was her maid ;
 Her favourite maid. Oh ! I had not forgotten !

Ber. And of your father, her kind faithful friend,
 That old and reverend man, whose shining hairs,
 Whiter than ermine, so become his bright
 And healthful cheek. How much I love to see him !
 How much I wish to know him ! My dear mother
 Talks oftentimes of him. Aye, and of you—
 Oftenest, I think, of all. Do you not know
 That I'm your foster-sister ? That one breast—
 Alas, that breast is cold ! nourish'd us both ?
 And that we should be friends ? Oh, I have long'd,
 Even in the holy chapel, to say this ;
 But my stern Uncle—

The. Kindest, loveliest maid !
 How well that heart is mated to that face !

And does the gentle Countess speak of me—
That beautiful grief? Yes, I have often seen,
Have often felt those dewy eyes, where love
Mixes with pity, as in angels' looks,
Fix'd upon mine, as she would read my soul.
Oh! she would find it full of deep respect
For her—and for her daughter.

Ber. Theodore,
Look, the poor fawn hath moan'd himself asleep!
Give him to me. I—captive though I be,
Or little better, in those frowning walls,—
Yet have I there a lone deserted nook,
Which long neglect has made a sort of garden,
All clothed with moss, and grass, and trailing plants,
And deck'd with gorgeous weeds. The wild-vine there,
And white-vein'd ivy, form a natural arbour;
And I have mingled odoriferous shrubs, and sprinkled
Bright showers of garden blossoms. It is now
A bower fit for the fairies; and unclaim'd
Of any other, I still call it mine;
And there my pretty fawn shall dwell with me,
And feed on roses;—my poor dappled fawn!
No—not in your arms—give him into mine.

The. Nay, let me carry him.

Ber. Oh! no, no, no;
I must not, dare not.

The. Only to the gate?

Ber. The gate! Then I must tell my truant tale—
Must own my wanderings! First put down the fawn.
I know not why—but, Theodore, I feel
As if I had done wrong—as if—and yet
I'm sure I meant no harm. Let us sit here
On these soft mossy roots. It is, indeed,
A chosen spot! Well, Theodore, thou know'st
That my good father died ere I was born,
A luckless girl! and that his castle, lands,
Titles and vassals, to his brother fell,
And I, amongst the rest, his infant ward.
With my dear mother I have lived with him
In a most strict seclusion—prisoners
In every thing but name! For eighteen years,
All my short life, we ne'er have pass'd the gate.

The. Villain! base cowardly villain! Soon a time
Shall come—Go on, sweet lady!

Ber. She still mourning
Her lord's untimely death, and I—

The. Oh! villain,
That drink'st the orphan's tears! A time shall come—

Ber. Nay, peace; I pry'thee, peace! I, still content—
Content is not enough!—I was as happy
As a young bird.

The. Happy! with that fierce tyrant,
That stern oppressor!

Ber. He was sometimes kind;
And my dear mother always. All the house
Was good and kind to me—too good! too kind!
Oh! there is in man's heart a fathomless well

Of goodness ! I had nought but gratitude,
 And yet how kind they were ! Content and happy
 Was I ; yet sometimes an unbidden thought
 Sprang up—a hope—a wish—an earnest wish !
 A powerful passionate hope ! We had a maid
 Bred in the forest,—a young innocent girl,
 Who pined for trees, and air, and liberty,
 Even till she sicken'd, and her round red cheeks
 Grew thin and pale ; and books, dear books ! they all
 Of freedom spake and nature ; and the birds
 That eddied round our windows, every song
 Call'd me to lovely nature ; till I long'd
 Intensely, as the school-boy yearns for home,
 To cast aside only for once the walls
 Of our old castle, and to feel green leaves
 About me, and to breathe the pleasant air,
 Freshen'd with bright strange flowers and dewy grass,
 And warm'd with the bright sun.

The. And did the Count
 Refuse thee, lady ?

Ber. Yes.

The. But they—his vassals ?
 Surely, one only man of all the world
 Could utter *no* to thee !

Ber. I ask'd them not.
 Have I not told thee they were good and kind,—
 Kindest to me ? And could I tempt them on
 To possible punishment ?

The. Oh ! what a bliss
 For thee ! But, lady, thou art here ?

Ber. I found
 The lone deserted court I call my garden,
 And dress'd my bower, and tried to trifle thus
 My bootless wish away ;—but still it clung !
 And one day—following, with my eye, my heart,
 A ring-dove hastening to her woodland nest,
 Wishing I too had wings, I mark'd how low
 In that dark angle was the ruin'd wall,
 Cover'd with clust'ring ivy, and o'erhung
 By an old ash. And almost with the thought,
 The ivy boughs my ladder, and the ash
 My friendly veil, I climb'd the wall, and came
 Down on the other side, a safe descent
 Propp'd by the uneven trunk,—and there I stood,
 Panting with fear and joy, at liberty !
 Yet was I so o'ermaster'd by my fear,
 That for that day I could not move a step
 Into the forest ; but crept trembling back—
 And wept as if for grief. Often since then,
 When the Count Lindorf is abroad, as now
 That he lies sick at Prague, I venture forth
 As fearless as a dove.

The. And still unmark'd ?

Ber. The sheltering forest reaches to the wall—
 Look, 'tis close by !—I never have seen trace
 Of man but once ; then thou wert reading here :
 I had resolved, if ever I should meet

Thee or thy good old father, to accost ye ;
 Yet when I saw thee here—I know not how—
 But my heart fail'd me—and I fled. I wonder
 At to-day's courage ; but the poor, poor fawn—
 I only thought of him. Well, I must hence ;
 My mother else may miss me.

The.

Then the Countess

Knows not this path ?

Ber.

No ; her sweet gentle spirit
 Is cast in a too anxious mould ; she fears
 For all she loves. No ; I have never told her.
 But now—that we—and she must see my fawn !
 Aye—and she ought to know.

The.

And when she knows,

Oh ! lady ! I shall never see thee more !

Ber. Yet I must tell her—surely I must tell her !
 She is my own most dear and loving mother ;
 Ought I not, Theodore ?

The.

Lady, you must ;

Though it will root from out my heart a hope
 Deeper than life, you must.

Ber.

Give me the fawn !

And, Theodore, stay here. I think—I hope
 That she will wish to see thee. If she should—
 Come not with me. Be sure to stay just here.
 Farewell !—Nay, struggle not, my pretty fawn !
 Thou must along with me.—Farewell !

[*Exit Bertha.*

The.

Farewell,

Loveliest and most beloved ! Well might she wish
 To tread the woodland path,—light-footed maid !
 How beautiful she is, with her white arms
 Wound round her innocent burthen, and her head
 Bent over his so lulling ! Even he,
 That wild and timorous creature, feels the charm,
 And is no more afraid. She disappears ;—
 I scarce distinguish now her floating veil,
 And her brown waving hair. How beautiful !
 How graceful ! Most like one of Dian's nymphs,
 But full of deeper tenderness. Her voice,
 Her words still linger round me like the air,
 The dewy sunny air of which she spake,
 Glowing and odorous. Oh ! that I were—
 And I will be.—Yes, loveliest, most beloved,
 I will deserve thee ! I will make my name,
 My humble lowly name, worthy to join
 With thine, sweet Lady Bertha ! Hapless thing !
 Thy gay compeers may bound at peace for me ;
 I shall seek braver fields. For thee, poor doe,
 I will go bury thee deep in yon dell.
 Should she return—and will she then return ?
 How my heart throbs to know.

Enter Conrade.

Conr.

Surely I saw

Some bright and lovely maiden flitting by,
 Close to the castle wall ; along this path
 She must have come. Or was it but the vision,
 That fills my dreams all night, my thoughts all day,

The bright and lovely form ?—Ha, Theodore !

Hast thou seen here a woman, a fair woman ?

The. She has just parted hence, the Lady Bertha.

Con. Bertha ! Oh, I must see, must follow her !

The. Nay, 'tis too late ; ere now she's in the castle.
She will return.

Con. Oh, wondrous, wondrous chance !

The lady Bertha !—Did she speak to thee ?

What seems she, Theodore ? Gay, gentle, kind ?

Her mother was—Oh, tell me of her, boy !

The. Father, I must to the wars.

Con. Tell me of her !

The. I must go win a name.

Con. Well ! well ! thou shalt.

Talk to me now of Bertha !

The. This is Bertha !

Why war, and fame, and life, they are all Bertha !

Nothing but Bertha !—Oh, I love her, father,

Madly and wildly ; she is my whole world ;

Rip up my heart, and you will find all Bertha,

And I will wed her. I must to the wars,

And earn her love. Nay, shake not thus thy head ;

Though she be great and I be lowly, father,

I tell thee, I will make a glorious name—

Or die.

Con. This it most wondrous ! But the Count—
Count Lindorf.

The. Oh, true love is strong and mighty ;
Pride bends before it.

Con. Were it pride alone !

Count Lindorf, as I hear, would rather see

The lady Bertha in a convent cell

Than wedded. He is dark and dangerous,

And full of fears. Men say—

The. Speak on, speak on.

What say they, father ?

Con. Dark and dangerous—

A fierce and gloomy—Nay, no more of this.

Whither dost drag that doe ?

The. To bury it

Far from her sight ;—she will be here anon.

She fain would know you, and she speaks of you

So reverently ! In truth, she is as humble

As a poor village maiden ; yet as gracious

As a born princess. I shall soon return.

Stay, dearest father, lest she come the while ;

She fain would see you.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Con. Oh, if she could know—

Could feel—could share.—Be still, my beating heart ;

Thou shalt not master me, be still !—She comes,

The beautiful ! the kind !—Oh, that I dared—

Enter Countess Lindorf and Bertha.

Ber. This is the place, I'm sure ; but where is he ?

Con. These are the first words I have heard her speak
In all my life ! How my ear drinks her voice !

The Countess too.—

Countess. Conrade ! my kindest friend !

My faithfullest ! my best ! How many cares
Have made me old, since in thy parting tears
I said, farewell to truth and honesty !

Con. My gracious lady !

Countess. Conrade, where is he ?

Con. In yonder dell. She hath caught sight of him.

Ber. Ah, there he is, burying the poor, poor doe !

I must go help him.

Countess. First come hither, Bertha,

This is my faithful friend—

Ber. Theodore's father,

I know him well. He is no stranger, mother ;

Why I have lov'd him ever since I saw

Those reverend hairs ; and he, I'm sure, loves me.

Dost thou not, Conrade ? See, he looks at me

With such a kindly gaze.

Con. How beautiful

She is ! What a bright smile lives in her eyes !

And see ! her soft white hand is dimpled o'er

Like a young babe's. Oh, take it not away,

That soft and dimpled hand !

Countess. No, rather give

Both hands, my Bertha. He's thy foster father.

Ber. May I not call him father ? I, alas !

Have never known one.

Con. Blessings on thy head,

Beloved child !

Countess. Now, my own Bertha, go

And seek young Theodore, and bring him hither.

Nay, let her go !—[*Exit Bertha.*—Yes, Conrade, she is more

Than thy heart paints her, through these long, long years

My only comfort. She is all made up

Of sweet serene content ; a buoyant spirit

That is its own pure happiness. If e'er

Count Lindorf chide her—and, in sooth, even he

Can rarely find a fault to blame in Bertha—

But should he chide her, she will meekly bend

For one short moment, then rise smiling up,

As the elastic moss when trampled on

By some rude peasant's foot. Never was heart

Stronger than her's in peaceful innocence.

Now speak of him.

Con. First, madam, he loves her ;

I knew it but to-day.

Countess. So she loves him,

And knows it not. But tell me of his temper.

Con. Kind, noble, generous, but all too hot :

Just like those bright black eyes, whose fiery flash

Kindling with living light, I've seen you watch

With such a painful joy.

Countess. I have gazed on him

Till my eyes ach'd, till every sense was dazzled.

Yet with that fire there was a gentleness,

A softer, tenderer look. And still he knows not—

Con. I dare not trust him, lady. He already

Abhors Count Lindorf ; he already longs

For war, for danger, for renown, for aught
Where imminent deadly peril may be staked
Against a noble name.

Countess. A noble name !
He pants for that ! And I that with a word—
Oh, may I ? dare I ?

Con. Noble lady, no.
The Count is dangerous, and this rash youth—

Countess. True ; true. And I expect my powerful kinsman,
The Baron Zutphen ; he shall hear my story,
My sad, sad story, Conrade. Oh, the strife
Of love so long pent in, so strong, so deep,
So gushing through the heart, with bitter fear !
And I, that ne'er have known the dear delight
To give him pleasure—Oh, to think that I
Could with a word, one word—I must away—
I dare not trust myself. Good Conrade, help me
Back to the castle.

Con. Rest thee here awhile,
Dear lady.—How she trembles !—Nay, sit down :
Command thyself.

Enter Theodore and Bertha.

Ber. Mother !

Countess. Who call'd me mother ?

The. Let me support her ;—lady, lean on me.

Countess. His very tone !

Ber. How art thou, dearest mother ?

Countess. Better.

Ber. But still thou tremblest, and so pale !

The. Oh, do not rise ! You are too weak.

Countess. A strong

And a kind arm supports me.

The. Never, madam,
Was it so honour'd. Would that all my life
Might pass as this brief moment !

Countess. Theodore,
I think—

The. And for my father's sake, perhaps—

Countess. Thy father !—aye, indeed—thy father ! Theodore,
I have a boon to ask of thee.

Ber. A boon !

Say, madam, a command.

Countess. Well—a command.
Conrade has told me thou wilt to the wars ;
I have a powerful kinsman, young, and brave,
High in the Emperor's favour ; I expect him
At Lindorf in the autumn. Be content
To wait his coming, and my first request
Shall be, that he will guide thee in that path
Of stainless honour which himself hath trod.
Say wilt thou wait till then ?

The. How can poor Theodore,
The humble, low-born Theodore, deserve
This wondrous bounty ! Not for the wide world,
Not even for her, would I deceive such goodness.
Madam, ah poor and lowly as I am,
Yet I have dared to love—Oh, pardon me !

Even if you banish, pardon !—Who could see
Your Bertha and not love her ?

Countess.

And what says

My Bertha to such love ?

Ber.

My dearest mother,
What is that proud word *rank* ? What hath it been,
But the stern prison-bolt that barr'd me out
From air, and sunshine, and the song of birds,
And the sweet scent of flowers ? And must it now
Exclude—

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Thank Heaven, she's found !—I have sought you
Every where, madam. I have that to tell
Which may not brook delay.

Countess.

Is the Count Lindorf

Return'd ?

Fred. My gracious lady, he is dead.

Con. Dead !

Fred. Even so. Last night Count Lindorf died.

Countess. No, no, he lives ! the real Count Lindorf lives !
My son ! my son ! my own, my very son !

Thou, for whose sake I have endured to live
In prison and in sorrow—thou art mine,
My Theodore ! In the face of all the world
I will proclaim thee rightful Count of Lindorf.

The. Mother ! I do not ask if this be real,
My heart has always claim'd thee. Yes ; I am
Thy son, thy very son.

Ber.

And the poor Bertha—

What then is she ?

Countess. My daughter, still my daughter.

The. Bertha, my sister !

Countess. No ; thy wife. Will that
Please thee as well ? And our dear Conrade's child.

Con. My own sweet child.

Countess. My son, thy speaking eyes
Demand my story. Briefly let me tell
A grief which eighteen years have left as fresh
As yesterday. Thy father was a man
Born to lead all hearts captive. Such he was
As thou art now. Look at the features, Frederick—
The shape, the air.

Fred. It is his very self.

Countess. I loved him—we were in our bridal year—
Oh, how I loved him ! So did all the world,
Except his envious brother. They went forth
Together, at the break of day, to hunt
Here in this very forest ; and at eve,
One—only one—return'd. Mine—Mine—O God !
The agony, the frightful agony.
When he at last was brought !—O God !

The.

My mother !

Countess. Some tale was told of direful accident—
Would that I could believe ! But from that hour
Peace, rest, and appetite, and natural smiles,
Forsook the conscious fratricide—Oh, guilt
Hath well aveng'd us ! But, ere yet the flush

Of bold triumphant guilt had paled to fear
 And dark remorse, did Conrade overhear—
 For I was great of thee, my Theodore,
 And grief and horror had brought on my pains—
 This Lindorf bribed a ruffian to secure
 My infant, if a male. Thou, sweetest Bertha,
 A new-born innocent babe, wert in the castle ;
 And he, and my kind nurse, and she the kindest
 And faithfulest of all, thy blessed mother,
 Contrived, I scarcely conscious, to exchange
 My boy for his fair girl.—A boundless debt
 We owe thee, Conrade.

Con. Pay it to my Bertha.

The. She is herself that debt ! What was the life
 Of fifty, such as I, compared to Bertha ?
 A paltry boon, scarce worth my thanks, dear father !
 She is the treasure ! She—

Ber. Cease, flatterer, cease !

I must go tend my fawn.

Countess. My son, I long

To see you in your castle.

Fred. You will find

The Baron Zutphen there to greet you, madam.

He came to proffer succour and protection

To you and Lady Bertha ; he will now

Welcome his brave young kinsman. Not a heart,

Vassal or servant, but will feel the joy

Of this discovery.

Countess. Theodore, my son,

How proud I am of that unwonted word !

Let us go meet the Baron. Bertha, Conrade,

Daughter and friend, come with me ; this kind cousin

Must see how rich I am. My own dear son !

[*Exeunt.*]

EPITAPHS.

THERE is a humble, unpretending kind of poetry, limited in its subject—the production alike of the learned and the ignorant, the high and low, the rich and poor—which, alike interesting to all, has failed to obtain much regard from those to whom it addresses instruction : I mean Epitaphs. The living naturally wish to shun all intercourse with the dead ; and though the latter, in many a warning line, lift up their voice, and call aloud from the ground, we heed not the posthumous counsel, but tread over the gravel, or the green sod, which covers our ancestor's dust, without even whistling to keep our courage up. In the course of a long and busy life, I have read many epitaphs in various parts of

England ; and though many of these are the avowed productions of men of learning and genius, yet by far the greatest number, like the songs of the peasantry, are the production of humble and nameless persons. I have not failed to observe, that the inscriptions which spoke the plainest sense, expressed the happiest sentiments, contained the richest poetry, and gave the most original and vivid portraiture of past beauty or worth, were generally the works of obscure persons, whose names are unknown to literature ; and who, probably both before and after, sought no intercourse with the muse. I shall only transcribe now a few of these epitaphs, which seem not generally known, and confine myself rather to

the curious than the beautiful. The following very simple and affecting epitaph expresses more in few words than we usually observe in this kind of composition :

Nineteen years a maiden,
One year a wife,
One hour a mother,
And so I lost my life.

The brevity of the following is of a different nature, and approaches too close to the epigrammatic :

Life is uncertain, death is sure ;
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure.

An inscription in Kingston churchyard, Surrey, seems to be composed on the judicious precept of Butler :

For brevity is very good,
Where we are, or are not understood.

It is as follows :

Live well, die never,
Die well, and live for ever.

Many wretched conceits, middling jokes, obscure compliments, as well as innumerable lines, are cut in stone. The following, on a child, will be found at Brighton :

He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up ;
But turn'd his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Those who die at peace with the world, and leave rich legacies to their relations, commonly come in for a very reasonable share of good qualities in their epitaphs. There is some bitterness contained in two lines on a tombstone at Pentonville :

Death takes the good—too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

An inscription at Islington is in better taste and gentler feeling. It is on a child some months old ; and, brief as it is, contains a fine sentiment :

Here virtue sleeps—restrain the pious tear !
He waits that judgment which he cannot fear.

The merry people of Cheshire mingle no gall in their remembrance of their benefactors. We have, ourselves, always loved the calling of a tailor, and thought, with the old Scottish poet, that he is more than man, rather than less. The inhabitants of Cheshire

seem of the same opinion ; and we hope all the tailors of the district lay the virtues of their righteous brother to heart, and seek to practise them in their lives :

Here lies entomb'd, within this vault so dark,
A tailor, soldier, cloth-drawer, and clerk ;
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took

His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer book.

He could no longer work nor fight : what then ?

He left the world, and faintly cried, Amen.

There is some conceit in this plain epitaph at Southampton, but it will be forgiven for the sake of the commencing line :

A plain rough man, but without guile or pride,
Goodness his aim, and honesty his guide ;
Could all the poms of this vain world despise,

And only after death desired to rise.

One on a young man at Chichester will not be read without emotion :

Art thou in health and spirits gay ?
I too was so the other day ;
And thought myself of life as safe,
As thou who read'st my epitaph.

Honest Stephen Rumbold, of Oxford, is thus briefly remembered :

He lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong ;
An hundred to five
You live not so long.

In the epitaph on a Marine at Chichester, the writer has made an adroit turn from mortal to spiritual warfare. There are many military inscriptions scattered about the country, but few of them are very happy :

Here lies a true soldier, whom all must applaud ;

Much hardship he suffer'd at home and abroad ;

But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of Self in the conquest of Sin.

A soldier died suddenly in Hampshire from drinking small beer after a hot march, and this is his epitaph :

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,

Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.

Soldiers, be wise, from his untimely fall ;
And when you're hot, drink *strong*, or none at all.

The following ludicrous addition was made by the officers in garrison when they restored the decayed monument :

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he died by musket or by pot.

An old fisherman of Kent is thus remembered in the church-yard of Hythe :

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shades ;
In vain it is to fret ;
Nor fish or fisherman escapes
Death's all-enclosing net.

I like the unassuming epitaph of John and Martha Wright ;—it says much in small space :

Plain in their form, but rich they were in
mind :
Religious, quiet, honest, meek, and kind.

Nor do I dislike the lines on Sophia Bovil, a child of two years old :

Rest soft thy dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Rise with the just, and be an angel still.

The following ludicrous verse, though none of the happiest, happens to be a recent production :

Here fast asleep, full six feet deep,
And seventy summers ripe,
George Thomas lies in hopes to rise,
And smoke another pipe.

It was almost one of the last acts of Horne Tooke to cause a vault to be made in his garden, surmounted by a slab of black marble, for which he wrote the following inscription, and caused it to be engraved with directions that his executors should fill up the blank :

John Horne Tooke,
late proprietor, now occupier of this spot,
born in 1736, died in _____
Contented and grateful.

His singular request to be buried in his own garden was not complied with : he was interred at Ealing ; the tomb-

stone was removed from the garden, the old inscription effaced and its place supplied by an epitaph from another hand.

In the church-yard of Bayswater, mid-way down the ground on the left hand, leaning against the wall, obscured by nettles and rank grass, unnoticed, and perhaps unknown, stands a rude memorial of common rough stone, indebted to no gifted and cunning hand for beauty of form, and to no elegant mind for the inscription with which it is covered. It is the tomb-stone of Laurence Sterne. Perhaps his countrymen who are so patriotic, so witty, when the wine is good, so affectionate in their remembrances, so fond of numbering Sterne among those steady lights which contribute to the fixed splendour of Ireland, may reflect, while they laugh and wonder, and weep over his pages, that he sleeps among the vulgar dead, and have the grace to propose to honour themselves by erecting a monument to his memory. That the noble, the wealthy, the witty, and the gay, left the interment of Sterne and the erection of his grave-stone, to mechanics and strangers, is a reproach that can never be removed.

Near this place lies the body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died Sept. 13, 1768, aged 53 years.

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons ; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square. They rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

What did it boot him, ridiculed, abused,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accused ;
In him, mild reader, view thy future fate :
Like him, despise what were a sin to hate,
&c. &c. w. & s.

Cumberland, Aug. 1821.

(English Magazines, for Jan. 1822.)

SONNETS

TO MY CHILDREN SLEEPING.

I.

WHAT holy calmness brooded o'er the nest,
 Where four—and each a treasure—sleeping lay,
 Treasures in caskets of frail human clay,
 But fair, though frail, by Beauty's seal impress'd.
 The long dark eyelashes on Francis' cheek
 Temper'd the damask blush that mantled there,
 But sleep could scarce subdue the ardent air,
 Where all the day's past feelings clearly speak.
 On Richard's saint-like paleness—halcyon Peace
 Had left the impression of his latest prayer :
 And they who paused to gaze—few could forbear—
 Felt holy thoughts and heavenly hopes increase.
 Bend o'er the couch of childhood—'twill control
 Passion's wild storm—and purify thy soul.

II.

PHILIP's luxuriant curls, and front of snow,
 Where darkly delicate his eyebrows shone,
 His loving face, that sculpture well might own,
 Where healthful joy diffused its purest glow,
 By William's softer elegance were laid ;
 Whose bended neck confiding love portray'd :
 So droops the slight laburnum, fond to blend
 Where the rich clusters of the lilac tend.
 But in the inmost chamber one reclines,
 A single bird within her downy nest ;
 A pearl detach'd—too precious for the rest :
 Round no fond neck her polish'd arm entwines,
 Lovely and lone, this sweeter blossom lies,
 Just lent to earth—but ripening for the skies.

THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.*

The sun is rising dimly red,
 The wind is wailing low and dread ;
 From his cliff the eagle sallies,
 Leaves the wolf his darksome vallies ;
 In the mist the ravens hover,
 Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
 Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
 Each in his wild accents telling,
 " Soon we feast on dead and dying,
 Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying."

" Halt ye not for food or slumber,
 View not vantage, count not number ;
 Jolly reapers, forward still,
 Grow the crop on vale or hill,
 Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,
 It shall down before the scythe.
 Forward with your sickles bright,
 Reap the harvest of the fight—
 Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
 To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen !

Many a crest on air is streaming,
 Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
 Many an arm the axe uprears,
 Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
 All along the crowded ranks,
 Horses neigh and armour clanks ;
 Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
 Louder still the bard is singing,
 " Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
 To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !

" Fatal cluser of the slaughter,
 O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;
 Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
 Victory, and wealth, and glory ;
 Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
 Her ever-circling mead and ale,
 Where for eternity unite
 The joys of wassail and of fight.
 Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
 Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen !"

* In 'The Pirate.'

ACCOUNT OF A CONVENT OF URSULINE NUNS.

(From Mrs. Stothard's Letters, written during a late Tour through Normandy.)

WE were informed, (says this lively and intelligent traveller,) that the remains of the tombs of two Dukes of Brittany had been removed from the Carmelites to the convent of the Ursulines here; but as *no man* was permitted to pass within the walls, it would be impossible Mr. S—— could see them. He desired me therefore, to make the attempt, that I might give him some account of what they were. Accordingly I set out to obtain an interview with the abbess.

The court-yard of the convent appeared in a miserable and ruinous state; the chapel and building still exhibiting the marks of revolutionary destruction. The little grating at the door was concealed by a piece of tin, pierced with small holes, through which a sister demanded what I wanted. Upon expressing a desire to speak with the superior, the tin disappeared, and through the grating I perceived a dismal figure all in black, her face concealed by her veil, who directed me in what manner to proceed. Accordingly I found my way into a small room; there a pretty girl, attired in the dress of a novice, was teaching several dirty children to read. I was immediately conducted into another apartment, where an elderly female stood within the large iron grating to receive me. Her mild and agreeable countenance, united to a most pleasing address, relieved me from all embarrassment. I apologised for my intrusion, and explained the motives that induced it. She listened to me with politeness, and assured me, although it was against the rules of the house, that both myself and Mr. S. should be welcome to see the remains of the tombs that were now preserved within the cloisters of the convent. She extended her hand to me through the grating, and said that the English had given such a kind reception to the French during their distressing emigration, that she felt happy in the opportunity of obliging any individual of that nation.

I returned for Mr. S. and the mother

received us both in her parlour, where, as there was more light, with no iron bars between us, I had a full view of her person and dismal attire. The nun who acted as portress at the gate, joined the lady abbess, and paid us her compliments in very civil terms. The superior then conducted us to the cloisters, where the tombs of John, the first of that name, and John the Second, dukes of Brittany, and earls of Richmond, were preserved: the former duke had espoused Beatrice, a daughter of our Henry the Third; and the latter is interesting from being the effigy of that prince, who, leaving at his death the succession of the dukedom undetermined, occasioned those calamitous wars which so long afflicted this province. These effigies are of very fine sculpture, and in a perfect state. Mr. S. requested permission to make drawings from them; this was immediately granted; and the agreeable abbess invited me to pass my time at the convent while he was employed. I readily accepted her polite offer, and returned to the parlour. The abbess, after some conversation, expressed a wish to conduct me over the house, and to introduce me both to her nuns, and pretty novices, as she termed them. I could not help contrasting the manners of this amiable woman with those of the mother of Rennes; her conversation, entirely free from presumption or severity, evinced the pure and calm sentiments of a sincerely pious mind; her attention to the sisters appeared kind and parental, while their extreme respect and solicitude to obey her, proved how great an influence she had acquired by her benevolent and amiable manners; for there are no services so devoted, no rules so implicitly obeyed, as those to which the heart subscribes a willing and entire assent. I found the novices employed, some in teaching the boarders of the convent, assisted by a few of the nuns, and others embroidering muslins or silks. The novices wear the black dress, with a thick white cloth veil that hangs over

the head as low as the eye-brows ; their hair is entirely concealed ; and the white chin cloth, that is suspended round the ears, falls over the bosom. This costume is by no means becoming ; a woman must be bordering on beautiful to look even tolerably well in it. The novices still retain their hair, although it is not seen ; but on making profession, or taking the black veil, it is entirely cut off.

The sight of these young girls excited my compassion. At an age when the mind acts more from impulse than reflection, while they yet scarcely know in what situation their future happiness might be established or subverted, they were preparing an endless and cheerless imprisonment for the remainder of their days. One young woman particularly attracted my observation ; she was so handsome and fair, that her complexion seemed almost as delicate as the veil she wore ; her manner seemed simply engaging, and she was altogether so superior to her companions, that I could not resist begging the abbess to inform me the occasion of her being there. The superior told me she was the child of most respectable parents, who carefully superintended her education, with the assistance of the family director or priest ; that the young lady for some time devoted her attention to the acquirements of literature and science, but being suddenly struck with a powerful conviction of the brevity of human life, and the importance of eternity, she determined, notwithstanding every opposition, to renounce the world. Her parents, greatly distressed by her resolution, for a considerable time endeavoured to combat it ; but finding their efforts vain, at the age of seventeen, they had resigned their child to seclusion. We quitted the novices, and visited the cells ; every nun had a little apartment to herself ; a bed, a table, bearing a crucifix, and a chair, constituted the furniture of each. I was soon introduced to all the sisters, whose curiosity to see a being belonging to the world, and of a foreign country, brought them eagerly around me. I endeavoured to please them by satisfying their inqui-

ries relative to my own country, and what was doing in the world ; they were extremely anxious to know if Bonaparte lived secure, and feared his returning to France : they made me describe St. Helena, and the manner in which the ex-emperor lived. They expressed themselves pleased with the accounts I gave, and were anxious to show me civilities. An elderly nun requested I would allow the boarders of the convent to pay their respects to the English lady, as they had never seen any one of that nation in Ploermel. Accordingly, several country girls came into the room, and all pressed round me ; some seated themselves upon the floor, the better to gaze at so strange a being, and seemed as much struck with wonder, as if I had fallen from the moon ; while their extreme simplicity and ignorance equally amused me.

I was next conducted into the dining-hall. The abbess's table stood alone at the upper end of the room ; the nuns were seated at long tables on either side ; and during their scanty and frugal repast, a nun, appointed for the duty by the lady abbess, preached an extempore sermon on the joys of the heavenly world.

After dinner, I attended the superior into her own cell, where she informed me the brief story of her life. At the age of eighteen she became disgusted with the world, from a very severe disappointment, that too frequently wounds a susceptible mind ; and resolving to seek, in the hopes of futurity, that happiness she could no longer find in society, she devoted herself to a monastic life. When the revolution broke out, she was persecuted with the rest of her order ; and having escaped the destruction that threatened her, she took refuge with her own family in a distant part of France. Tranquillity once more restored, her friends endeavoured to persuade her to remain with them ; but time, that great physician to afflictions, had taught her to consider her sorrows as instrumental to her ultimate good : she returned to her seclusion, and those few nuns who had escaped the common danger, followed her example. They found their convent desolated, and exerted their utmost

means in repairing it ; but poverty prevented their doing much towards rendering their habitation either handsome or comfortable. The abbess well described their distressed condition, but remarked such sufferings were nothing for the espoused of Christ.

We then walked towards the chapel. It was not the hour of general prayer, but several nuns were kneeling on the ground absorbed in deep meditation, before an image of our Saviour upon the cross, that hung suspended from the roof. The abbess devoutly crossed herself with holy water ; and having prayed for a few minutes before the figure of the Virgin, quitted the chapel. Whilst we were proceeding to the parlour, I offered the mother some fine flowers I had in my bosom ; but she declined them, saying, with a serious air, "We never take such things :—" and I found they were considered by devotees as one of the vanities of this world, although the beautiful productions of that Almighty Being to whom they themselves dedicate their lives. We returned to the parlour, where the abbess apologised for leaving me, but expressed her hopes that I should find an agreeable companion in Maria Theresa, whose turn it was to act as portress, an office that prevented her attendance in the chapel.

Maria Theresa I found a very intelligent, good-natured young woman. We had no sort of reserve, and soon entered into familiar conversation. As a gossip with a nun is by no means common in England, you may feel some curiosity to hear a little of our discourse ; and as the religious opinions of Maria are, I believe, like those received in all convents, I need not detail them at length. I begged Maria to permit me to sketch her costume. She consented if the mother would allow it. The good-natured nun gained the necessary leave, on condition I would draw only the dress, without copying her face. To this I consented, and, after adjusting her drapery, commenced my work.

Our conferences were exclusively confined to the discussion of doctrinal points of faith, on which the nun displayed more acuteness than might have been expected in the enslaved state of her mind. During our conversation

the abbess entered, but the bell again sounding for orisons, she left us her hope that God would yet unfold to me the truth, and reclaim me from my errors. Maria explained to me the custom of orisons, or the assembling of the nuns, to think or pray whatever the Divine Power suggests : she also informed me that the sisters rise at four in the morning to say matins, and perform divine service. Several times during the day Maria endeavoured to entertain, by shewing me some large folios, containing the lives and miracles of several score of modern saints, the only books besides those of prayer which the sisters are allowed to read. She related to me the history of a nun living in a convent near Vannes, in the south of France, who is called a saint elect, but whose adventures appeared very melancholy to me. She was the daughter of a noble family, who consented to give her in marriage to a young gentleman greatly attached to her. A short time before the appointed nuptials, her father died, and her mother survived his decease but a few days. The young lady, considering this as a warning from heaven, that her marriage was averse to the will of God, became melancholy, and believing herself chosen as a spouse of Christ, determined upon taking the veil. Her lover, disappointed in all his hopes, declared, that if the lady became a nun, he would not survive her loss. She persisted in her design, notwithstanding her own affection, and his melancholy state of mind, and the unfortunate man, in a fit of despondency, put a period to his existence. The nun, far from feeling any regret on the subject, gloried in having resigned all her hopes by devoting herself to God, and at present bears the reputation of a saint, from wearing the hair shirt to fret her skin, and practising every kind of austerity.

The abbess very freely permitted Mr. S. to converse with any of the old or superannuated nuns, but the good lady was too cautious to extend this kind privilege to the younger sisters, or to the novices, fearing, I imagine, the very sight of a young man might make them dream of the world again ; a caution they would willingly have dispensed with, as they did not fail gratifying

their curiosity by taking a peep from behind the columns of the cloister during the time he was employed.

We visited the convent again yesterday, and I requested the abbess to permit me to accompany her to the chapel; she seemed both pleased and surprised at my request. The abbess conducted me into the chapel, where we found the nuns already assembled. She placed me near her in the choir, and whispered in my ear, as she knelt down, "May God touch your heart, and make you like one of us."

The large black curtain that covered the grating and concealed the nuns from the view of the congregation in the church, was then drawn back. The altar, where the priest officiated, stood without the grating. The nuns seated themselves in richly carved oaken stalls, on either side of the choir; and the novices, covered with their long white veils, sat on low benches in front of the sisters. Two of these young girls, accompanied by an elderly nun, slowly advanced into the centre of the aisle, and after humbly prostrating themselves before the suspended crucifix, they turned towards the altar, and commen-

ced the service, chaunting, in notes of pathetic melody, a hymn to the Virgin. During the office they frequently bent their bodies towards the earth, and sometimes remained several minutes in that position. The sound of a bell proclaimed the elevation of the host, when the whole sisterhood fell upon their knees, with every token of the deepest reverence and humiliation. Several even threw themselves upon the ground, as if overpowered by the splendour of some mental vision of divinity. Whenever any of the sisterhood crossed the choir, they invariably fell upon their knees, before the image of the crucifixion. I have seen mass performed with more pageantry, but never, I think, with so much solemnity, as at this convent of Ursuline nuns. The whole ceremony was characterised by a grandeur and awful dignity, very imposing, and calculated to inspire a serious feeling in the most unthinking mind; while the youth and beauty of several of the novices awakened a sense of compassion for their melancholy life, whose innocence and purity thus prostrated before the throne of mercy, gave an additional interest to the solemnity of their devotion.

VARIETIES.

BURNS.

The Society of Natives of Scotland recently formed in Sheffield, for celebrating the memory of Burns, have presented Mrs. Burns with a pair of silver candlesticks, tray and snuffers, of the newest patterns, and best workmanship. The tray is remarkably elegant, and is enhanced in value, by being adorned with an inscription from the pen of the poet Montgomery, a native of Ayrshire.

October 23, a tragical catastrophe occurred at Carville colliery, near Newcastle. The workmen employed in it had been selected as the prime, from the whole of the extensive works, and the ventilation was considered as complete as that of any mine on the river. There is a *band* (i. e. a stratum of stone) in the coal, and it was necessary to use candles in blasting it. At the time above-mentioned, when fifty-five persons were in the mine, an explosion of hydrogen gas took place, which killed fifty-two of them, dreadfully burnt two others, one of whom is since dead, and only one miraculously escaped unhurt. The explosion shook the ground like an earthquake. The body of one boy was blown high out of the shaft, and fell again to the bottom. By this lamentable event twenty-six widows,

and between eighty and ninety children have been deprived of their support. Forty of the sufferers were under forty years of age. One of them told his wife on the fatal morning, that he had dreamt the pit was blown up, and she affectionately entreated him not to go, but he waved her advice. The man who escaped, in the course of an hour bravely ventured down again to the mine, to assist in bringing up his companions. An inquest was held on the bodies, and the verdict was, that "the sufferers accidentally came by their deaths by an explosion of hydrogen gas in the workings of the colliery."

There is at present, at a place called Caw, in the county of Londonderry, a sycamore tree, which contains a well of excellent fresh spring water. At the height of five feet, the trunk is about 18 inches in diameter; at seven feet, it seems to have separated into two branches of equal thickness, one of which is 20 or 25 feet in height; from that part of the trunk from which a corresponding branch is supposed once to have grown, issues a stream of excellent water, perfectly cool and clear, which never fails, even in the hottest weather, or longest drought. The tree seems perfectly healthy, and in luxuriant leaf.

POPULAR RETROSPECT OF THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

FORMERLY it was esteemed extremely unphilosophical, and the very summit of ill breeding in scholarship, to vulgarise science by rendering it intelligible or useful. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, kept their grandest speculations masked in symbols of mystery, for the sole use of favourite disciples; and in modern times, natural philosophers, chemists, and physicians, have, in this, often followed in the steps of their ancient masters. In the earlier ages, indeed, —by many so ignorantly praised,—philosophy was a most useless and idle study; inapplicable to any earthly purpose, except, perhaps, to exercise the heads of a few devoted visionaries, who were looked upon by the rest of the world either as tinged with lunacy, or as having unhallowed intercourse with evil spirits. Nor was this wonderful, while philosophy was confined to the cloister and the study, and walked not abroad among the men of the world, except when veiled in darkness and mysteries.

Among other mighty achievements, the press has dispelled much of this artificial darkness,—broken down the impertinent barriers of the schools, and torn the veil of mystery from the face of learned ignorance, and solemn stupidity. Science and philosophy, the pursuit of which was formerly little better than an apology for ignorance and idleness, have now become useful and popular, and begin to be domesticated in every family circle, from the peasant's cottage to the palace of the prince. Within a few years, a complete revolution has thus been effected in almost every branch of human inquiry and contrivance. The principles of husbandry, gardening, and mining, are hence becoming every day better known, and the practical results are quite wonderful. Besides, our halls, our theatres, and our streets, are most splendidly illuminated with gas;* our edifices are protected from the stroke of the thunderbolt; our weightiest machinery, and even our ships are put in motion by the steam of water: our miners are shielded from the formerly destructive explosions of subterranean vapours;† in short, we cannot name a department of human convenience which has not lately received the most essential improvement from philosophy. And all—we boldly say, all this has been done by making *UTILITY* the main object of scientific pursuit, and by rejecting and scorning away all learned jargon, and the theories of dreaming speculation.

To promulgate in the most intelligible, brief, and popular form, whatever shall appear to us useful or worthy to be known, and to expose whatever may wear the aspect of unfounded pretension, or mystical nonsense, will be the aim of the sketches which we now offer, and shall occasionally continue. Our wish is to exhibit a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of all that is now doing by philosophers and men of science; to give an idea of the most recent improvements, as well as changes of retrogression, to our mere literary readers, and those who have not leisure to peruse the voluminous scientific Journals and Transactions daily publishing. We shall thus also give philosophers themselves an opportunity of seeing their labours fairly estimated by the high standard of utility, by keeping which constantly before us, we hope we shall be able to steer clear of all party-spirit and partiality.

GEOLOGY.

We shall begin with the almost new and romantic science of Geology, the object of it is to investigate the structure of the globe, and the rocks, &c., which compose its exterior; for of the interior little can be known, except that the nearer the centre the more dense and weighty are the materials composing it, which cannot, therefore, as has been supposed, be either air or water. Geology is, at present, perhaps the most fashionable of the sciences; and the number of able men now devoted to the study must soon bring it to great advancement. The most useful departments of this science are those which relate to mining for metals, coal, rock salt, and alum; to the comparative ability to withstand the weather; and, analogous to this, the crumbling of rocks, and the nature of the soil which they produce. On these subjects we have discoveries and facts published almost daily, but cannot here find room for an intelligible abstract. The more general principles of the science are employed in investigating the age of rocks, sand, gravel, and peat; and in determining whether these were formed by fire, by the sea, by lakes, by rivers, or by the changes of the weather. It has been an inquiry of some interest in the science, to find a test by which to distinguish sea shells from fresh water shells; as in rocks where shells are found, such a test would at once determine their derivation. Mr. Sowerby has lately attempted something of this kind; but he

* Coconut oil, for producing gas for family use, proposed by Messrs. Taylor and Martineau. It is without smell, yields a very bright flame, and is economical.

† A Mr. Lester says, the safety lamp is a dragon that lures the miner to destruction, by giving him confidence to work in the midst of fire damp; but affording so scanty a light, that he is often tempted to open the screen, and the surrounding gas explodes, and kills him. There is, we doubt not, some truth in this. Mr. Lester has discovered a mode of *drawing off* the fire damp.

confesses himself that he has not arrived at much certainty. The bones of an animal found imbedded in rocks, near Maestricht and Vicenza, which had hitherto puzzled Cuvier and other eminent naturalists, have been determined by Sommering to belong to a species of lizard, which, from its great size, he calls the giant lizard. It is now unknown, but he conjectures that it is the Dragon of antiquity, so universally, though (if he is right) falsely reputed fabulous. This enormous lizard is twenty-three feet in length. A plate of the bones may be seen, Ann. Phil. ii. 183, N. S. We need not, after this, despair of finding in some rock or gravel-pit, the skeletons of centaurs, griffins, harpies, or even that of the renowned Pegasus.

MINERALOGY.

The circumstance most worthy of notice in this science, at present, is the ambitious attempt of M. Mohs, of Freyberg, the successor of the celebrated Werner, to establish a jargon of new names, extremely uncouth and lengthy; a combination of Greek, Latin, and Teutonic. We are sorry to see Professor Jameson and Mr. Brande lending their aid to the propagation of these barbarisms.

Almost every scientific journal announces the discovery of new minerals; but we are usually very sceptical as to the genuineness of these novelties so frequently thrust on our notice; for we cannot often perceive a greater anxiety to make out a discovery to be new, than to identify the examined mineral with species already known.

BOTANY.

The study of Botany, lately so fashionable, is rather on the decline, owing, we have no doubt, to the great minuteness, and the absolute barrenness of the Linnæan system. This system, which was for many years quite unrivalled, seems to be rapidly falling into the back ground, and the more abstruse and equally useless system of Jussieu is coming into favour, and has already attained a prominent place in the elementary works. Mr. Brown and Dr. Hooker, are our most eminent botanists, and *non passibus aquis*, Sir J. E. Smith; but utility is the very last object which these gentlemen seem inclined to pursue. The forming of divisions and sub-divisions, and the idle practice of making names, and drawing up useless and minute descriptions of flowers, leaves, &c. form the sole pursuit of all eminent botanists. Sometimes, indeed, they find a spare corner in a page, for a note on the utility of a plant, or on the peculiarities of its growth and physiology, but this is very rare.

Physiological, or rather useful botany, is rapidly advancing under the care of the Horticultural Society, and by the talents of Mr. Knight, who deserves the richest credit for his experiments on the food of plants, and on the ripening and propagation of fruits. Mr. Drummond also has made the interesting discovery that the green mosses,

known by the common name of *crow silk*, so frequently seen on moist walls, decayed trees, bare patches of ground, and stagnant water, are not, as supposed by Linnæus, Hedwig, and others, a particular sort of moss, called by them *confervæ*, but are merely the young plants of the *pine moss*, and others of a similar kind. This is intelligible enough, and is amply proved by his ingenious experiments; but what are we now to make of the numerous species of *confervæ* minutely described and figured in our books?

ZOOLOGY.

We have to record, under this department, the same decline of the system of Linnæus as we have just mentioned respecting botany. Lamarck, a French naturalist, discovered that insects, and several others of the less perfect animals, differ from quadrupeds, birds, and fishes in being destitute of a spine or back bone; and Cuvier, another French *savant*, of great industry and talent, took up the hint, and made it the basis of a new arrangement, we think, to supersede the precise and uninteresting system of Linnæus. And, if we must have a learned array of barbarously compounded names for animals, that of Cuvier is rather more natural than the "tooth and nail" work of the Swede, which makes the whale a quadruped, and ranks the bat next to man in the order of things, because of the way in which it suckles the young bats.

Under the head of Geology we have seen Sommering's wonderful discovery of the ancient dragon. The discovery of the unicorn of our royal arms, which is said to have been recently made in Thibet, by Major Latter, and in Southern Africa by Mr. Campbell, will tend much to weaken our faith in the dogmatism of naturalists, and to put more credit in history, though it should be contemptuously called fabulous. The newly discovered animal is described by Major Latter, exactly as we have so often seen it figured,—with the body of a fine formed horse, and a single horn in his forehead. We shall examine the evidence of this discovery more scrupulously, as soon as it comes before us more in detail. M. Latrielle, a French naturalist of some eminence, has, in imitation, as we suppose, of Humboldt's geography of plants, given a very brief sketch of the geographical distribution of insects. This is a subject of great curiosity, but there are few facts yet ascertained respecting it, from the want of general observations by collectors, those personages being usually much more anxious to add a specimen to their box, than to record any thing concerning its habits or its history. M. Latrielle, however, thinks he can prove that warm and cold countries have scarcely any insects in common, and also that under same parallels in countries which are distant, the species are entirely different. This conclusion does not at all correspond with what Humboldt found to hold in the vegetable kingdom, namely, that nearly the same species flourish in the most dis-

tant countries, when the climate and temperature are the same.

METEOROLOGY.

If we were to estimate the advancement of a science by the number of its observers, we should say that meteorology is making progress towards perfection. Except, however, the nomenclature of the clouds by Mr. Howard, and the experiments of Dr. Wells on dew, we recollect nothing which merits the name of a great or important discovery in the science. Mr. Farey has lately proposed a method of studying the nature of the phenomena of falling stars, which, we doubt not, might help to fill up a column of a meteorological table, could he persuade any body to pursue it; for we *do* doubt whether Dr. Foster himself—Mr. Farey is out of the question—or any other meteorologist, would sit for two hours every night, with his eye fixed on a central star, ready the instant he should see a falling star to call out “mark” to his assistant. It would, we conceive, be more productive in the way of discovery, to sweep the sky for comets.

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

We class these together, because the only thing new of any importance respecting either, is the very interesting discovery of their connexion, by M. Oersted, of Copenhagen, whose experiments have been repeated by Sir H. Davy, and several other British philosophers of distinction. The subject may be considered as still in its infancy, but we sanguinely anticipate that it will terminate in some great practical result. We are very much in the dark respecting the agents by which electric, galvanic, and magnetic effects are produced. Of one thing we are very certain that these agents are not fluids as they are often foolishly denominated; or if, forsooth, they must be called so, we must call upon those who thus use the term for a new definition. At the hazard of being thought credulous, we would infer from M. Oersted's discovery, that there may be something real in animal magnetism, for believing in which we have not spared to ridicule the credulity of the Germans. The efficacy of electricity itself, in curing disease, has lately fallen into disrepute, though the facts of its power are strongly established on the evidence of some of the most distinguished names in the profession. Two very singular cases occurred recently. One is given on the authority of Professor Olmsted, of a man who had a paralytic affection of the face and eye, and being slightly struck during a thunder storm, was, in consequence, completely cured. A similar cure was effected at Perth, on a man who had been troubled for many years with a tremulous affection of his whole body, which was completely removed by a shock he received during a thunder storm. These facts are worthy of record, and should induce the profession to give electricity, and even magnetism, a more accurate and fair trial than perhaps has yet been done.

OPTICS.

The polarization of light, as it is called, has for several years engaged almost the undivided attention of opticians; and Dr. Brewster has been so industrious in experimenting and collecting facts, that he has formed an entire system of mineralogy on the basis of polarization alone. We wait with some anxiety for its publication. Mr. J. W. Herschel has distinguished himself in a similar line of inquiry. The doctrine of Sir I. Newton, respecting the production of colours by the thickness or thinness of laminae or plates, has been frequently impugned, and, we think, with success. If the experiments, however, of Mr. Charlton (*Ann. Phil.* ii. 182, N. S.) be correct, colours may, in some cases, such as enamelling, be produced by mechanical division and communication.

ASTRONOMY.

We may consider this as one of the more perfect sciences, in which we can scarcely hope for much that is new. Not that there is nothing remaining to be discovered, but because it has been so long systematically cultivated and taught, that the mind of the astronomer is kept very much in leading strings from his deference to great names, and his implicit confidence in mathematical results. A little scepticism respecting received opinions in science, is often, however, of much utility in leading to discoveries, or in confirming by new and collateral proof what is already known; and though it is rather a dangerous instrument in unskilful hands, it is peculiarly adapted to men of talent. Sir R. Phillips, we perceive has been wielding this weapon against the Newtonian system, and has brought some plausible, though not very novel objections against the supposed infallible doctrine of gravitation, attraction, centrifugal and centripetal force, inertia, and the celestial vacuum on which Newton founded his sublime edifice. Sir Richard, however, like many other objectors can pull down more dexterously than he can re-build; his proposed system of motion being in many parts very extravagant.—Col. Beaufoy, we perceive, has inferred from some observations on the immersion of the satellites of Jupiter that the moon has no atmosphere, or, at least, it is not like that of the earth. This is not a new conjecture.

MECHANICS.

A Mr. Herapath has come ambitiously forward with some baseless mathematical dreams, by which he pretends to give a more satisfactory, that is, a more mechanical account of attraction, gravitation, heat, &c. than has been hitherto published. His problems, we doubt not, are executed with accuracy, and the results, being mathematical, may bring irresistible conviction to his mind; but we are accustomed, in all cases of pretended proof, to begin with an examination of the premises; and the premises of Mr. Herapath we find to be wild, visionary, and, withal, very clumsy. His leading

principle is "Let it be granted, that matter is composed of inert, massy, perfectly hard, indestructible atoms, incapable of receiving any change," and admitting "of no breaking, splitting, shattering, or any impression whatever." This extraordinary demand on our credulity is followed by numerous others of the same stamp, which he says he has put in the form of postulates, "to avoid being obliged to establish them by direct demonstration." In the world-making days of Thales and Anaximander, all this might, perhaps, have sounded very grand and imposing, but Mr. Herapath must be very sanguine, if he hopes to make such antique dreams as these be now listened to with any patience. We know nothing, so far as our own experience goes, of *gas in general*, nor *atoms of matter in general*, which are not oxygen, iron, flint, lime, soda, or something similar; and we have been too often bewildered by metaphysicians to trust to their nonsensical definitions of matter in general, which is not, as they suggest, to be found in any particular body, but in all the substances around us. Mr. Herapath is for making us retrograde with himself to the times of old, when "the sublime speculations" of Epicurus, &c. who derived all things from one kind of matter, were the only science recognised. We think the Royal Society shewed their good sense in rejecting these baseless problems, and we would advise Mr. Herapath, if he should again feel inclined to exercise himself in system-building, to lay first a sure foundation, without which even mathematics are false and vain.

It is refreshing to the mind to turn from Herapath's useless reveries to the practical inventions which are now so numerous. Among these, we may mention the great improvements making in the construction of chain bridges, in which Captain Brown, the inventor of the chain cable, has been so successful. One great advantage of such bridges is their cheapness; and another, that they can be constructed over a width of water where bridges of masonry could not be attempted.

CHEMISTRY.

Since the discovery of iodine, there has been nothing deserving of much notice in this science. Our experimenters are, indeed, sufficiently numerous, and many of them have formerly obtained high distinctions for discovery; but their labours seem to be much more trifling than they were a few years ago. The rage for minute and unimportant distinctions, and for new terms to designate these, has widely infected those who are desirous of fame; the contagion having most probably passed to them from our natural historians. We have, in this spirit, analyses of the excrement of a serpent, by Mr. Edmund Davy, and of the urine of a Ceylon frog, by Dr. J. Davy; and we have the French chemists analysing opium, and henbane, and belladonna, and hemlock, and discovering *new* substances, which were, for the most part, formerly known under different aspects, and different

names. A metaphysical system—a little more intelligible than Mr. Herapath's, but obscured by symbols, has long been forming by Dalton, Berzelius, Thomson, and others; but though it is supported by the greatest names, we think its utility very questionable, even if it were demonstrated to be accurately true. The new discovery of the connection between electricity and magnetism has induced some chemists to apply the magnet to analysis; and we anxiously wait the result. Will it have any effect in altering the present view of the decomposition of water, which was the original basis of our established system?

METAPHYSICS AND ETHICS.

These studies are now become exceedingly unfashionable, and it would consequently be contrary to all we know of human nature to expect much progress to be made in them. The publication, however, of the lectures of the late Dr. Brown, has surprised us most unexpectedly with not only great originality, but, what is of much greater moment, with more clearness of thinking, and more utility of application, than we had ever contemplated. Dr. Brown has fearlessly pulled down former systems, but he has no less dexterously rebuilt a simple and (wonderful to say) an intelligible and practical system of metaphysics. He has shown most clearly, that the dreams of Dr. Reid, though advocated by the superficial eloquence of Dr. Stewart, are baseless and vain; and, of course, that Mr. Stewart's elements, however extravagantly praised by the friendly critics of the north, contain nothing which was not borrowed from Dr. Reid, though Dr. Reid had absolutely nothing worth borrowing; his chief work being full of gross mistakes and misconceptions. Yet what is more common than to hear Mr. Stewart called the greatest metaphysician and moralist of the age? The theory of Mr. Alison, concerning beauty and sublimity, has also fallen before the sweeping pen of Dr. Brown, though he has not deigned to hint even at the existence of this "profound and original thinker," as he has been most ludicrously called by his friend Mr. Jeffrey. Our readers may recollect, that Dr. Brown first obtained distinction, by his masterly remarks on the *Zoonomia* of Darwin, and in this maturer work we can still easily trace his obligations to that original but fanciful theory.

We have before us the second part of the *Dissertation on the History of Metaphysics*, by Mr. Stewart, published in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is, like the other part, rather tedious and prosing, and loaded with notes, the sweepings of his common-place book, which he found it was beyond his ingenuity to interweave with his text. He has cautiously abstained from giving any sketch of the improvements introduced by Dr. Reid,—for these, as well as his own labours, would have dwindled into insignificance, after the complete exposure of his pretensions by Dr. Brown. He has reluctantly admitted, however, that Dr.

Reid was very imperfectly acquainted with the metaphysics of his own age. We may appear to some to have done injustice to Mr. Stewart. We retort the accusation on his friends, who have lauded him as a profound philosopher, to which character he has evidently no claim. We cheerfully accord to him, however, the merit of being a pleasing writer.

EDUCATION.

The new system of education introduced by Bell and Lancaster, is said to be rapidly extending in almost every part of the civilized world. We have to record one most marked exception to this,—*its complete failure in Scotland*. This very striking fact has, we have reason to believe, been industriously concealed from the English public by the friends of the system; but we pledge ourselves for its truth. The opulent and public spirited merchants of Glasgow erected four very large schools in those parts of the city and suburbs where they seemed most to be wanted; and at first they were crowded; but so little satisfaction did they give, though conducted by most able teachers from parent schools in London, that in one or two years they were totally deserted, and have now been converted to other purposes. One is let for a Methodist chapel, and one, we believe, still lingers on, but under a change

of system. In Ayr, Aberdeen, and Leith, there are three still languidly kept up; but those in Edinburgh,* Paisley, &c. both public and private, have been, if we mistake not, wholly abandoned. What has been the cause of this? Simply, it appears to us, that the original Scots system, followed in the parochial schools, is more efficient, *because it requires more time from the pupil*. We may lay it down, indeed, as incontrovertible, that what is soon learned, is generally as soon forgotten; and systems of education which pretend to accomplish pupils in half the usual time, are, and must be gross impositions, and contrary to the known principles of human nature. The system of Bell, or of Lancaster, however, is admirable for teaching the alphabet, the accidence, and the first four rules of arithmetic; but there we conceive its utility stops, and must be supplied by one less mechanical. We would, therefore, advocate most strenuously the support of these schools; and it indicates a growing spirit of civilization that they are so rapidly increasing where schools were formerly unknown; but we anxiously look forward to the period when the population of Europe will be sufficiently advanced in information and improvement to see—as the populace in Scotland have seen—that this applauded system can carry pupils but a little way beyond mere elementary knowledge. R.

Intelligence.

It is with unmixed pleasure that we once more behold Miss EDGEWORTH before the public in the shape in which she is so pre-eminently excellent. Perhaps there is not a single writer of the present day who has been the means of bestowing at once so much instruction and delight, as this lady. To our juvenile friends her early lessons are well known, and many older eyes have perused them with almost equal pleasure. To those excellent little volumes Miss Edgeworth has lately added a continuation, called *Rosamond, a sequel to Early Lessons*, which exhibits our old friend more advanced towards womanhood, but possessing the same engaging frankness of disposition and purity of heart. It is superfluous to say that these volumes inculcate the best morality; it is sufficient perhaps to add that they fully equal any of the writer's former productions.

Some of our readers may probably have seen the newly-invented ornamental incrustations in glass, called *Crystallo Ceramic*. By this process, ornaments of any description, arms, cyphers, portraits, and landscapes of any variety of colour may be introduced into the glass, so as to become perfectly imperishable. An account of this curious invention may be found in a small quarto volume, lately published, called *A Memoir on the Origin, Progress, and*

Improvement of Glass Manufactures; including an Account of the Patent Crystallo Ceramic, or Glass Incrustations. This discovery is not only useful in producing very beautiful ornamental works, but miniatures may likewise be enamelled on it, and the colours will thus be retained by being embodied in the crystal, so as, in fact, to become imperishable as the crystal itself.—The Memoir contains a curious historical account of the process of glass-making, both among the ancients and in modern times. Some coloured plates are given, which, however, scarcely convey an idea of the beauty of the ornaments themselves.

Died.—At Broxbourn, the Rev. W. Jones, curate and vicar for the last forty years. About twelve years ago, being very ill, he had his coffin made, but not dying so soon as he expected, he had shelves fixed in it, and converting it into a book-case, placed it in his study. Two days before he died, he desired a young man to take out the books and shelves and get the coffin ready, as he should soon want it, which was accordingly done; he further desired that the church bell might not toll, and that he might be buried as soon as possible after he was dead. This singular man was buried in the plain boards, without plate, name, date, or nails.

* In the High-street of Edinburgh the system of tuition by monitors is partially adopted; but this has always been more or less practised in Scotland, as well as the system of emulation by taking places.



483858
Athenaeum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines
v. 10 (Oct. 1821-Apr. 1822)

P
LE
A

NAME OF BORROWER.

DATE.

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

